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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The sunshine of the Winter days,
All sweet with hidden mirth,
Is tangled in the tawny blooms
That lie along the earth.

Winter Sunshine

It reveals its thrilling secret,
A glad and joyous thing,
For in palely golden glory
It promises the Spring. —P.D.-B.

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KING'S INTEREST *In His* GOD-SON

Attempt on His Majesty's Life had Personal Significance to Young Sydney Boy

TREASURED FRIENDSHIP

The attempt on the life of the King, and his escape from injury, resulted in a great wave of loyalty and patriotism throughout the Empire.

While Australians, in the main, thought of the central figure in the incident only as their King and Ruler, there was one young member of the community to whom it had a much closer personal significance—David Anthony Chisholm, who has the distinguished honor of being the godson of His Majesty, King Edward VIII.

TONY, who is the twelve-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Chisholm, of Onslow Avenue, Elizabeth Bay, is a stalwart schoolboy, quite unspoilt by the knowledge that he is the only child in Australia with a Royal godfather.

And, too, he is perhaps the only child in Australia who does not think of His Majesty in terms of a King, but rather as "just a man."

He has found it no empty honor to be godchild to the King, for he has many reminders of His Majesty's interest in him.

The King has a reputation for remembering his subjects, and His Majesty has shown on numerous occasions that he does not forgot there is one little Australian to whom he stands in a personal relationship, because of the fact that at his baptism he undertook, by proxy in this instance, to assume the responsibilities that this entails.

Dancing Partner

WHEN the Duke of Gloucester visited Australia not long ago, the King, then Prince of Wales, asked him to "look Tony up, and tell me exactly what he is like."

Press of engagements prevented the Duke from complying with his brother's request during the early part of his stay here, but the day before he left he rang Mrs. Chisholm and requested that Tony be brought to the Mascot aerodrome next day to see him off and say good-bye to him.

Tony's mother, formerly Miss Molly Little, was one of the King's favorite dancing partners when he visited Australia as the Prince of Wales in 1920.

Mrs. Chisholm was, however, privileged to meet the Prince in a less formal way than most of his dancing partners, for his introduction to her was the outcome of a friendship with Lady Milbanke, then Lady Loughborough, and formerly Miss Sheila Chisholm, of Sydney.

Sheila Chisholm and Molly Little were childhood friends, and when Lady Milbanke (then Lady Loughborough) knew the Prince was coming to Australia she expressed the hope that he would meet "Molly Little."

Named After King

THE Prince met Miss Little soon after he came to Sydney, and immediately they became friends.

He danced with her at many of the big social functions, and was a frequent visitor to her home, Brookaby, Double Bay, which he found a welcome retreat on those all-too-few occasions when he could escape the press of official engagements.

In course of time Miss Molly Little married Mr. Roy Chisholm, youngest brother of Lady Milbanke, and when her first child, a son, was born, he was named "David Anthony," the first name being one of the many that the King bears, and the one by which he is known in his family circle.

Their friendship has continued in the intervening years, and it is certain that if Mrs. Chisholm goes to England next year, as is rumored, she will see Ce Coronation, and the festivities associated with it, under the best possible auspices.

DAVID ANTHONY (Tony), on right, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Chisholm, and godson of King Edward VIII, with his younger brother Bruce. This informal snap was taken by the children's mother on the balcony of their flat at Onslow Gardens, which is shared with Mrs. Chisholm's sister, Miss Marjorie Little. The shadow in foreground is that of Mrs. Chisholm.

New Size Box 9d.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY FACE POWDER

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All you could desire in a face powder, the well-beloved Californian Poppy, soft as mist and wonderfully clinging, now in a new size box at 9d. The sunny, youthful perfume of Californian Poppy is ever charming.

in 4 shades

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

HAPPY EVENT . . . *in Royal Family!*

From Our London Representative—By Beam Wireless

Acclaimed for her beauty and noted as one of the most fashionably dressed women in England, the Duchess of Kent has, in addition, won the hearts of the English people by her simplicity and love of home and family.

Particular interest is taken, therefore, in the announcement that she is again to become a mother.

SHE is curtailing her public engagements in expectation of the birth of a child in the autumn.

It was announced a short time ago that she had gone into hospital for a minor dental operation. Now comes the news that, with the Duke, she will spend the next few months at their country home, The Coppins, Buckinghamshire, in preparation for the birth of her child.

The Duke and Duchess of York were married in November, 1934, and their first child, Prince Edward, was born in November, 1935.

How Daily Telegraph Is First With the News

A few months ago, when it was announced that the Daily Telegraph would be published by the same management as The Australian Women's Weekly, readers were promised a new and brilliant example of what a daily paper should be.

THAT was our promise. Now here is performance to justify it.

Last week the world was rocked by the news of the attempt on the life of King Edward VIII in London. In Australia the Daily Telegraph was first with this sensational news.

Not first by just a minute or two, but from one to two hours ahead all the time.

"News as it happens!" That is what the Daily Telegraph independent cable service means to its readers. The Daily Telegraph told the full story in a series of eleven special editions, which easily outran competitors in incident and wealth of authentic detail.

Then, just to clinch matters, it also published the vivid radio-photograph of the accused man under arrest exactly two hours before any other newspaper in Australia was able to publish a picture of the incident.

RADIOED PICTURE from London (obtained by the Daily Telegraph) of Mr. Anthony Gordon Dick, the special constable who was commended for his part in saving the King's life last week

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

DISTINGUISHED ACTOR-AUTHOR

MAX MONTESOLE, the distinguished English actor-author, and his wife, Elsie Mackay, who are at present broadcasting from the National stations, have set out to prove that it is possible to present "Moments from the Great Classics" on the radio without being heavy and dull.

Mr. Montesole has had a distinguished career. He has appeared with Sir H. Beerbohm Tree and Ellen Terry, directed a Maeterlinck play at the author's invitation, and discovered, directed, and acted with Paul Robeson.

During the Great War he was with the Royal Flying Corps, and after being wounded was Chief Instructor of Aerial and Artillery Camouflage. He is also a well-known author.

"BIG SISTER" OF THE AIR

LILIAN LAUFERTY, wife of the Metropolitan opera singer James Wolfe, is an accomplished journalist who has given advice through the newspapers and over the radio to countless thousands under the nom de air of "Beatrice Fairfax."

Her chief characteristic is perhaps her clear and almost childlike penetration of people's intimate problems. She herself is aware of this quality, and values it highly. "Doesn't Maeterlinck always put in a child to interpret deep and profound truths?" she asks.

Mrs. Wolfe has applied her philosophy to her own marriage with outstanding success. "Most marriages are wrecked by possession and selfish dominance," she says. "The only person you can change is yourself. Think in terms of truth, and act in terms of love."

OUTSTANDING LAWYER.

WILLIAM ORVILLE DOUGLAS, who was recently appointed a fifth member of the Security and Exchange Commission by President Roosevelt, was described by the President of the University of Chicago, as the nation's "outstanding professor of law."

This remarkable young man first made his unconventional appearance in 1922 on the brake-rods of a transcontinental freight train. Son of a poverty-plagued Presbyterian minister, he odd-jobbed his way through college, laundering his own clothes, and living most of the time in a tent. Before he graduated he had written a legal text book for a correspondence school, and had taught three courses as a sideline.

BEWARE *of These* MEN *in* CARS

A New Scientific Classification of Neurotic Drivers That Should Help Our Traffic Authorities

THE AGGRESSIVE NEUROTIC. Has a sense of his own inferiority, but is not going to let anyone know about it if he can help it. Driving at sixty when thirty will do, cutting in and out of traffic lanes, ignoring all signals.

THE DISCOURAGED NEUROTIC: He is not geared to the times. The world is too much for him. Drives so carefully he is a real menace on the road. At every intersection he stops, looks, hesitates, procrastinates, doubts, worries, and is helpless.

THE NARCISSISTIC NEUROTIC: He is the typical roadhog, a stubborn, inconsiderate, unco-operative and sometimes vindictive automobilist. He thinks nothing of parking in the most inconvenient spots. He loves to get a low licence number.

THE HYSTERICAL NEUROTIC: The devil-may-care driver who likes to take chances. His brakes are never adjusted, and he carries no insurance. He drives while intoxicated. Tortured by a sense of his worthlessness, he tempts fate.

THE PARANOIACS: They believe the world is plotting against them. They curse as they drive. Forever insisting on the right of way, they are not averse to colliding purposely with those who displease them.

THE INFANTILE NEUROTICS: They are the grandstand drivers who want to show off their speed to an audience. Rebellion against all forms of authority prevents them from obeying signs or traffic lights.

THE INTROVERTED NEUROTIC: He dreams while he is driving and his thoughts are far away. A motorist who is all wrapped up in himself often makes a very small package in an accident.

SELF - DESTRUCTION NEUROTIC: A young man who is jilted by his girl. He can't "take it." He "arranges" an accident quite unconsciously to show the perfidious female what havoc she has wrought.

Familiar Old Malady, Nerves, Takes Toll in Motor Fatalities

By OUR SCIENTIFIC WRITER

That the "dangerous driver," the cause of traffic accidents, is a definite class of neurotic or sufferer from "nerves," is a theory propounded by a world-famous psychologist which should be seriously considered by the traffic authorities in Australia.

On this page are pictured the eight divisions into which the psychologist classifies the dangerous drivers.

THROUGHOUT Australia the toll of traffic accidents increases weekly.

"Deaths by accident" are only surpassed by those due to heart disease and cancer.

In Sydney and Melbourne between 400 and 500 citizens are killed every year by motor cars.

Commissions from time to time meet and discuss methods of adjusting traffic, making main roads safer, and regulating speed in various areas.

But the actual truth is that it is not the car or road that is at fault, but the human mechanism, the mentality of the driver.

Motor "Maniacs"

THE dangerous driver may form only a small proportion of motor car users, but the damage he can wreak is incalculable.

Placing a car in his hands is analagous to handing over a machine-gun or bomb to some half-witted or irresponsible child.

This is the theme of a study of "motor maniacs" (dangerous drivers) made by Dr. W. Beran Wolfe, a celebrated psychologist.

Dr. Wolfe definitely considered dangerous drivers to be neurotics, or sufferers from "nerves," and classed them accordingly, as shown above.

The speedsters he placed in two groups, the hysterical and the infantile. The former class includes the "don't-give-a-darn" drivers who take chances and drive when intoxicated.

The latter are mainly youngsters who wish to "show off" and rebel against all authority. In Australia drivers meet them chiefly as lads on motor cycles speeding among main road traffic.

Fate's Trick

THE paranoiac is the driver with a general "grouch" against the world, expressed by the savage way he forces himself through traffic. Of all these so-called motor-maniacs he is nearest to the borderline of actual insanity.

Two classes quoted by Dr. Wolfe are rareties in Australia. The introvert, the dreamy driver whose thoughts are elsewhere, is occasionally met with on our roads.

The self-destruction neurotic, the "young man jilted by his girl," who definitely courts accident in a spirit of self-pity, is, however, a typically modern American product, of a class with college "petters" and suicide seekers among adolescents of the millionaire class.

Many will, no doubt, consider Dr. Wolfe's contentions overdrawn; yet a study of the casualty lists each week-end in the various States of the Commonwealth should convince them that the dangerous driver, a member of the nerve-ridden minority, exists, and is the chief cause of fatal traffic accidents.

In his own case, Dr. Wolfe's summary of the motor-maniac menace had a tragic sequel.

A few months ago, motoring in Switzerland, a typical speed-hog on a motor cycle crashed into his car, and Dr. Wolfe was killed.

Fate could surely stage no stranger tragedy than this.

Continued on Page 4

INDIGESTION

SPOILS MORE OF LIFE'S PLEASURES THAN ANY OTHER AILMENT.

Indigestion, if not treated properly and promptly, makes the sufferer's life a misery—a misery to himself and a worry to those around him.

Sufferers should lose no time in getting a supply of a remedy which has brought new health and happiness to thousands—a remedy which gives immediate relief and permanent benefit.

De Witt's Antacid Powder is so successful because it treats Indigestion Troubles in a scientific way. The excess acidity is immediately overcome. The inflamed stomach is protected by one ingredient—Colloidal Kaolin—from any further attack by excess acid. Further, it actually digests a portion of your food. It costs but 2/6

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TEN DAYS' NOTICE *Before Couples* MARRY

New Adelaide Law Reveals Amazing Matrimonial Tangle

CONFUSING LEGAL POSITION

New marriage laws awaiting completion in South Australia will make it necessary for young couples in that State to give ten days' official notice of their intention to marry.

The South Australian move emphasises the need for uniformity in the Commonwealth's marriage laws.

Victorian law stipulates three days' notice, while in Queensland and N.S.W. no legal notice is required. The necessary forms have only to be completed and the ceremony can proceed immediately.

WHILE other countries, notably Germany and Italy, are removing all possible obstacles in the path of quick marriages, the South Australian Government considers that young couples should count ten (days) before they take the plunge.

It is part of the average child's upbringing to be told to "count ten" before doing anything rash—but this is the first time that rule has been imposed in such fashion on those about to wed.

The Government's proposals will place South Australia in a unique position as regards marriage laws in the Commonwealth.

In all States, of course, clergymen encourage young couples to give adequate notice of their intention of marriage, but the confusing variety of actual legal stipulations exists.

In Queensland some time ago an effort was made to secure legislation providing for seven days' notice, but it was unsuccessful.

The South Australian Government recently initiated a new experiment in dealing with divorce, also, by appointing Brigadier-General Weir as "marriage conciliator." All couples seeking divorce are first referred to him in the hope of adjusting their differences.

In addition, the Government, according to the Chief Secretary, Sir George Ritchie, is now consolidating all the State's marriage laws, which with amendments and new clauses will be incorporated into one new Act.

While this move is to be commended, it emphasises the greater need of uniform marriage — and divorce—laws throughout Australia. Otherwise the position here will soon resemble that in the United States, where it is almost impossible to unravel the conflicting State laws.

A clause of the new Marriage Bill in South Australia provides that 10 days' notice should be given to enable the officiating clergymen to make any inquiries about the parties wishing to wed.

If the Government runs true to form, Adelaide will probably win new fame as the City of Happy Marriages.

"Those Infatuations"

MRS. RUBY DUNCAN, vice-president of the N.S.W. Housewives' Association, who is also connected with numerous other women's organisations, and who will probably remain in Adelaide for Centennial discussions until September, has given the S. A. Marriage Bill attention, and is in entire agreement with it as a common-sense measure.

"It will let couples view the situation sanely and not be swept off their feet by momentary infatuation," she said.

In bringing forward this bill for discussion, the S.A. Government is trying to make foolproof a scheme to prevent bigamous and other illegal marriages.

Under the existing law, there is no compulsion for a clergyman to inquire into the state of a man applying for a marriage licence, with the result that bigamous marriages are sometimes committed.

The new proposals have been submitted to representative clergymen in South Australia, who, on the whole, agree with them, but there have been some dissentients.

The Rev. A. D. McCutcheon, of the Port Adelaide Methodist Mission, disputes the necessity for 10 days' notice. He considers that three days' notice to the clergyman, as in Victoria, is ample to make inquiries.

Mothers' Rights

MRS. E. M. NICHOLLS (Federal president of the Housewives' Association) is in agreement with the idea of giving 10 days' notice, but is more gratified about the clause referring to a mother's right to consent to a child's marriage.

"We stand for equal rights," said Mrs. Nicholls. "We consider that mother and father should have equal rights of guardianship in giving consent to the marriage of a minor.

"At the present time, the mother does not own her own child. In this point, at least, I think the mother should be given opportunity to direct the life of a son or daughter."

The new clause to which Mrs. Nicholls refers provides "that fathers or guardians are not the only persons who may give consent to the marriage of a minor, for if a father has deserted his wife OR IS NOT AVAILABLE, THE MOTHER MAY GIVE HER CONSENT."

Another proposed amendment is "that the classes of persons not entitled to marry should be set out in a list for immediate reference." This list is similar to that appearing in the English Prayer Book.

The ten days' clause which caused dissension on the part of some clergymen, who considered that time too long in the case of an emergency (such as an impending birth or death), refers to ordinary marriages. The Government's proposed amendment states "that in an emergency reference to the registrar may be dispensed with altogether."

Blind Man Is Telephone Expert

(By Air Mail from London Office.)

TELEPHONE calls from all over the world pass through the intricate switchboard of the London Hospital—the largest voluntary hospital in England—at the rate of about 800 a day.

Yet this vital cog in a hospital of 750 beds is controlled by a blind ex-service man.

Horace Manning, ex-soldier, is the man. He was totally blinded while serving in the Great War, and was trained as a telephone switchboard operator at St. Dunstan's.

He never makes a mistake, although he handles eight exchange lines and thirty-seven extensions.

THIS ATTRACTIVE young woman, Mrs. Bernice Heffner, is acting president of the American Federation of Government Servants, and "boss" of 33,000 employees. She was formerly secretary of the organisation and was promoted when her chief had a row with President Roosevelt.

COFFEE!

The satisfying home-like beverage of the family table; the savory zest of the camp fire meal; the friendly glow of the cosy, intimate gathering; and the crowning touch of dignified hospitality.

And when it is Bushells Vacuum Packed Pure Coffee 'tis truly the drink of a thousand delights.

EASY TO MAKE.—Use one dessertspoonful for each cup of coffee desired. Place the dry coffee in the pot and pour over it fresh water briskly boiling. Let stand for five minutes, then strain.

COFFEE BOILED IS COFFEE SPOILED

Beware of These Men In Cars

Continued from Page 3

THIS famous scientist, who was born in Vienna, and possessed an international reputation, was at the age of 35 murdered (there is no other word for it) by one of the "neurotics" he described as the cause of road accidents, and whose disordered mental balance he made the subject of his special study.

His death, however, only emphasises the truth of his contentions, which, when fully outlined in a special article in the Red Book Magazine, a leading American publication, caused a stir amongst motorists and the general public in the United States. In Australia, too, most of his "types" of nerve-ridden drivers can be met with on our roads, and every year their ranks increase.

The question should seriously be considered—whether the ordinary official traffic tests of prospective car-drivers should not be supplemented by some form of psychological examination to determine whether the candidate is mentally normal, and fit to be trusted with such a prospective instrument of death as a motor car.

WHERE TO FIND

	Page
BOOKS	14
BRAINWAVES	15
BEAUTY	51
COOKERY	47
FASHION	9 & 10
FASHION PARADE	8
FILM NEWS	27 to 34
KNITTING	53
LOWER	13
MOTHERS AND WIVES	50
NEEDLEWORK	52
PATTERNS	54

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The A.B.C. Murders

Death In the Alphabet

ANDOVER . . . Mrs. Ascher.
BEXHILL . . . Betty Barnard.
C — For whom does this letter spell death?

M. POIROT, famous detective, is challenged by a murderer who calls himself A.B.C.

A.B.C. writes a letter to Poirot saying when and where a crime will be committed.

CAPT. HASTINGS is telling the story of the crimes, and it is a remarkable fact that the madman—if such he be—is working from an A.B.C. railway guide and removing his victims in alphabetical order. A directory is always left beside the body.

ANDOVER is the first place where A.B.C. strikes, an old woman, Mrs. Ascher, being murdered.

SCOTLAND YARD and M. Poirot are baffled when the next blow falls.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA is the scene of the next murder, and Betty Barnard, a pretty waitress, is the victim.

DONALD FRASER, lover of the girl, attracts suspicion to himself, but Poirot thinks there is more to it than that.

THERE is the letter C to be considered, and where the murderer will next strike. The story continues:

Hastings found Thora standing at the head of the stairs. There was a queer, scared expression on her face. "I was thinking," she said, "about D—the next murder."

Illustrated :: by :: Boothroyd

THE kitchen door opened.

"Oh, there you are," said Inspector Kelsey.

Inspector Crome pushed past him, shot a glance at Poirot and a glance at the two strangers. "Miss Megan Barnard and Mr. Donald Fraser," said Poirot, introducing them.

"This is Inspector Crome, from London," he explained.

Turning to the inspector, he said:

"While you pursued your investigations upstairs I have been conversing with Miss Barnard and Mr. Fraser, endeavoring if I could to find something that will throw light upon the matter."

"Oh, yes?" said Inspector Crome, his thoughts not upon Poirot but upon the two new-comers.

Poirot retreated to the hall. Inspector Kelsey said kindly as he passed:

"Get anything?"

But his attention was distracted by his colleague, and he did not wait for a reply.

I joined Poirot in the hall.

"Did anything strike you, Poirot?" I inquired.

"Only the amazing magnanimity of the murderer, Hastings."

I had not the courage to say that I had not the least idea what he meant.

Conferences!

Much of my memories of the A.B.C. case seem to be of conferences.

Conferences at Scotland Yard. At Poirot's rooms. Official conferences. Unofficial conferences.

This particular conference was to decide whether or not the facts relative to the anonymous letters should be made public in the Press.

The Bexhill murder had attracted much more attention than the Andover one.

It had, of course, far more elements of popularity. To begin with, the victim was a young and good-looking girl. Also, it had taken place at a popular seaside resort.

All the details of the crime were reported fully and rehashed daily in thin disguises. The A.B.C. railway guide came in for its share of attention. The favorite theory was that it had been bought locally by the murderer and that it was a valuable clue to his identity. It also seemed to show that he had come to the place by train and was intending to leave for London.

The railway guide had not figured at all in the meagre accounts of the Andover murder, so there seemed at present little likelihood of the two crimes being connected in the public eye.

"We've got to decide upon a policy," said the Assistant Commissioner. "The thing is—which way will give us the best results? Shall we give the public the facts—enlist their co-operation—after all, it'll be the co-operation of several million people, looking out for a madman——"

"He won't look like a madman," interjected Dr. Thompson.

"——looking out for sales of A.B.C.'s—and so on. Against that I suppose there's the advantage of working in the dark—not letting our man know what we're up to, but then there's the fact that he knows very well that we know. He's drawn attention to himself deliberately by his letters. Eh, Crome, what's your opinion?"

"I LOOK at it this way, sir. If you make it public, you're playing A.B.C.'s game. That's what he wants—publicity—notoriety. That's what he's out after. I'm right, aren't I, doctor? He wants to make a splash."

Thompson nodded.

The Assistant Commissioner said thoughtfully:

"So you're for baulking him. Refusing him the publicity he's hankering after. What about you, M. Poirot?"

Poirot did not speak for a minute. When he did it was with an air of choosing his words carefully.

"It is difficult for me, Sir Lionel," he said. "I am, as you might say, an interested party. The challenge was sent to me. If I say 'Suppress that fact—do not make it public,' may it not be thought that it is my vanity that speaks? That I am afraid for my reputation? It is difficult! To speak out—to tell all—that has its advantages. It is, at least, a warning. . . . On the other hand, I am as convinced as Inspector Crome that it is what the murderer wants us to do."

"H'm!" said the Assistant Commissioner, rubbing his chin. He looked across at Dr. Thompson. "Suppose we refuse our lunatic the satisfaction of the publicity he craves. What's he likely to do?"

"Commit another crime," said the doctor promptly. "Force your hand."

"And if we splash the thing about in headlines? Then what's his reaction?"

"Same answer. One way you feed his megalomania, the other you baulk it. The result's the same. Another crime."

"What do you say, M. Poirot?"

"I agree with Dr. Thompson."

"A cleft stick—eh? How many crimes do you think this—lunatic has in mind?"

Dr. Thompson looked across at Poirot.

"Looks like A to Z," he said cheerfully.

"Of course," he went on, "he won't get there. Not nearly. You'll have him by the heels long before that. Interesting to know how he'd have dealt with the letter X." He recalled himself guiltily from this purely enjoyable speculation. "But you'll have him long before that, G or H, let's say."

He turned to the Assistant Commissioner.

"I think I've got the psychology of the case fairly clear. Dr. Thompson will correct me if I'm wrong. I take it that every time A.B.C. brings a crime off, his self-confidence increases about a hundred per cent. Every time he feels 'I'm clever—they can't catch me!' he becomes so overweeningly confident that he also becomes careless. He exaggerates his own cleverness and everyone else's stupidity. Very soon he'll be hardly bothering to take any precautions at all. That's right, isn't it, doctor?"

THOMPSON nodded.

"That's usually the case. In non-medical terms it couldn't have been put better. You know something about such things, M. Poirot. Don't you agree?"

I don't think that Crome liked Thompson's appeal to Poirot. He considered that he and he only was the expert on this subject.

"It is as Inspector Crome says," agreed Poirot.

Paranoia," murmured the doctor.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

The Assistant Commissioner struck the table with his fist.

"My God, are you telling me we're going to have five more murders?"

"It won't be as much as that, sir," said Inspector Crome. "Trust me."

He spoke with confidence.

"Which letter of the alphabet do you place it at, Inspector?" asked Poirot.

There was a slight ironic note in his voice. Crome, I thought, looked at him with a tinge of dislike adulterating the usual calm superiority.

"Might get him next time, M. Poirot. At any rate, I'd guarantee to get him by the time he gets to F."

Poirot turned to Crome.

"Are there any material facts of interest in the Bexhill case?"

"Nothing very definite. A waiter at the Splendide at Eastbourne recognises the dead girl's photograph as that of a young woman who dined there on the evening of the 24th in company with a middle-aged man in spectacles. It's also been recognised at a roadhouse place called the Scarlet Runner, half-way between Bexhill and London. They say she was there about 9 p.m. on the 24th with a man who looked like a naval officer. They can't both be right, but either of them's probable. Of course, there's a host of other identifications, but most of them not good for much. We haven't been able to trace the A.B.C."

"Well, you seem to be doing all that can be done, Crome," said the Assistant Commissioner. "What do you say, M. Poirot? Does any line of inquiry suggest itself to you?"

Poirot said slowly:

"It seems to me that there is one very important clue—the discovery of the motive."

"Isn't that pretty obvious? An alphabetical complex. Isn't that what you called it, doctor?"

"Yes," said Poirot. "There is an alphabetical complex. But why an alphabetical complex? A madman in particular has always a very strong reason for the crimes he commits."

"Come, come, M. Poirot," said Crome. "Look at Stoneham in 1929. He ended by trying to do away with anyone who annoyed him in the slightest degree."

Poirot turned to him.

"Quite so. But if you are a sufficiently great and important person, it is necessary that you should be spared small annoyances. If a fly settles on your forehead again and again, maddening you by its tickling—what do you do? You endeavor to kill that fly. You have no qualms about it. You are important—the fly is not. You kill the fly and the annoyance ceases. Your action appears to you sane and justifiable. Another reason for killing a fly is if you have a strong passion for hygiene. The fly is a potential source of danger to the community—the fly must go. So works the mind of the mentally-deranged criminal. But consider now this case—if the victims are alphabetically selected, then they are not being removed because they are a source of annoyance to the murderer personally. It would be too much of a coincidence to combine the two."

"That's a point," said Dr. Thompson. "I remember a case where a woman's husband was condemned to death. She started killing the members of the jury one by one. Quite a time before the crimes were connected up. They seemed entirely haphazard. But as M. Poirot says, there isn't such a thing as a murderer who commits crimes at random."

Please turn to Page 40

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THAT'S NEWS

A Complete Short Story

By Margaret Lee Rumbeck

She was married to a man who thirsted for adventure, but she planned to keep him by her side

WALLY JERARD was an adventurer, born with the call of far places ringing in his ears, as seashells have the surge of waves forever in them. He was born wanting to rove, wanting the whole glamorous map of the world under his feet; he schemed all his life for it; and just when he had tied up his gay future in a red bandanna and slung it over his shoulder, ready to be off, he stumbled over a girl. He took two steps, then glanced back at her . . . and then going was a misery, and staying was misery, too.

Being in love with ink and maps and his own mad plans had always protected him from girls. He'd scribbled his way through college, always a little shabby and out at the elbows, always greedy to see everything, and wring a description out of it before he dropped it like a drained orange skin. His intoxication about writing had made girls seem tame adventure, so he had never really been in danger from them.

Then, too, his pal, Click McGee, that hard-eyed little grasshopper who was the best camera-man in the city, kept girls away. From the first assignment they'd had together Click knew this was the pal he'd waited twenty years to find. This was the boy with the words, he said to himself; and he was the boy with the pictures.

During the years he'd chased stories, with a camera hunched on his back, Click had seen a lot of reporters. They all thought they were going to write novels when they began; the good ones hung on, running down news, and borrowing two dollars from each other until pay day; the others became ad-writers and got fat with money.

But once in a hundred there's a Wally, who talks in one-syllables, but when he's pushed his hat back on his curly, untidy head and switched on the green cone over his desk and starts pecking at his typewriter, he can make rainbows rise over mud puddles. Once in two hundred, maybe.

After the paper had been put to bed, they'd go out for doughnuts and coffee, and Click would get out some pictures he happened to have with him. He'd begin talking about strange places he'd been once, and about places he intended going to. He'd talk about th ant dynasty he'd seen in the Galapagoes, about the animals he'd seen in Africa; he'd describe the way they brought up the thirty-foot coral tree from the Pacific and boxed it for the Field Museum, so that it came 3,000 miles with never a twig scratched . . . He'd talk and talk, and Wally would listen, and in his eyes you could see pirate ships setting sail and jungles blooming, and mystery unceiling.

"LISTEN, boy," Click would say, leaning close over the coffee, "join me and see the world."

"Darn right," Wally answered, and he'd pull out an envelope from his pocket and begin outlining some features they might do sometime.

"There's thing, to see, boy," Click would say.

"And we'll see 'em," Wally would mutter, almost religiously, as a man does when he feels unwritten words pulsing in him.

There was a chance promised them by Allied Syndicate as soon as things "pick up." Click knew of a story about Mayan gold down in Brazil, something really hot and glamorous, the kind of treasure story that makes men, reading the magazine section of Sunday papers, squirm in their armchairs and wish things had been a little different.

He had queried Allied on it, every month or so, just to sort of keep their promise boiling on the back of the stove.

"Keep your temper," Allied would say. "We'll let you do it, Click. But we can't lay out the expenses just yet. We'll take a chance, one of these days . . . and then it's yours."

But just when they had everything in their pockets practically Suzie came along. And the ridiculous part of it was that Click, who should have protected Wally from her, was really the one who sold them to each other. She came on the paper looking very small and helpless and sisterly, so that everybody wanted to take care of her. Everybody, that is, but Wally. Wally didn't believe in women on newspapers. She was supposed to write human interest stories . . . the oldest cop has a great grandchild, the best-loved dog in town . . . stuff like that. Wally hated it, and told her so in a kind, brutal way.

"You write like a Smith College girl," he said, "and that's as bad as anything I could say, darling." Suzie was so meek about it that it made him furious, and he tried to think of worse things to say. Every time she saw him, the big, powerful, helpless giant with the poet's eyes and the hard, young mouth, she looked a little more forgiving, and that kept on making him madder.

So, when she found out that Click was his pal, she discovered that she was terribly interested in pictures. That, alas, was what threw poor Click entirely off guard. She admired his work! (The life-story of many a catastrophe is told in those words!) So it just naturally happened then that Click found himself waving his arms eloquently over the coffee and doughnuts for the wide, lovely eyes of a girl, instead of the narrowed, enraptured boy's eyes.

When Wally elbowed his way into these conversations, almost jealously, Suzie wasn't pleased. "Can't we just go alone, Click?" she said. "He interrupts when you're telling me things." And poor old Click was so disarmed by that that he looked foolish and pleased, the way a homely, lonely little chap is when a friendly youngster likes having him around.

"Oh, Wally's a good kid, Suzie," he said. "After you know him, he's really a grand fellow."

Illustrated by FISCHER

"Maybe," Suzie said indifferently. "But I wish they'd send him away somewhere on a story. He's all over the place."

"You're jealous because he knows how to write," Click said, "Everybody feels like that."

BUT he couldn't help bragging a little to Wally, the good-looking pal who always had a string of girls' telephone numbers to sweep off his desk into the waste basket, always snubbing them when they crashed in on him!

"Hey, you're slipping, boy," he said. "The little Suzie knows what's the matter with you."

"Yes? What is?"

"Everythin'," he said, nudging him. "She likes older men."

"And scrawnier, and bald-headed, and illiterate," Wally said; "Well, takes all kinds."

It seemed to Click's simple eye to be rather a shame that they didn't like each other. Two nice youngsters like that . . . So the next week he was saying very earnestly to each of them.

"You two ought to be friends. You've got a lot in common."

"What, besides you?" Wally asked.

"Well, she's got appreciation. She likes adventure," he said uneasily. Wally was annoyed at the simple-mindedness of this reply.

"Why don't you get yourself a day nursery?" he said angrily, "But count me out of it."

And there was poor old Click, the watchdog who should have been guarding Wally and saving him for the future, selling him into trouble, blindly and busily. It wasn't until long afterwards, then it was too late, that he suspected that all this resistance, all this opposition on Suzie's part, had been just one of those long canters, which good chess players . . . and little girls . . . are so skilled in doing. No crude pouncing on the prey, for them. They take a long, round-about route, and get you so interested in it that you scarcely notice where it's leading.

As a person . . . not as a danger to a man who has big jobs ahead of him . . . she was such a darling. Everyone in the office loved her in a one-big-happy-family way. She was more like a nice, clean-faced youngster going to school than a girl a man could get romantic about, and that was another thing that threw Click off the track. That, and the fact that Wally was so bored with her that he just didn't see how willing and cheerful, and cunning she was.

"They oughtn't allow women on newspapers," he said, "they can't write, anyway. All they want to do is make the public get a lump in its throat. Always splashing tears around. They ought to be home minding the next generation."

"But Suzie is different," Click said. "Too bad she's a girl. She'd have made a great reporter herself, if she'd been a man."

Please turn to Page 18

"When a man holds a baby, that's a nuisance," said Suzie, "but when a baby holds a man, that's news . . ."

Adventurer Stays at Home

Motherless

Silent along the edge of night
Padded the soft, white doe,
Delicate fear, in gentle flight,
Quilting the crusted snow.
Swift, from the timbers, strode the hunter,
Arching his slender bow;
Silver the tears of a small faun mourning
Death of a soft, white doe.

—Yvonne Webb.

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SIDEWALK Concert

It was fun for Marcia to annoy the handsome young doorman at her favorite picture-theatre by singing songs on the sidewalk. It was fun for Marcia, that is, until Bill Hallan decided to join in the concert.

Illustrated by FISCHER

Marcia sat in her little glass house, giving change. At twelve-thirty, Mr. Hallan, the legal counsel for the theatre, walked by. He cut very close to the change-booth and sang—"Isn't she cute, isn't she sweet!" very loud.

EVERY so often you read in a magazine about this and that person being "born to the movies." It's a very pretty phrase, but it doesn't fit anyone as closely as it did Marcia Carlson. She used to get hungry when she was a baby, as soon as she heard the deep rumble of the organ in the Colonial next door, and her mother liked to tell the neighbors about the time the organist decided to practise—"and heaven knows he needs it, Mrs. Simpson"—and Marcia had to be fed all day to keep her from crying.

When they tore down the old Colonial in 1927, and started on the Coliseum, some of the engineers stopped at Ma Carlson's, next door; and Marcia, lean and leggy and a good deal of a nuisance, heard about acoustics, and pipe organs, and seats with her lessons at night. Even the great Mr. Michaelis, owner and operator of the Colonial-Coliseum, knew her, and they would exchange greetings in the mornings when she was starting for school and he was going down to oversee his property.

Her first heartache was a movie man, but not a star—not Dick Barthelmess or Adolphe Menjou, or even a featured player. No, it was the tall young doorman that Mr. Michaelis—now Uncle Mikey, a sort of lovable Roxy—hired in September of the year when Marcia was fifteen.

Alice and Marjy—Marcia's particular pals—delegated her to find out his name. It was Bill Hallan, according to the old night watchman. "And don't you be a botherin' of him, now, Marcia, you little scamp. There's a boy goin' a long ways, that one is. Studying law nights, down at the City Bar School, he is, and no time to be fooling with the likes of you, even if you was old enough to be of interest to him, which you're not."

The older girls—Alice's big sister and her friends—dropped their handkerchiefs and purses, or turned their ankles, coming into the Coliseum, for a month or so, and then gave it up as a bad job.

But Marcia and Alice and Marjy were made of sterner—or sillier—stuff. All that winter, until she went out to Michigan to keep her widowed Aunt Hattie company, they would walk in front of the Coliseum. Sometimes they would hum, "Can't Help Lovin' That Man," and sometimes "Moanin' Low" (they would sing the line, "Don't know any reason why he treats me so poorly," very loud), and sometimes they would just make loud remarks about how high-hat some people were.

Only once did they get a rise out of him. That was when Marcia, the most courageous of the three, asked him what was playing. Bill Hallan was standing under Mikey's four-foot letters that announced the picture. Marcia went up to the doorman, and said: "Please, what's on this afternoon?"

"Gentlemen of the Press'." Bill Hallan must have recognised her as the girl who had been pestering him for five months, but he gave no notice.

"I beg your pardon?" Warm butter wouldn't have melted in Marcia's mouth.

"Gentlemen of the Press'. The feature starts in fifteen minutes."

"Gentlemen of the Press'? Is it a good picture?"

"Yes, Miss. The play ran on Broadway for months."

"It must have gotten out of breath," Marcia said. She giggled.

Bill Hallan's patience snapped at last. "Move along," he said. "Go on. You're blocking the sidewalk. Your mothers ought to keep you home."

"I'm going to complain to the management," Marcia said loudly. After that there was nothing she and the other girls could do but sweep into the theatre, though they had been saving their money to see "Woman Dishonored" at the end of the week. Inside the first row of plate-glass doors they looked back. The man of their communal dreams was opening a taxi door, oblivious to their existence, but they read chagrin, embarrassment, and about seven other emotions in his uniformed back.

Unfortunately, when they came out the night doorman, who lived down the street and had a son who was in Alice's class, was on duty.

THAT night the letter came from Aunt Hattie, and for the next week Marcia was too busy to think about doormen. Wasn't she going out to Wisconsin, which was the West, where cowboys and engineers in riding breeches were under every bush?

The street didn't look very different when Marcia came back. Her mother had put in a stationery shop in the ground floor of the old boarding-house, and instead of "Rooms and Meals," the sign just said "Rooms." And the grocery store was a chain store now. But the alarm-clocks in the windows of the drug store, and the posters in front of the Coliseum, and the school—children crossing the street under the direction of old Gus, the traffic cop, were all the same. It kind of brought a lump to Marcia's throat, it was so much alike.

. . By . .
Richard Wormser

She'd only been gone four years, but, after all, that was nearly a quarter of her whole life, and it wasn't fair that things should have changed so little.

Oh, heavens! They even had the same doorman at the Col. She and Alice and Marjy used to pester the life out of the poor boy. Her face flushed as she remembered it. Wasn't there some rumor that he was going to be a lawyer? She remembered Marjy, sitting in a booth at the drug store, and telling them how she was going to have Bill Hallan do all her divorce work when she grew up. Marjy was going to get three divorces and then go on the stage. Something like Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

They were certainly silly kids when they were little, four years before. They'd spend whole afternoons prancing in front of that doorman, making eyes at him. A movie doorman! He'd been a stuck-up thing, too.

She started up the steps of the rooming house, the old stoop that ran next to the store. Oh, there was Mr. Michaelis! She called him.

He stopped at the foot of the stoop, his cane lifted, his little beard sticking out in front of him. "Yes?"

"I'm Marcia, Mr. Michaelis! Marcia Carlson."

He blinked his little eyes at her. "Little Marcia! Ma Carlson's little girl!" His fat hand patted her arm. "Gee, it's nice to see you back. Do you remember when your mamma used to bring you to the old Colonial, and leave you in my office while she saw the picture?" He waved a cane at the theatre. "Different from the old Colonial, huh? You like it?"

Old people were so funny. There was no use telling him that she'd been in town for years and years after the Coliseum was built. Why, it was as old as the hills. "It's a beautiful theatre, Mr. Michaelis."

"Yes, sure. You in town long?"

"Yes, I've come back to stay. I'm going to try and get a job. I graduated from a business college out in Milwaukee."

"Job? Huh, you should go looking for a job. You come and see me this afternoon, about four-thirty, and we'll see what we can do." He waved the cane benevolently and went on down the block.

Oh, dear, she was going to work in the office at the Col. She'd gotten a job! She gazed up and down the sun-lit street. There was that doorman, staring at her, frankly staring at her. Marcia turned up her nose and went into the house.

AT four-thirty she emerged again, resplendent in the dress Aunt Hattie had bought her for a going-away present. She swept down the street, and she knew she was a knockout.

Mr. Michaelis' office was as familiar to her as the inside of Ma's rooming-house, but she stopped at the doorman. "I have an appointment with Mr. Michaelis," she said, grandly. She was watching his eyes closely. After all, she'd better see if he remembered her. If he did, maybe she'd better say something about an apology.

A Complete Short Story

But he only saluted, and bowed. "This way please, Miss." Bill Hallan held the door open for her in the grand fashion.

As she went past the ticket booth she thought she saw his head turn. Had he winked at that blonde in there?

Marcia told herself it was her imagination. He couldn't possibly connect her with the silly little giggling girl who used to tease him. Why, the salesgirl in Milwaukee had told her she looked at least twenty-five in this dress—a woman of the world. She said: "Have you been a doorman long?"

Bill held open the second plate-glass door. "Four years, Miss."

His face flushed. She had gotten a rise out of him. Oh, why had she thought he was so marvellous a few years ago? He was just a movie doorman, with some vague dream of being a lawyer. She, now, was going to rise and become assistant manager. She wondered what job she'd have to start at.

Bill opened the door of Uncle Mikey's office. "Miss Carlson to see Mr. Michaelis." He saluted again, and went away.

He'd known her all the time, and had been teasing her. Wait till she——

Mr. Michaelis came out of his inner office. "Little Marcia! You wanted a job?"

"Yes, Mr. Michaelis. I—Ma hadn't been doing so well. People don't live at boarding-houses any more, and the noise from the theatre makes it pretty hard to——"

"I know, I know. Well, I need a good girl. Assistant publicity manager at twenty-five a week, that would do you?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Michaelis."

"You come with me. Now, here's your desk, this table here. And here's your typewriter. You type wrappers from this list, and fold these programmes, and put them in. See? Now, it's late, and you'll want to tell Ma the news. Start at nine to-morrow morning."

An assistant publicity manager didn't do much, but it was a great title. Wait till Ma heard. She ran down the plush stairs from the office, and her heels clicked going across the tiled floor outside.

There was that fresh doorman, helping two girls out of a taxi. It was bad publicity for the Coliseum for the doorman to hold girls' elbows that long. The assistant publicity manager ought to do something about it. She was just about to speak to him, when she remembered the old gag, the one she and Alice and Marjy had thought so effective. She swept by him, singing loudly: "In dreams I kiss your hand, Madame."

On the stoop of Ma Carlson's she looked back. Bill's face was very red, but he wasn't looking her way. He was a doorman, and had to stay on post.

MARCIA typed a wrapper, folded a programme, put it in the wrapper. She typed a wrapper, folded another programme, and put it in the wrapper. She did this seventy-four times, when there was a voice behind her: "Here, that's no way to do it. Never get any that way."

The man came into her little office and snapped up six blank wrappers. "See, you overlap them, like this. You start them in the typewriter, like this. When you pull one out, you have another one already. See?"

Marcia said: "Yes, I see." He looked kind of like George Raft.

"Let's see you try it now," he encouraged her. "There, that's better." He gave her a fatherly pat on the shoulder. "I'm Mr. Cassidy, the publicity manager. And you're my new assistant. What's your name?"

"Marcia Carlson."

"Hello, Marcia."

"Hello, Mr. Cassidy."

He sat down astride a chair and watched her type folders and put in programmes. "The list has increased by one hundred and eight per cent. in the three weeks I've been here," he told her. "I don't work for this second-rate show, you know. I'm with Z.B.C., the producers and distributors through whom the Coliseum books. They send me around to jack up houses that aren't doing the gross they should."

"There was a Z.B.C. house in Mil—" Marcia began

Please turn to Page 38

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

SUITS *for* BETWEEN-SEASON WEAR

SUITS—the first sure fashion sign of spring. For between-season wear there is nothing so practical, nor so smart.

This season, you will spend half your waking hours in a suit—whether it be tailored, sporty or dressy.

IN the morning you'll be smart in a classic suit, a man-tailored affair. The jacket will be fitted, either single or double-breasted, its length several inches below the hip-bone.

It will have pockets; it will have tailored lapels like a man's coat. The sleeves will be straight and set in to a normal armhole. Shoulders will be rather wide—slightly padded if you are not the right shape. The skirt will be short and slim and straight, from twelve to fourteen inches off the ground; it will have pleats, or slightly shaped panels.

The material will be sheer wool in some color—green, blue, violet, or any of the rust shades; or it may be of men's suiting. All shades of grey are tremendously popular, as well as browns and dark blue. Tan, if it becomes you, is a very smart suit color.

If you are plump and short, wear a jacket and skirt both the same color. If you are slim or tall, try out a contrast. Two wools that are the same in texture but different in color; or a plain wool skirt and a check or plaid jacket.

With two colors keep the skirt the darker. A brown skirt and green jacket, a rust skirt and green jacket, a bright blue skirt and a yellow jacket, a brown skirt and a blue-and-brown plaid jacket. With a grey skirt this is reversed—jackets of tan, yellow, coral, green, violet, or blue can all have grey skirts.

With these morning suits wear small-brimmed hats; felt or straw sailors, a felt beret, a straw derby. Wear a flower in your buttonhole, and if the suit is monotone, colored gloves and bag.

Tailored shirts of crepe or shantung, blouses of printed crepe, flowered taffeta, plain taffeta—made simply—go with these suits. When jacket and skirt match, wear a very bright or a pastel blouse.

The classic tailormade goes out again during the afternoon, but now it has to compete with serious rivals. Suits with short jackets, bolero length; jackets with important sleeves and short flaring basques or peplums; suits with loose hip-length jackets.

Skirts for these more dressy suits can be just as slim, or they may be pleated all round, or with circular cutting. When the jacket is loose the skirt is usually tight. When the jacket is tightly-fitted you will often see a finely-pleated skirt.

Bolero jackets just reach the waist in back, and come shorter in front. They hang away from the figure. They have tailored lapels, lapels faced with the blouse fabric, or just straight fronts fastening high to the throat. The jacket and the skirt are of the same material, the blouse which shows beneath the bolero, is in a contrasting color, or a gay print.

Your basque-jacket will be slightly longer in back. It will flare a little. The sleeves will be long or three-quarter and full at the top—either with pleats or folds. It will button tightly at the waistline.

Many are the jackets that just come below the waist in back, and finish in two points in front. These fasten with links, the revers are tailored, and the sleeves plain or full at the top.

The skirts of these afternoon suits, whether they be narrow or full, are short. Eleven or twelve inches from the ground is the accepted length.

In Dark Colors

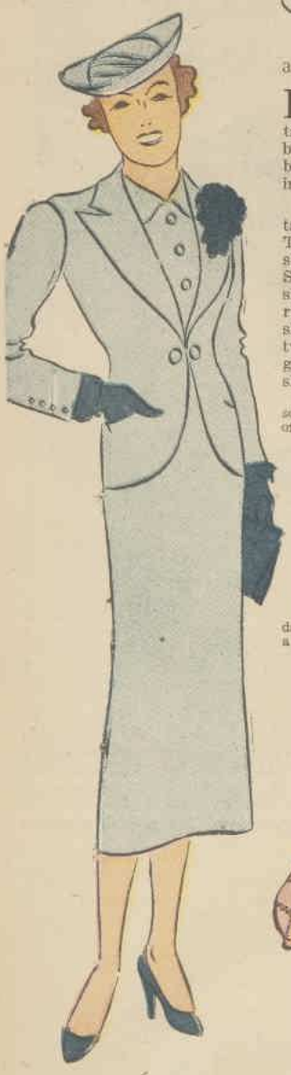
HERE dark colors come into their own. Whether it is wool material for the tailormades, or silks, or wools for the other styles, black and dark blue are leading shades. With these wear blouses in pastel chiffons, crepes, taffeta, and satins; net blouses with ruffs at the throat; draped blouses of brightly-printed crepes; or wear a blouse in a vivid hue—canary-yellow, orange, cerise, coral, or lime-green.

After black and dark blue come bright blue, burgundy, purple, green, tan, and brown. Later on, of course, the brighter colors. Wear contrasting blouses of the materials mentioned above, and perhaps match up your blouse with a hat or gloves.

Nearly every blouse has a high neck, rather full sleeves, and there are many draped and pleated bodices. When the blouse is print, try facing the revers of the jacket with the same print.

Here again you can wear contrasting jackets and skirts, with even a third color for the blouse.

Again, put flowers in your lapel and wear jaunty straw or felt hats with veils. Wear colored gloves with a monotone suit.



PETROV

- *ABOVE: Pale blue woollen makes a classic tailormade. The jacket fits just like a man's. Pale blue sailor hat. Navy violets in lapel and navy shoes and gloves. Blue crepe tailored shirt.*
- *LOWER LEFT: Brown wool skirt, brown and pink plaid wool or taffeta jacket tightly fitted. Brown or pink blouse beneath. Brown straw derby with a long wide-mesh veil.*
- *CENTRE: Suit for morning or afternoon. A slim black wool skirt is topped by a mannish double-breasted jacket in yellow wool. Square black buttons. Black and yellow print blouse.*
- *LOWER RIGHT: Bolero suit of dark blue wool or crepe. The sleeves are wide at the top. The blouse is of pleated dark blue chiffon. Pastel-pink chiffon flower and suede gloves.*

- *ABOVE: Black wool afternoon suit. Very short jacket with waistcoat front. The blouse and lining of the cuffs are of white pique. The jacket lapels and armholes are stitched.*

Paris Snapshots

THE newest buttonhole—bunches of tricolor carnations, in red, white, and blue.

o o o

IF you possess many accessories in the same bright color (hat, gloves, bag, blouse, scarf, or evening shoes), do not wear them all at once. Two by two is smarter.

o o o

BLACK patent leather is a smart trimming for spring's first black wool dress. It is used as lacings, collars, belts, buckles, and cuffs—it even trims the edges of jackets.

o o o

SCHIAPARELLI suggests bands of the dress material beaded or trimmed with flowers to wear round your head, tennis-girl manner, for evening parties.

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SOFT CHIFFONS and LACE

Still Favorites of Fashion!

● *LACE in the new Arab shade is seen to advantage in this svelte evening gown, which features a striking neckline treatment. The accompanying cape in red matte crepe is fur-trimmed.*

—Exclusive Air Mail photos.

● *LIME lace fashions the two-occasion frock above. By doffing the coat it is transformed from a formal afternoon ensemble to a charming evening gown.*

● *FLORAL fabrics are the real darlings of early spring, and this appealing frock uses floral crepe chiffon very effectively. The printing is in dainty shades of pink and blue.*

● *THE DELIGHTFUL afternoon frock in the centre is of smart new linen tweed, finely checked. The sleeves are three-quarter length, and the cross-over bodice is cleverly cut.*

THERE IS VERY GRAVE DANGER IN THE NEGLECT OF A COLD. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, there would be fewer cases of Pneumonia, Pleurisy, or other serious complications.

For that obstinate, irritating, tickling COUGH that pesters you and irritates everybody else; for the sort of COUGH that shakes you to pieces; for the COUGH that often follows the Flu; in fact, for ANY sort of COUGH there is nothing better, safer or quicker than **Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.**

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION always ask for and see that you get HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, because Hearne's obtains its amazing results **without** the use of Narcotics and does not upset the stomach.

7/12

For all CHEST troubles take

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE . . .

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MARCH of the MODE by RENE

ONE FROCK in THREE MOODS . . . Interpreted by Clever Little Jackets

• *FOR dinner over the evening gown goes a romantic black chiffon redingote, buttoning with tiny buttons from the rolled choker neckline to the swathed satin waist, to hang, loose and flaring, to the floor. Enormous sleeves.*

• *SIMPLICITY is the keynote of the lustrous black satin evening gown illustrated on central figure. The bodice, cleverly draped, is held by wide flesh-pink straps. On the head, black daisies. Bag and bracelets of pearls.*

For the cocktail hour over the gown is donned a jacket of black satin embroidered with silver flowers and gold leaves. Silver tissue cravat tucked in the front. Tiny satin toque with veil completes the ensemble.

OUR fashion artist, Rene, has here sketched a delightful example of the three-occasion frock, which is one of fashion's smart economies for the coming season.

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A Complete Short Story

CHOCOLATE PROOF

By... DUDLEY HOYS

PROBABLY because she was so beautiful, he couldn't really believe she was a burglar.

ALTHOUGH it was after eleven at night it might have been day, so brilliant was the moon. It lent enchantment to the front garden of Pineview.

It also revealed the fact that the front door stood open a few inches.

Weston stopped. He knew he hadn't bothered to shut the window. But he knew definitely that he had shut the door.

He stood undecided. Pineview was set in a lonely spot, half a mile from the station on the one side, and half a mile from the village on the other. Ten minutes ago, with the non-smoker's sudden lust for something sweet, he had gone down to the village, a five-minute walk by the short cut along the footpath. There he had obtained a couple of penny packets of chocolate from the automatic machine outside the grocer's, and on his way back he had eaten one.

A rather unpleasant tingling ran down his spine. He stared at that dark slit between the door and the jamb, and wished he had a dog with him, or at least a thick stick. Then he told himself not to be a fool. He was very big and strong, and only thirty-eight, perfectly capable of tackling any burglar.

He crept along under the shadow of some laurels, and across the drive, intending to get into the house silently and jump on the intruder without any warning. There were faint sounds somewhere inside the house.

He pushed the door wide slowly and gently. Unfortunately, it gave a loud creak.

There was a scuffling noise in the direction of the dining-room. Weston threw discretion to the winds, and made a dive for the switch in the hall.

The next moment he was looking in amazement at a slim, dark girl wearing neat orange-and-brown tweeds.

She did not wait for him to speak, but said calmly:

"You the owner?"

"Yes. What the deuce are you . . .?"

"You've had a burglar. I spotted him getting through an open window." She smiled cheerfully. "Probably sheered off by this time."

WESTON raised his eyebrows and waited for her to go on.

"It's like this," she explained glibly. "I've been out for an evening hike. I was coming along this lane, and felt a bit tired, and sat on the fence opposite. A tramp appeared from the direction of the village. He stopped outside your house and glanced at the open window. He didn't notice me in the shadow. Then he went into your garden and climbed through the window."

"Did he?"

"He did. I was a bit scared and didn't know what to do. Next thing that happened was the front door opened a few inches. That meant he was a professional burglar. They always do it, to leave a quick way of escape. I've read it in books."

"Yes?"

"So I yelled 'Police!' at the top of my voice, and came in after him."

"Good of you," said Weston. He did not believe a word of her story, for the simple reason that he had recognised her as a girl who had passed the house half an hour ago. There had been no light on. He had been standing in a shadowy part of the garden, admiring the moonlight, and he had noticed the girl going by because passers were infrequent at this time of night.

"Well," she said, "I don't suppose he's taken anything. Wouldn't have had time."

"I'll have a look. Will you come with me?"

"Afraid?"

THERE was a warning in his laugh. "Not exactly. But I'd like you to come."

"All right."

He smiled to himself. There was no money she could have stolen. But he had a collection of antique snuffboxes in the drawing-room, some of gold, and the reputation of their value might have got abroad.

He produced a key, unlocked the drawing-room, and switched on the light. The collection was intact. That locked door, of course, had baffled her.

"Don't think we need go any further," he said. "Everything seems O.K."

"Then I'll be popping along."

"No!"

She stiffened at that one curt word, and regarded him haughtily.

"What do you mean? D'you dare to suggest—?"

"One moment, Miss—?"

"Smith. Mary Smith."

He could not resist giving her a sardonic bow.

"It's like this, Miss Smith. My wife and kiddies went away this morning for a week. I'd intended going straight down from the office to join them. In other words, the house was empty—and these things get known."

"What has this got to do with me?"

"Another moment, Miss Smith. I had forgotten some business documents—left 'em behind here. So, instead of joining the family at Bournemouth to-night I had to come back to the house. You didn't know that, of course. Nobody knew it. Anybody who had planned to break in would believe the house was empty."

SHE yawned. "I'm not interested in your private affairs. Also, you seem to be trying to suggest something. But as it's late, and I haven't the remotest desire to listen to you——" She moved towards the door.

Weston was too quick for her. He took two long strides, placed his back against the door, and eyed her sternly.

"Kindly let me pass." She was calm, cold, and extremely pretty with it.

"When you've answered a few questions."

She shrugged her shoulders. "You're large. I can't get past if you refuse to let me. I did you, a stranger, a good turn by scaring a burglar away from your house, and instead of getting thanked I'm illegally detained. There'll be trouble for you over this."

"I'll risk it. Where do you live?"

"London."

"That's pretty vague. And you've come a long way for an evening hike."

"I came part of the way by train."

"You say the tramp opened the door a few inches, and then you went in after him. At that rate, the door ought to have been wide open when I came along."

"Must have swung back with the draught," she said casually, and yawned again.

He shook his head. "You're slick. But it won't do. I'll tell you why." He paused, and played his trump card. "You say you were sitting on the fence opposite. A little while ago I felt like a spot of chocolate. Before I went along the footpath to the village to get some from the machine, I was standing in the garden. And I saw you walk past in the direction of the station. Now, then!" he added triumphantly, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

She looked at him, and made no reply.

"I don't like the idea of charging a girl," he continued, with a touch of benevolence, "but this is serious. The house was known to be empty, and my collection of snuffboxes is known to be valuable. Strikes me as a deliberately-planned job. You came along to reconnoitre, saw the window was open, and took your chance there and then. Unusual, a girl burglar."

"Very," she said, and laughed in his face. "My dear Sherlock, I hate to shatter your remarkable deductions. I certainly passed this house a little while ago. I was on my way to the station to catch the train back to town. I heard the wretched thing go out long before I reached the station. There wasn't another, I knew for three-quarters of an hour. I was peckish. I remembered seeing an automatic machine in the village. So I hurried back and got some chocolate. I was just munching it, and having a rest on that fence, when that tramp popped up."

"Oh," said Weston, and nibbled his lip. This bit of her story sounded natural. At that rate, the rest of it might possibly be true. He would have to be careful.

SHE laid a hand on his arm, and looked at him with a good-humoured pretence of woe.

"You wouldn't be so cruel as to accuse a poor, innocent girl of burgling, would you?"

He had a quick thought, and shot it out at her.

"How much chocolate did you get?"

"Three packets."

"And, of course," he said ironically, "you're going to tell me that you've eaten the lot."

The shake of her head was reproving. "I thought you were going to say that. As a matter of fact, I've a packet left." And she held it up.

Weston felt as if somebody had poured a bucket of cold water over him. He had made a mistake, a mistake that might have landed him in a lot of bother, and set the village laughing at him.

"I'm dreadfully sorry! Do please forgive me. But you must admit——"

She cut him short. "Don't worry. Most men are stupid. I must say. Just time to catch the next train."

Still stammering apologies, he accompanied her to the gate. He watched her hurrying along the lane with a springy, athletic stride until she was out of sight.

"Gosh!" he murmured, "of all the extraordinary affairs——"

He felt quite shaky, and a bite of chocolate was just the thing for the situation. His hand slid into his side pocket.

The pocket was empty.

He felt everywhere. The spare packet he had brought from the village had gone.

Suddenly he understood, and could have kicked himself.

She was slick, all right.

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School Holiday Tours Through Our Bureau

Those planning a school vacation holiday will find a wonderfully varied trip in the following suggestion.

Leaving Sydney by interstate liner on Saturday, August 22, you arrive in Melbourne Monday, where you are met by car for the beautiful motor ride to Lorne. Here you are accommodated for a full week amid the loveliest spots in Victoria.

Returning from Lorne by car, just on a week is spent in Melbourne. On September 5, a comfortable car calls for you for the four days' overland trip to Sydney via the coast.

The Women's Weekly Travel Bureau will arrange this delightful seventeen-day tour with full accommodation throughout for £17. If desired, the trip can be rearranged at a cost of £15/6/6.

Ask the Bureau at St. James Building, Elizabeth Street, Sydney (phone MA 4496) for full details.

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Leap-Year 1936

Childish Voices:

"Why is Leap Year longer than other years, uncle?"

Uncle-ish Response:

"So that grown-ups can have 366 days for smoking Three-threes, instead of only 365, my child."

"The Secret's in the Blend"

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An Editorial

JULY 25, 1936

"CRIME-WAVES" AND CRIMINALS

OF late public attention throughout Australia has become focused on the prevalence of lawlessness (and especially of crimes of violence) committed by lads and young men. In some quarters this lawlessness has been misleadingly titled a "crime-wave."

The title "crime-wave" suggests some mysterious affliction sweeping across the national mentality. Actually such outbreaks can be traced to material rather than to psychological sources.

In a sense we are merely re-experiencing the "crime-wave" of 1923. That epidemic of lawlessness was due to economic and social conditions. The false prosperity of war years was followed by a sharp depression. Young men vainly sought jobs.

As a result a big percentage of the male population became drifters, with no future prospect in the normal life of the community.

The recent financial depression presented the same conditions in a more intensified form. Youths leaving school found no immediate prospect of employment. The more adventurous took to the country in a vain search for work. They became homeless wanderers, dependent on charity or the dole.

Once again a sense of social injustice was born. These youths felt society antagonistic to them. Naturally enough, they declared war upon society. Antagonism that began mildly enough with stealing "train rides" developed through petty theft and depredation to robbery under arms, personal violence and burglary.

The true criminal has been defined as an individual of natural childish intelligence, whose sense of moral values is lacking.

But these artificially-bred "criminals" of to-day are youngsters who have never been allowed to grow up. With no avenues of employment open to them they have been thrown on the world at the "gang age" — with naturally disastrous results.

Society owes a debt to the youth of the years 1929 to 1933. Probably it can never to be repaid; but a beginning can be made by a more sympathetic understanding of the young delinquent, some attempt to segregate him from the "natural" criminal, and above all ceasing to describe his anti-social acts as due to a "crime-wave"—a mysterious mental epidemic which has no real existence.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

Not a Live Issue

THE discussion of the relative powers of male and female brains recalls the fact that Lord Chesterfield once said, "Women should be talked to as below men and above children." But Chesterfield and his generation have been dead a long time.

Conductor Howard Carr started the ball rolling again with his contention that women were naturally inferior to men. Feminists rushed in to slay him, but wise women smiled.

For the first time for years Mr. Carr included in Hadyn's "Creation" the aria in which Eve confesses that Adam's will is law to her.

"Well, Adam has been dead a long time, too," is the average woman's summing-up of that situation.

Baby Knows Best

THE controversy concerning suitable films for children has bubbled up again and a group of London school-children, acting as their own censors, evolved a programme which met their demands.

Adventure films were first choice, particularly those dealing with the sea. Noisy films and horror pictures were not wanted. Comedy was popular, and Mae West and Greta Garbo were passed out. So also were pictures which contained cloying love scenes and long-winded dialogue.

If this is the ideal programme at children's theatres there looks like being a little "gate-crashing" on the part of the adults to see the best show in town.

Hit-howl Publicity

PEDESTRIANS have decided to have a society of their own to deal with hit-run motorists and road-hogs. It is suggested that every time an accident is caused by careless driving the whole of the facts should be ventilated by a publicity man employed by the society.

This looks like a good job for an efficient calamity howler.

Government Aid

THERE is no doubt that diphtheria immunisation will save many young lives, but its full beneficial effect will be lost if certain municipalities fail to carry out the work owing to lack of funds.

Recently a municipality which embraces an industrial area found it impossible to foot the costs of immunisation. It should be possible for this difficulty to be overcome in the interests of the children and the national welfare which their good health involves.

It looks like one case where Government assistance could sanely be applied.

Streamline

THIS search for headlines is a fascinating pastime. Here are two from the week's news:

"Our Girls Have Slim Figures."

"Shop Girls On 9/9 Award."

Figures are too slim in fact when the pay envelope is streamlined as well.

Lyric of Life

SIEGE

Love, it was, that stormed
The battlements of my serenity.
An omnipotent force against which
I could not fight.
It looted all the city of my heart
And in the night
I stood alone and wept
For the traitorous defenders of my citadel,
The stars, a line of verse, a dreamer's dreams,
And a great, great unawareness of things.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Education of Princess

DOES King Edward VIII intend to marry?

While the world is full of conjecture on this subject, rather a significant move has been made in another direction. It was announced some time ago that Princess Elisabeth would go to a girls' school very soon. The Duchess of York was said to be in favor of this move, but now the child who stands in direct succession to the throne should her uncle, the King, not marry, is to have a more formal plan of education by tutors to fit her for the great responsibilities which one day may be hers.

This plan was approved by the King and Cabinet, so the decision may have wider implications than appear on the surface.

MME. ELISABETH RETHBERG AND MR. EZIO PINZA, who are making a tour of Australia under contract to the Australian Broadcasting Corporation. This photograph was taken upon their arrival at Perth.

Tourist Publicity

VISITORS tell us that the city of Los Angeles (U.S.A.) spends £60,000 a year on tourist publicity.

It is doubtful if any Australian State spends a like sum, yet there are indications that the tourist bird is willing and anxious to be caught if we are ready to lime the twig with a little judicious publicity.

It's bad business to allow tourists to stumble on us by mistake, as it were. Extensive and intensive tourist publicity would return good cash dividends to every State in the Commonwealth. At the present time the koala seems to be doing all the work.

Knock-out Performance

EILEEN JOYCE, brilliant Australian pianist, is to rest in hospital after a strenuous season. "I am not sick," she says, "just dreadfully tired. Being a concert pianist is not much of an existence for a girl."

Yet this frail little girl may claim that she has been "slaughtered" to make a holiday for music lovers. A tremendous number of encore numbers is the price a great artist pays for popularity. The re-calls may represent only the enthusiastic feeling of the audience to a good performance, but, totalled up over a season, they sometimes mean the last straw.

That superb and friendly artist, Richard Crooks, meets the situation with a gay good humor and says to his audience: "I've brought my encores with me. It will save a lot of walking about."

Repertoire of a Thousand Songs; Enjoys Ski-ing

By KATHLEEN LESMURDIE

"At every concert I feel as though I were making my debut," said Elisabeth Rethberg, famous Covent Garden opera star, when interviewed last week on the liner, Carthage, at Fremantle, just prior to disembarking with Ezio Pinza, the Italian bass-baritone.

The couple have been engaged by the Australian Broadcasting Commission for what has promised to become a notable series of celebrity concerts throughout Australia.

ELISABETH RETHBERG is a Saxon with ash-blonde hair, animated blue eyes, and is still feminine and sweet, though she has justly attained to her place among the world's exalted songsters.

Ezio Pinza is tall and broad-shouldered, with a military carriage gained during the war years.

They are world celebrities, but bear themselves as humans.

I am prompted to say this after a lifetime in various parts of the world, during which I met most of the world's great and not-so-great vocalists, many of whom, like old-time stage people, maintained their majestic roles even when they had doffed the motley.

Both have a keen sense of humor, both are keen motorists, and both are intent on getting the most that life affords.

And even then, with all the aplomb that world-wide success should have ensured them, both confess to being nervous before each performance, though the feeling disappears after the first few notes.

Easier in Italian

ELISABETH RETHBERG has a marvellous repertoire of over a thousand songs, and has memorised the chief soprano parts of 100 operas. Pinza has been acknowledged Italy's greatest living bass.

These two have spent most of the last sixteen years in the United States, the famous Metropolitan Opera House in New York being their most constant address.

This has been varied by broadcasting and concert tours, and, of course, making the many gramophone records which have made their names household ones the world over.

They hope to do a lot of motoring in Australia to see the country properly.

After their voices being in unison so many years, they think of many subjects on harmonised lines.

Pinza said the wealth of vowels in Italian made things easy for a singer, whereas English was so heavily consonantal, as also was German. These, he held, called for twice as much breath.

No Modern Opera

BOTH agreed that modern writers of opera did not have the soul of the older geniuses, and, therefore, could not write music which would become immortal.

"No country has now good writers of opera," said Pinza. "In this modern music"—with outspread, appealing hands—"there is nothing to sing. It is a kind of recitative."

Elisabeth Rethberg vigorously nodded affirmation.

Their Australian repertoire will be so extensive that it is not possible to deal with it except at considerable length, but they gave an assurance that those gems in which the records had familiarised them to Australians would be heard here.

With temperamental suddenness, Elisabeth Rethberg touched on the possibilities of ski-ing at Kosciusko, of which she has already heard.

Ski-ing and mountain-climbing are her main recreative sports, and these influenced her choice of a real home in Switzerland, where she spends most of her time when on recreation.

"When preparing for Australia, there was a week to spare, so I flew from London to Basle in two and a half hours, and had a glorious few days," she said.

Elisabeth Rethberg and Ezio Pinza are a delightful couple and if they can put over the air the personalities that delight everyone in personal contact, Australia is going to be grateful to the Australian Broadcasting Commission for bringing these famous operatic stars to the Commonwealth.

Truly, such will contribute to love of music for music's sake.

After their Perth concert, the couple will travel to Sydney, to open their season there on July 28, after which they will tour other States.

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L. W. LOWER'S *off to the* OLIMPING GAMES

Last Man with His Last Shilling to Save the Honor and Glory of Australia

BY L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

I never seem to get any time to myself. Always dashing hither and fro, saving situations.

Now it looks as if I'll have to go to the Olympic Games again. One of our lads has a sprained ankle, another has busted his hand; another one has strained an abominable muscle in his abominan—half of them, it seems, are being wheeled about in chairs.

Well, I suppose it's got to be done for the prestige of the country, and all that sort of thing.

MY wife has nearly finished knitting me a hop, step, and jumper, and I have been practising the standing high jump at home. The standing high jump is the best thing I do. I just stand on top of the wardrobe and jump off. I am going to attack the world's record off the front verandah next Saturday.

I am a bit out of form for swimming, I must admit. The weather has been too cold for training, and it's so awkward swimming in your overcoat. Still, I think I can win the four hundred metres. I used to swim for the Gas Company.

It's the shot pushing event that I'm worried about. Javelin hurling—yes. Hurling the dishes—yes. Hammer throwing — definitely an expert. But shot pushing—no.

My old father said sadly to my Uncle Frederick in 1902, "I'm afraid the lad will never make a shot-pusher."

My Uncle Frederick, who was a wealthy locksmith and had made a fortune by inventing a time lock for salmon tins (I wish you'd come to the point! Dithering about like this. What do you think the public pays its money for?)

Anyhow, my Uncle Frederick spent thousands of pounds trying to make me a good shot-pusher, but in vain. I haven't the knack.

Did I tell you I was the best euchre player in the Southern Hemisphere? I fancy I did. Well, the Southern Hemisphere, or the "Old Southern," as the boys call it, has changed hands now, and they've got a new girl in the saloon bar. Daughter of the house, I believe. Never shouts. (Now, listen! . . .) All right!

Pole vaulting! Girls, if you could only see me vaulting a pole, just ONCE!

You'd be bringing along poles to me and saying, "Oh, do vault this one and autograph it afterwards."

I'd just vault it vaultlessly and you'd be tickled pink.

I don't mean that in a rude way, you know. I never wait till a girl goes pink before I tickle her. I always find—(Get on with it!).

Full of Confidence

LOT of interruptions I've got to put up with.

The hurdles? I dare say you hurdle lot about my prowess over hurdles. As a matter of fact, the local athletic club, noting the effortless ease with which I sailed over hurdles, decided that it was useless to put the things about the place, and it was a sheer waste of hurdles. After that I did all my hurdling without hurdles.

One thing I can say confidently. The egg and spoon race is definitely in our grasp. I don't have to expatiate (Eh?). I don't have to tell the average well-informed citizen about my ability in this manly sport. Mention the name, Lower and immediately one thinks of an egg. Or, in the case of vegetarians, a spoon.

Treat in Store

OH! Before I forget. I've got a new hat! Light grey with a black band. It's swell. I look like a bookmaker. (I wish you wouldn't . . .) Rights! Just wanted to let you all know that I've turned the corner as far as hats are concerned.

Getting down to hard facts, I want a masseuse. Blonde for preference.

The situation is an honorary one, and applications will be received all next week. I also need a trainer, chaperon, manager, nurse and a driver of a steam roller (this last for the track events. The track must be in perfect condition for me to put up my best times).

I don't know how the devil I'm going to get my trophies home.

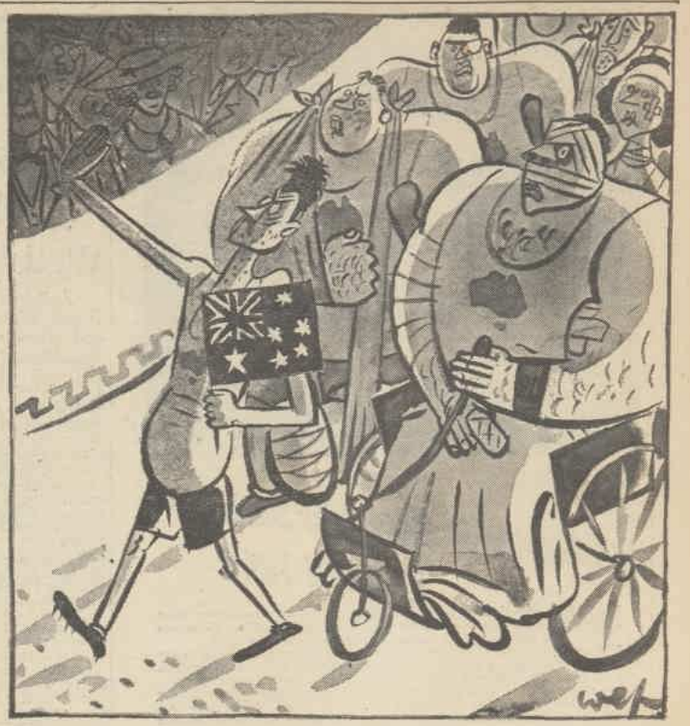
And another thing. What about when I've just won the high-diving championship and have to dash on to the pole-vaulting arena in my swimming costume on my way to the wrestling tournament?

My crikey, I'm going to be busy!

And now I'm going to put it on.

"Put what on?" you ask.

My new hat. I wish you could see me.



You may not believe it, but there's real red blood coursing through the veins of L. W. Lower, who is here shown setting an example to the young manhood of Australia—leading the remnants of his battered army on to the field of battle.

How can you get a SLIM FIGURE

THOUSANDS of women have come to realise the folly of attempting to reduce their weight excessively in a few days. Such treatment needs to be so drastic that it ruins your looks and leaves you a physical wreck.

What you must do is (1) to stop fat forming and (2) gradually melt it away, and that is what Bile Beans do safely and surely.

If you persevere with your nightly Bile Beans your health will improve along with your figure and sooner than you would believe possible, you will have regained those youthful slim lines which compel admiration.

"After taking Bile Beans nightly for six weeks I am delighted to tell you that I have lost fourteen pounds of unwanted fat. Another result is wonderfully improved health, and I feel brighter and more energetic than I have been for years" Mrs. K. E. B.

* * *

"Excessive weight had become a burden and a hindrance to me in my business. Since starting to take Bile Beans I have lost ten pounds in the first five weeks. Bile Beans ensure healthy regularity, tone you up and make you feel more active and alert." Mr. B. H.

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Take your Lower in daily doses

Every morning on the front page of the new Daily Telegraph, just up there in the right hand column, L. W. Lower has his morning say. A good half-column of chuckles before you turn to the most virile presentation of news that's ever been in a Sydney paper.

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Order the new Daily Telegraph to be delivered direct to your home. So that you may relish your breakfast with Lower, and have more time to read the best news of the day.

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THIS SPECIAL TOOTH PASTE

REMOVES SMOKE STAINS A SAFE WAY

Special stain-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is not contained in any other leading dentifrice. Make the simple test that surprises smokers. Thousands find dull, ugly teeth become naturally white and sparkling.

If you smoke, you've probably noticed stains on your teeth, or an ugly yellow smudge. Now there is a way to keep the faintest smoke trace from showing on your teeth. This way is Pepsodent, the special film-removing tooth paste.

No matter what dentifrice you now use, switch to Pepsodent to-day and make the smokers' test. See how Pepsodent immediately "takes hold" to make teeth cleaner, whiter, more attractive. Let your mirror prove that they glisten with natural whiteness many smokers think impossible to attain.

It Works in a More Effective Way

In Pepsodent is a special ingredient designed especially to remove the film on teeth. It is this film, not the teeth themselves, that smoke discolors. Therefore, this film must be removed if you want to escape that unnatural yellow color. It is film your dentist tells you to remove in fighting tooth decay and other dental troubles.

This remarkable film-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is contained in no other leading dentifrice. Not only does it bring out the natural whiteness of your teeth, but it also polishes enamel to the highest brilliance. In addition, this "Special Film-Removing tooth paste" has another major distinction: it is the softest . . . and therefore the *safest* . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders as shown by scientific tests.

Try Pepsodent to-day. Not until you do can you know how beautifully white your teeth are.

MORE PEPSODENT —SAME PRICE

New processes have cut costs and we are passing the saving on to you. The identical time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you, in the new larger tubes at no increase in price.

PEPSODENT

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

IN NEW LARGER TUBES

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Australian Novelist Breaks Away from the Local Scene

Wells' Tale of Love and Piracy

Just to prove that Australian novels need not be parochial, Ernest Wells has drawn on his literary seven-league boots and given us a rattling good buccaneering yarn in "Dirk Spaanders," a brave tale of piracy and romance.

IT'S a man's book that women will want to read. The action never lags in this story, and the characters have a rugged vitality and color of their own in keeping with the historical setting.

Seldom, if ever before in an Australian story, have romance and adventure been so happily wedded as in this admirable yarn of the Hartog buccaneering days.

The plot is original and feasible, and the story is close-knit, with a fine regard for literary craftsmanship. There is a magic in the atmosphere Mr. Wells creates, and a wealth of detail and delicate imagery. Then, again, there is the clash of primitive forces and the surge of human hates and passions.

In Dirk Spaanders the author has created a human and lovable character —red-headed, warm-hearted, impetuous, and courageous. In all or any of his moods he dominates the story. A veritable gallery of minor characters add value to the book.

There is historical justification for Captain Bess, said to be the true Queen of England robbed of her birthright, who figures largely in the book.

Nan Chennyworth is a delightful heroine, and Evan Ironbroom and Will Booley are types which smack of piracy and the spacious days when the sea was a robber's home and his harvest as well.

The manner of the telling, however, is the chief charm of the book. Reality is never submerged to the needs of the story, and history is used as a background, but it's authentic just the same.

It's a novel to become lost in, so vivid is its drama and so colorful the adventures it details. In "Hemp," his first novel, Mr. Wells showed great promise, and now with "Dirk Spaanders" he enters the field of definite and praiseworthy achievement.

This Australian novel is recommended not because it is Australian, but because it happens to be a good book.

"Dirk Spaanders." Ernest Wells. Angus and Robertson. 6/-.

DOREEN WALLACE, English writer, whose latest novel, "So Long to Learn," reviewed on this page last week, has placed her in the front rank of women authors.

SHORT REVIEWS

ERNEST WELLS, Australian author, whose latest novel, "Dirk Spaanders," is reviewed on this page.

"CAROL IN BUSHLAND." Alice Clucas. This book of Australian tales for children should prove very popular. Simply and entertainingly told, they are ideal stories for the smaller children. The author has captured the atmosphere of the Australian bush and its inhabitants in a way that is refreshingly new and attractive. Mrs. Clucas is a well-known writer of children's stories, "Behind the Hills," which was a popular serial, being from her pen. The same characters appear in her latest story. (Moore's Book Shop. 3/6.)

* * *

"HERE WAS A MAN." Norah Lofts. If the historical writers have hitherto overlooked Sir Walter Raleigh as a theme for a story, then Norah Lofts in this novel has made adequate amends. She depicts the man in various stages of his life, and to each incident she gives good literary value and historical accuracy. Perhaps the nicest touch in a delightful book is where Raleigh, Sidney, and Shakespeare meet at the Mermaid and discuss life in the broadness of its Elizabethan outline. Love interest is tender and romantic, but Raleigh is set forth always as a man, not as a mummy in an Elizabethan ruff. There is color, too, in Raleigh's tribute to the Queen: "She is England," said Raleigh. Which is a magnificent tribute. (Methuen. 7/6.)

* * *

"HAPPY RETURN." L. W. Vedrenne. The author of this well-written novel considers the classification of women into two grades—mates and mothers; rarely can a woman be both. Using two sisters to illustrate this contention, we find Edna, the mother-woman, married to a man who is irresistibly drawn to Linda, the perfect lover. Sensibly and sanely expounded, the story is full of sound observation and packed with incident. Happily enough, the mother-woman wins out, for her claims on life and love are the more honest and the most enduring. A thoughtful theme, written out in an attractive manner without any descent to melodrama. (Methuen. 7/6.)

* * *

"FAMILY SYMPHONY." Isabel Clarke. This is the story of four girls who are completely dominated by their father in everything they do. That sounds a bit old-fashioned, but listen to this: The old man's name is Sir Amyas, and he's possessed of a "rubicund and slightly congested face." The family seat where the four girls suffer in silence is called Long Durnham, and, whisper this, there is a taint of gipsy blood in the family—way back in the 17th century. It's a pity it wasn't more recent so that the girls could have kicked over the traces and shed the dust of Long Durnham from their feet, or, better still, one of them could have gone all Romany and revengeful, and murdered the old squire. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

"BEHOLD, HERE'S POISON!" Georgette Heyer. Admirers of the author of "These Old Shades" and "Regency Buck" will not know whether to be pleased or sorry that Georgette Heyer has deserted the brocade and the Beau Brummells of the past for murder-mystery story-writing.

As a writer of romantic novels with an historical background she has a tremendous following, but as a thriller-writer she is something of a surprise. Hers is a competent story of mystery poisonings in an English home which houses some rather queer characters. Humor is the best part of the story, but as a thriller it somehow fails to make the grade. Perhaps it is because Georgette Heyer has such a big name in another field that this feeling of disappointment is engendered. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

● Do you know the ripe beauty Michel gives your lips? How infinitely soft it makes them? How warm and appealing?

One touch of Michel lipstick lasts all day—through all sorts of engagements and all kinds of weather. Michel is truly indelible. Its creamy base guards against dryness and parching. Its flattering color gives fresh, young beauty to your mouth. Its perfume is delicate and delightful. Try Michel and see how truly lovely *your* lips can be. *Avoid imitations.*

TOUCH YOUR LIPS WITH YOUTH

5 APPEALING SHADES

Blonde Scarlet Vivid Raspberry Cherry

SIZES:—Large — Popular

For an entrancing complexion, use Michel adherent compact rouge; for eye beauty, use non-irritating waterproof Michel cosmetique.

Michel LIPSTICK

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

LECTURER: What will the modern girl be in about 30 years?
VOICE: Still about 29!

"If you're worried, you should stop thinking about yourself—lose yourself in your work."
"What? And me a cement-mixer!"

FORTUNE-TELLER: I'm afraid, sir, that you are going to meet a dreadful misfortune.'
MR. HEN-PECK (absently): I know, and I suppose she'll be late, as usual.

"Doctor, the boys are stealing the green apples again; shall I chase them out?"
"No, Mary."

"I understand that your husband's salary isn't so hot?"
"Yes, but we both blow it."

HEADACHES
relieved immediately

The quickest relief you can find for any headache is Bayer Aspirin. Two tablets, a drink of water, and you feel better at once!

Do not hesitate to use Bayer Aspirin because of this speedy action! The relief is felt at once because tablets of Bayer manufacture dissolve at once. Not a single ingredient in Bayer Aspirin can harm you in any way. It does not upset the stomach nor depress the heart. But it does put a quick end to the pain.

A pocket tin of these tablets is the best insurance you can carry against a sudden headache, colds, or any pain or discomfort, either in or out of business hours. But get the genuine Bayer Aspirin. There's no economy in buying anything less effective.

Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 and 100. Be sure to get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.

BAYER

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"DID you make the split-pea soup for dinner, darling?"

"I've started it, dear. But we can't have it till to-morrow; it's taken me all day to split the peas."

DOCTOR: Now go home and rest.
Patient: I can't.
Doctor: Why not?
Patient: The wife made me buy modern furniture.

"I DON'T know what to do with my two boys—wherever I hide the sweets one or the other finds them."

"Well, you should know what to make of them."

"What?"

"One a customs inspector and the other a tax assessor."

BANK MANAGER: Great joke on our cashier.

Stockholder: What is it?

Bank Manager: He made a mistake and carried off the liabilities when he skipped off to America.

"ONCE ought to be enough for me to ask for that pound I lent you."

"Yes, and yet you keep on at me!"

MOTOR Car Salesman (explaining to "green" customer): This is the radiator, and this is the fan.

Customer: Oh, then it's an all sensons car

YOUR HARD-WORKED FEET
NEED REGULAR CARE WITH
Zam-Buk

HOUSEWIVES! It is estimated you walk over three miles a day in the course of your many duties—cooking, cleaning, shopping and so on. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that your hard-worked feet burn, become painful and are tired-out long before the day is done?

Be kind to your feet by adopting this easy nightly treatment. First bathe them in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. As this refined herbal Zam-Buk is absorbed into the skin,

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns, bunions and hard growths are softened, chilblains are soothed, and joints, ankles, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Zam-Buk also prevents rheumatic pains. Start with Zam-Buk tonight for comfortable feet all the time.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores

"Rub zam-Buk nightly on my feet greatly relieved the smarting and soreness that had troubled me so much. It's a pleasure to walk now and to be able to visit my friends again."
Mrs. A. Chessman

"Constant standing in the shop caused painful, swollen feet. Walking was a punishment, but applications of Zam-Buk soon made them sound and healthy. I now get about without the slightest discomfort."
Mrs E. Owen

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

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BE UP-TO-DATE!

Learn how to convert all the latest popular "hits" into Real, Modern, Syncopated Piano Jazz!

Listen-in to Teddie Garratt in "Keyboard Kapers":
SUNDAY MORNINGS, 9 O'CLOCK, 2GB.
WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, 9.45, 2SM.

SCIENTIST *Hits Back at* PREMIER'S WIFE

Dr. Tillyard Sticks to His Guns about "Uncivilised" Queensland

Two weeks ago, The Australian Women's Weekly reported statements by Dr. Tillyard, eminent Australian scientist, in which he said that Queensland was uncivilised.

To those remarks we published a lengthy reply by Mrs. Forgan Smith, wife of the Premier of Queensland, in which she vigorously defended the State.

Now, Dr. Tillyard, who was touring in the Far North-west of N.S.W. when Mrs. Forgan Smith's article appeared, makes a spirited but good-humored reply, in which he sticks to his guns, and ventures to differ from the Premier's wife.

By DR. R. J. TILLYARD

HAVING read Mrs. Forgan Smith's article very carefully through several times, I have come to the conclusion that she cannot have read the original article in which the word "uncivilised" was used.

I fail to see that her article has much, if anything, to do with the question at issue.

In my original article, in support of the word "uncivilised" as applied to "some Queensland towns," I gave the illustration of the surprise of a lady who found a new butcher's shop, in which the meat was attractively displayed and the service was polite and efficient. I also mentioned that the lady found that the new butcher came from Sydney!

After giving these details in her article, Mrs. Forgan Smith says, "This is a point on which I challenge Dr. Tillyard."

But she does not indicate whether she challenges me concerning—

(a) Whether the butcher came from Sydney, or

(b) Whether he displayed his goods attractively, or

(c) Whether he could possibly serve customers politely!

While still in a fog as to which of the three statements she believes to be untrue, I can accept her explanation that her butcher is always polite.

No butcher would be such a bad business man as to be impolite to the wife of Queensland's Premier!

The lady who had the meat slung at her in a "take it or leave it" attitude had no political pull whatever.

Is This Civilisation?

MRS. FORGAN SMITH asks, "What is civilisation?" and then takes the best part of a page to tell me. Analysing her reply, I get the following ingredients:

(1) Pioneering air-lines.

(2) Taking over fifty years to build 7000 miles of indifferent railways.

(3) Having hotels that are not quite as antimacassary or aspidistry as those of Leicester, England.

(4) Starting to put in small sections of sewerage systems which should have been begun years ago.

(5) The Australian Inland Mission.

(6) Those "great traits in human character which make men brothers and women sisters."

(7) "God's great outdoors."

(8) A magnificent span of 1000 miles of Barrier Reef.

(9) Sunshine, magnificent sunshine, the Cream of Sunshine, etc., ad nauseam.

"To know Queensland is to love it." So says Queensland's own mother, the wife of her Premier.

I wonder whether she has ever heard of a little proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

If so, she should not object to the very mild dose of correction which I applied to this huge, sprawling, but by no means unpromising urchin of hers.

"Mt. Eye-sore"

AND now let me very gently chide Mrs. Forgan Smith for attributing to me statements which I never made.

First of all, she is "hurt" because I called Mt. Isa, "Mt. Eye-sore."

I did not. That was the name which all the leading inhabitants of that town gave me.

I did not invent it. If, then, she is hurt, she should address her remonstrances to the inhabitants of Mt. Isa, who, with more humor than she apparently possesses, applied this light-hearted punning to the name of their town.

"Beaten to a Frazzle"

HOWEVER, there is one thing I shall always do in future. I shall always visit Queensland when that wonderful sunshine is at a minimum, i.e., in the winter.

As for rain, she does not even mention it! I wonder whether she has seen the far west, as I did recently, after more than two years of drought and maximum sunshine.

If so, why does she praise sunshine as God's greatest gift, and say nothing about rain, which, in my humble estimation, is a far greater gift in places like Western Queensland.

In conclusion, I submit (1) That my original criticisms were legitimate, and, taken in the right spirit, helpful; (2) that one of the surest signs of backward civilisation is inability to stand legitimate criticism; (3) that Mrs. Forgan Smith has not yet replied to my criticism.

GIDDINESS GONE—*Woman tells . . . "Ends Dizzy Attacks; Fainting Fits."*

"For years I suffered . . . Without warning I would become faint . . . dizzy. Black spots would dance before my eyes . . . everything would whirl and become blank. I was never safe from these fits. One day I collapsed in the street. Luckily I was with a friend.

"She had me placed under proper care. Only then did I learn the cause of my trouble. My colon was clogged with fermenting food waste. Virulent bacteria were breeding and getting into the blood stream . . . undermining my entire system.

"Self-poisoning was thus sapping my energy, causing the terrible attacks. I was advised to take COLOSEPTIC to clean my colon, to stimulate my intestinal muscles. I'm glad I did. I feel 10 years younger, now I never suffer at all."

Coloseptic ends dizziness and fainting fits, spots before the eyes and liverishness, because it removes the basic cause—self-poisoning (or Autoxima)—brought on by a clogged colon. Let COLOSEPTIC clear your intestines of putrefying waste—and fainting fits, which are only symptoms, must end. Experts agree COLOSEPTIC is safest. It's sure—sure—because it also tones up the kidneys, the pores of the skin, and the respiratory system—the other three organs which eliminate poisons from the body.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

Coloseptic is sold by all chemists. If unobtainable locally write to Coloseptic (Aust.) Ltd., 26 O'Connell Street, Sydney. Or clip coupon for generous demonstration jar and the informative, intimate booklet on Autoxima which is included—FREE.

Coloseptic

CLIP HERE.

Coloseptic (Aust.) Ltd.,
26 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

Please send me FREE book on Autoxima. Also send my demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, for which I enclose 1/- in penny stamps.

Name _____

Address _____

PILES Go Quick

Without Salves or Cutting.

Thousands who have piles have not learned that quick and lasting relief can only be accomplished with internal medicine. Neither cutting nor any amount of treatment with ointments and suppositories will remove the cause.

Bad circulation causes piles. There is stagnation of blood in the lower bowel and a weakening of the parts. Dr. J. S. Leonhardt found the remedy—which does away with the dangerous prolonged use of hard rubber or metal tubes, or messy salves. He called his prescription Vaculoid, and tried it in 1908 cases with the marvellous record of success in 986, and then decided it should be sold by chemists everywhere under a right guarantee.

Don't waste any more time with outside applications. Get a package of Vaculoid tablets to-day. Pleasant to take—they begin to restore healthy blood circulation inside 24 hours, so that broken, bloated veins start to shrink and heal often in a few days! Vaculoid has given safe and lasting relief to thousands, and will do the same for you, or cost nothing ★★★

ANOTHER 'BRAN TUB' FEATURE

'DOTS & DASHES' £75 CASH MUST BE WON!

£50 FIRST | £15 SECOND | £10 THIRD

DON'T miss this splendid one-week competition. It is just an interesting little paragraph about an Animal, which our artist has written in pictures instead of words—only here and there you will find he has omitted a picture and drawn a LARGE BLACK DOT instead. Each large dot represents a missing word—for you to find. It is all very simple and the sense of the paragraph will help you to select your words. To assist you we have placed WHITE DASHES in each Dot to indicate the number of letters in each missing word. If a dot contains four white dashes the missing word will have four letters. Now, the puzzle is to find the six missing words, which will complete the sense of the paragraph, and in which the KEY-LETTER "A" appears the greatest number of times.

FOR EXAMPLE, Dot No. 1 represents the first missing word, which could be "ALL," in which the Key-letter "A" is used once. Now carry on with No. 2. It is just as easy.

WHEN you have selected the six missing words, don't trouble to write out the full paragraph, simply make a list of your six words in ink on a sheet of paper, and at the foot of your list put the total number of times you have used the KEY-LETTER "A." Sign your name and residential address, and post entry to—

"DOTS AND DASHES" No. 2.V.
BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

This competition is conducted by C. J. BROWN & CO., 379 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

This Week's KEY-LETTER A

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than Friday, July 31st.
THE FIRST PRIZE (£50 £50 will be awarded to the competitor who submits the solution in which the Key-letter is used the greatest number of times, and the other prizes in order of merit. In case of tie, any or all of the prizes may be added together and divided, but the full amount will be paid each week. Only words suitable to the sense of the paragraph and contained in Chambers's or Webster's Dictionaries will be permitted. The decision of the Management will be final and legally binding throughout, and this is an express condition of entry. £75 prize money has been deposited with "The Australian Women's Weekly." A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry and 6d. each additional entry if you wish to win more than one prize. (1/1 in postage stamps accepted if postal note not obtainable.) Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on 15th August.

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Stone, Tree, Cave and Dog Marvels

THE BIG FOOT OF MUSSOLINI.—It is a model of one of the feet of a gigantic statue of Il Duce which will stand more than 250ft high in the Forum Mussolini, in Rome. The figure of Bellini, the sculptor, at left, is dwarfed beside this huge foot.

ANOTHER STATESMAN IN STONE.—The head of Thomas Jefferson, early American President, who drew up the Declaration of Independence, is carved from the solid rock of the Black Hills, South Dakota. The head, which measures more than sixty feet in height, is a companion to the head of Washington in the Mount Rushmore Memorial.

EVERYONE'S PETS, if everyone had the chance.—Two beautiful collies, Lassie of Avondale and Flash, talk over this dog-show business as they await their turn to see the show judge.

WORLD'S TALLEST ONE-ROOM HOUSE.—An attendant is giving a spring cleaning to this one-room house 250 feet high in the hollow of a giant Californian redwood tree. The room is 22 feet by 27 feet, although the tree is 31 feet in diameter and 101½ feet in circumference at the base. The inside was burned by Indians who lived in the hollow for hundreds of years. The tree, which is four thousand years old, has three windows and one door.

CAVEMAN TAKES A BRIDE.—Herman Jarrett, member of a fraternal organisation in America known as the Oregon Cavemen, was wed to Elaine Scroggin in a unique ceremony which took place in the caves of Grayback Mountain, 1600 feet underground. The wedding party were dressed as cave-dwellers, and Judge Grant Matthews, of Grant's Pass, joined the couple in the weird setting of stalagmites and stalactites.

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ONE ANSWER PUZZLE

£50 MUST BE WON

THERE ARE NO TWO ANSWERS TO THIS PUZZLE.

By sending in the correct solution you will participate in the Cash Prize Distribution, and, in addition to this, will be given a further opportunity of winning at least £5.

Prize money has been lodged with A. N. White Ltd., Advertising Agents.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

If you are able to complete the Puzzle correctly you will find that the sentence will read the same way backward as it does forward.

	B		E				S			E		E

			W		E	L	B	A

The missing letters required in the empty spaces add to 93.

S	A	I	W				
R	U	C	D				
I	A	S	E				
C	E	A	L				

Above is a sentence with some of the letters missing. The puzzle is to complete the sentence by filling in the empty spaces, using some of the letters in the square. After completing the sentence there will remain 7 letters in the square. These 7 letters can be so arranged to form the hidden word. The clue to the hidden word is "To obtain one's wish or accomplish what is attempted." If you wish to make sure of your answer, you may check it in this manner: To find the corresponding number of each letter we give you the alphabet above with the number that each letter represents directly underneath, as A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, and so on. Write down on a piece of plain paper the numbers that correspond with the letters that you have placed in the empty spaces in the sentence above, and add them up. If you have filled the sentence correctly, the total will add to 93. There will now remain 7 letters in the square. These when added up by substituting numbers in place of the letters will total 60. The £50 cash prize must be won. Should there be more than one correct answer the prize will be divided equally between the successful contestants. Every competitor who enters this competition is bound by the decision of the Manager as final. 1/- entrance fee must be sent with a stamped, addressed envelope, and we will send you the results with your cash prize, if you are correct, together with our £5 minimum prize offer, which gives you a further opportunity of winning at least £5. All entries must be posted before August 18.

ONE ANSWER PUZZLES
Dept. A, Box 3951V,
G.P.O., Sydney.

Fill in here the missing word.

The missing letters add to 60.

Results will be published in this paper, August 29, and all competitors will have the result posted to them.

"Before and After Taking" Cream of Yeast.

"Cream of Yeast" is the remedy famous people take to chase away gloom, and bring out the happy, healthy smile that means success and popularity. Don't let "the blues" make your friends and relations shun you; don't let "bad nerves," sleeplessness, indigestion, complexion blemishes, hysteria, depression, or headaches rob you of your youth and charm. Try a package of "Cream of Yeast" to-day, and see the good it does you. Any chemists, 24 tablets for 1/11 or 48 for 3/6. Your money back if you don't feel better and brighter within a few minutes. Compare the difference in your mirror

Before and After Taking Cream of Yeast!

THAT'S NEWS

Continued from Page 6

"OH, I don't know," Wally said. "She's probably better workmanship just as she stands. She's all right, only she's out of her place. She'll make a nice little wife for a business man."

Click, the poor, double-jointed romantic, was pleased by this, taking it as an indication that Wally liked Suzie a little better, never remembering that that wasn't the point anyway. And Suzie, about this time, began to be a little more tolerant of Wally.

"I see what you mean about Wally," she said apologetically one night as they were walking home through a snowstorm. It was nice and chummy, with her hand in his pocket. Their shadows looked like a man and his little boy, Click thought, and that was okay with him, too.

"I can see you've done a lot to develop him," she said thoughtfully. "I guess that's why you're proud of him. He's sort of your own piece of work, and you want people to like him.

"But don't let him fall in love with some girl, will you, Click?"

"No, I won't," he said confidently.

"Marriage is a suicide to men like Wally," she said earnestly. "Once they get their feet in felt slippers, they're finished.

"You know what Charles Dana said," she laughed. "'When a writer makes a marriage, that's nothing. But when a marriage makes a writer, that's news.'"

All of them went around those days making paraphrases on the when-a-man-bites-a-dog theme, and pretending old Dana was the father of them all.

But what wasn't news to anybody in the city room except Click, was that suddenly Wally and Suzie were going around looking very starry-eyed. They had all the symptoms, and poor old Click couldn't see them. In fact, he was so far behind them that he was still blindly busy trying to sell them to each other, and still being pleased when they were courteous to each other.

Suddenly, then, in one swift flash, everything was clear to him and he saw in what grave danger Wally was. They were all having supper at Joe's, and Click was just leaning back, a little tired, not saying much. Getting a side view of the conversation, he suddenly saw what was happening, and that Suzie was doing the same thing to Wally which she had done to him.

"That's my only motto," Suzie was saying, all soft-eyed and wistful, "Live dangerously."

Wally leaned across and laughed into her eyes, "But two can live as dangerously as one," he said.

"THE only danger worth bothering with," Wally said, "Is the fun two people can conjure up between them."

"Like what, for instance?"

"Well . . . er," Wally stuttered a little, trying to avoid complete banality. "Love, sort of . . ."

"Love? What danger is there in that?" Suzie asked scornfully.

Wally told her boldly: "Things that happen to a man's subsides have nothing to do with adventure. Suzie, darling . . . listen to me . . ." He'd forgotten Click was there; they both had forgotten.

"Oh, for Pete's sake," Click cried. "Not that!"

But that it was. And they all knew it. Wally and Suzie tried to laugh, and to talk about matter-of-fact things, but as soon as they decently could they said good-night to Click and went home with bubbles in their hearts.

Click grabbed the telephone and sent a wire to Spike Murphy on the Allied Syndicate, saying they'd go without salary, take a chance on bringing back a story good enough for Allied to buy. "Wire expenses, and we will go on spec immediately," he said desperately.

Wally came to the office looking like a character in a love story. Dandelions all but grew out of his hair; stars all but glittered in his eyes; it was as sad and sickening a sight as you could imagine. Even when Click told him about the telegram, he didn't rouse up much from his dizzy dream.

"Sounds great," he said listlessly. "But what's all the rush?"

"All right. I'm throwing you out with the other Valentines," Click said angrily. "Go ahead and marry the girl and get fat, and pay income tax. Serves you right."

"Marriage isn't the end of everything," Wally said in a shamed voice.

"Durn right, it isn't," Click told him. "It's the beginning of a lot of grief you don't even know the names of."

"A lot of people pick it, Click."

"And look at 'em," replied Click. "Caught in traps, and paying their little two cents to read what free guys write, so they'll forget themselves for five minutes! Boy, don't get lost in all this," he cried. "You'll forget this stuff when you see something new. Come away for two months and see what it does to you. Think it over a while, Wally."

"YOU talk as if I didn't want to come," Wally said, and there was perspiration on his lip. "I'll come, some time, but I've got other things to do just now."

"All right, boy," Click said in despair. "All right. I'll get the epitaph ready. You'll never go. You're a good man lost."

"I'll go some time," Wally said determinedly. "You wait and see."

"Yes, you'll go," Click said scornfully. "You'll go on cold winter evenings sitting beside your fire. You'll go in your dreams, when you're an old man, listening to an old lady whine . . ." There was a furious huskiness in his voice, and his eyes ached.

It was impossible for him to be decent to little Suzie. He wanted to ignore her, but that gave him no comfort, so he stumbled over her and pretended she had pursued him.

"Don't come sniffling and smiling around me," he said like an offended small boy. "Go pick on somebody your own size."

"Don't scold me, Click," she said, looking not at all scoldable. "I'm not very happy to-day."

"Why should you be, you double-crossing little plan-wrecker?" he said, smiling at her in spite of himself.

"I tried so hard not to love him," she said in her direct, little-sister way. "I fought it off from the first minute I saw him."

"All the time I was trying to persuade you to be nice to him, I suppose," Click said bitterly. Then he put his arm around her as they walked along to the graveyard where Click wanted to get an old picture. "Listen, Suzie. He'll be no good to you. There's lots of long-legged men in the world that would be better for you than Wally. I'll help you find one, honey . . . one with money, mebbe. He's got jobs to do. He'll just break your heart. Once a boy gets a whiff of the map in his nostrils he never gets over it."

"FUNNY thing," she said. "Wally does the same thing to you that he does to me. We want to take care of him in our separate ways. You want to look out for his ambition and his success, and I want . . . I just want him," she said. Click could see that across her mind was sweeping a vision of a lifetime of taking care of Wally, all his fresh shirts, a basketful of his socks to darn, things he liked to eat and the ever-at-hand balm of love, always for him. It made him a little ill, it was so hopeless.

Please turn to Page 22

HANDS PUFFED UP WITH RHEUMATISM

Wishes She Had Taken Kruschen Earlier

If only she had taken Kruschen Salts at first, this woman could have saved pounds, and avoided weeks of suffering. She writes:—

"I had rheumatism all over me for nearly 12 months. In fact, I could hardly move. My hands were puffed up, and I could not do my own work or get up the stairs. I tried almost everything I was told. At last I decided to try Kruschen. I have had two bottles, and I am pleased to tell you I am now better, thanks to Kruschen Salts. I shall never be without it, now I know its value. If I had taken it before, I should have saved pounds."—(Mrs.) E.B.

Most rheumatic pain and swelling is caused by too much uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts dull the sharp edges of uric acid crystals, then dissolve them away altogether. Other ingredients of these Salts assist Nature to wash out these dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

Have YOU an Eye for Color?

You buy a thread because it 'blends in' exactly with your material. Buy it then, because it is COLOR FAST, because stitches must wash and clean without fading. Buy Coats' Super Sheen—strong and dependable and every shade fast. Full quantity on the convenient, more practical spool, and moderately priced.

COATS' SUPER SHEEN Color Fast JUNIOR

LAUREL Kerosene

The Soft White Light

In Australian Lamps there nightly burns more Laurel than ALL other brands of kerosene put together! Housewives know it is the highest quality—they know its goodness never varies; so, the number of Laurel-filled lamps grows steadily from year to year.

IDEAL FOR CLEANING — HEATING — COOKING

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

DO IT NOW!

Be a writer as well as a reader and, if you have something interesting to say, write to us. Answer one of the letters on this page, or introduce your own topic. Make your letter as concise as possible.

PLEA FOR THE THEATRE

WHEN will there arise from among us a lover of the arts sufficiently wealthy to launch the theatre again?

New playgoers and new theatres are more necessary than new plays—literature is rich with plays by master-writers. We need a benefactor with money and optimism to build a National Theatre.

Where in Australia can acting abilities be assessed and rewarded?

Australia is growing up and must attempt to take her cultural place with England and other European countries. Let us concentrate on placing gifted artists into their natural spheres and we shall all benefit!

£1 for this letter to Miss Elizabeth Hilton, 29 Darlington Rd., Darlington, N.S.W.

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AUSTRALIA'S GREAT

YET another of Australia's great airmen has been killed whilst in the prime of life. Surely no other country in the world could produce such a list of world-famous airmen who have given their lives in the cause of aviation, and it should be a fitting tribute to these men to erect some kind of a memorial to them.

Note some Australian airmen who have died after winning world fame: Sir Ross Smith, Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, Bert Hinkler, Keith Anderson, Bobbie Hitchcock, Hood, Moncrieff, Macintosh, Melrose, and possibly many others whom I cannot recall at the moment.

Someshing should be done to keep their memories green!

Mrs. A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

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SMART TO SWEAR?

DO other readers notice the casual use of swear-words in the conversation of our young women of to-day? It comes as a nasty jolt to anyone who revels in the English language to have to listen to the conversations of many smart, well-groomed young women—forming a startling contrast to their sweet, fresh appearance.

Do they think it smart to swear? Or is it just an insidious habit?

Miss B. Pearson, Larkhill Avenue, Peakhurst, N.S.W.

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CHILD ADOPTION SNAG

ONE of the worries of adopting children is the question of telling the truth about the parentage, and when to do it.

This should certainly be done by the time a child is four or five. If told then, he will receive no shock, and will gradually accept the idea as a matter of course.

To leave it till he is in his teens, or older, is cruel.

What do you think?

C. Downton, 8 Roslyn St., Brighton Beach SS. Vic.

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LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

DO we always adequately value the blessing of real neighborliness?

How often we take neighborly acts of kindness, such as the gifts of flowers, offers of trips in motor cars, or business transacted for us in the township, as a matter of course. It is only when we lose such friends that we realise just what they have meant to us.

A spirit of "give and take," an absence of unkind criticism, and a true appreciation of kindnesses shown by either side form the essence of true neighborliness, one of life's richest blessings.

Mrs. Lillian J. Barber, Chaffey, via Renmark, S.A.

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NO ENTHUSIASM!

SUCH a lot of people to-day lack enthusiasm. They take everything in a casual way, eking out their lives in a humdrum fashion.

On congratulating a friend on her engagement, I received the answer, "Oh, I hope we'll be happy! Jim's all right!" What an outlook!

Give me the people who are enthusiastic, bringing joy to their own lives, and spreading happiness to others.

Mrs. W. McLucas, Garrick St., Murron, Qld.

Change of Interests Means Change of Friends

NO, I do not think it is mean to outgrow friendships. Human beings are developing and changing all the time, and, sometimes, we and our erstwhile friends develop along different lines. But why go to the extreme and abandon old friends? The friendly atmosphere can be kept up even though one does not meet them as frequently as of yore.

M. A. Burgess, 20 Annie St., New Farm, Qld.

Keep the Old

WHILE agreeing with Mrs. Hill (4/7/36) that one should make new friends, I think the maxim, "Make new friends, keep the old . . ." is a good one to follow. One's friends (who are, after all, not without feelings) should not be discarded as soon as someone who suits the present mood comes along.

Mrs. F. I. Simmons, 36 Cowra St., Mile End, Adelaide.

Not Real Friendship

IT is possible that Mrs. Hill is mixing friends with acquaintances. Real friends, I think, do not tire of one another, while with acquaintances it is possible to find after some time that you have not a great deal in common with each other, and in this case the best thing to do is to give them up.

Mrs. P. Watson, Bileela, Bannes Monto Line, Central Qld.

Why Restrict Progress?

MRS. E. HILL is correct in her contention that we should adjust our friendships according to our compatibility. In our evolution from childhood our personality must develop. Why restrict progress by a conventional bondage? Natural friendship creates true fellowship—forced friendship develops hypocrisy and deceit.

Mrs. I. Blinston, 22 Earl St., North Carlton N4, Vic.

Time is the Test

I THINK that Mrs. Hill overlooks the fact that time is the true test of friendship. New people may be refreshing and delightful, but cannot, in my opinion, compare with those who have been one's constant companions for years. Old friends know our characters, moods, difficulties, and interests, and can share our joys and sorrow. To overlook these qualities, and turn to any attractive newcomer for a little diversion, proves the offender shallow and changeable.

Mrs. R. Woods, 46 Kincaid St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

Blame Changing Interest

CERTAINLY it is not mean to outgrow one's friends. Friendship is based on mutual interests, and as we change occupation, hobbies, residence, etc., new friendships are formed. Sometimes because our interests are no longer the same, but more often because we cannot find time to write or visit, we become parted from former friends.

"Friendship is based on mutual interests . . ."

M. L. Evans, Minton, Nimmitabel, N.S.W.

Can't Help Feelings

I AGREE with Mrs. E. Hill. While we are fond of people we may overlook their faults, but must we go on making a show of being friendly while those little things we do not like become daily more antagonising and we grow actually to dislike that person? Far better, in my opinion, to "drop" these friendships immediately and look for other interests.

Miss Sheila Cate, 30 Brook St., Cooges, N.S.W.

Proving Farmers Do Appreciate Miracle of Growth!

I DO not agree with Mrs. Mary Wood (4/7/36), that "few men on the land have a sense of joy in growing things." We folk of the outback do not express ourselves easily. But we do feel pleasure in hard work and creation.

What else keeps us at our work? It is hard, anxious, and not very well-paid labor, and, without a love for it, we could not remain. Of course, we use machines to plough, etc., but that does not imply a hatred of handwork. We must move with the times. Is Mrs. Wood wrong in using a sewing machine?

M. Graham, care 15 Deighton Rd., Dutton Park, South Brisbane.

Change Has Come

MRS. MARY WOOD regrets that so few farmers find joy in nature's beautiful growth. It was stressed that men on the land are "for bushels, not buds"—all for area, production, none for the willow shadows on the placid dam at dawn.

We who travel this vast country believe a change has come. We see more planted hedges, more and more designed windbreaks of nuts, almonds, even pine. Lilly-pilly, here and there, is allowed to sucker. The flame and poinsettias are a designed note of color surely, and not always at the woman's instigation. Persimmon flourishes on the coastal belts.

Many young farmers now know trees are profitable and beautiful.

Mrs. M. Edmonds, The Avenue Farm, Wamberal, N.S.W.

Amused, Annoyed, Amazed

AFTER reading the prize-winning letter of July 4 issue, I do not know whether I felt amused, annoyed, or amazed. Surely it was not written by a countrywoman, but by somebody who motored along the road and saw the way our beloved trees have been slaughtered to make room for roads, telephones, and electricity.

For years our men have been fighting to maintain trees and other beauties. Our garden is a treasured spot. The men take as much interest in it as do we women.

Mrs. Lewis Hathway, Oxley, Tamworth, N.S.W.

Too Busy to Bother

I DO not agree with Mrs. Mary Wood. Men on a farm nowadays are too busy to be bothered with preserving wildflowers, and keeping their cattle off billy-buttons!

If they were not obsessed by machinery, acreage, and superphosphates, they would not get "one of the most beautiful sights human eyes can look upon—mile after mile of ripening wheat."

Mrs. W. Dowsett, care R. Parker, Yarrawonga, Vic.

Has to Live

I CANNOT imagine some big, burly farmer planting young trees, and during the summer, when there is no rain, watering them carefully with pails of water.

Nor can I see him allowing his sheep to go hungry to preserve a paddock of billy-buttons. Every acre of land means more money for the farmer.

Anyway, we see beauty by comparisons. The city-dweller sees it in the country, and the countryman in the city.

Mrs. A. Allan, 3 Welsh St., Kyneton, Vic.

Returning "His" Gifts

WHY do so many young couples, after breaking off their engagements, return the gifts they have given each other during their courtship?

Such a procedure seems petty and childish. One would not think of sending back presents to an ordinary "pal" or relation in the event of a quarrel.

How hurt must the donor feel when his gifts, which were given in the spirit of love or true friendship, are thrust back at him!

Miss T. Canham, Hillside, View St., Katoomba, N.S.W.

Who Should Have the "Say" in Naming Baby?

I QUITE agree with Miss Jean Mullens (4/7/36) that the mother should choose the baby's name, but let the father have some say. It is a good plan for parents to agree on the names beforehand, and then register the baby early.

There is bound to be trouble in any case, but it soon passes over when it is realised that it is too late to change the name.

Mrs. M. Read, 267 McIntyre St., Bendigo, Vic.

Think of the Future

THERE is certainly far too much fuss about the naming of a baby.

The only ones actually concerned are the father and mother and baby itself.

"Too many cooks . . ."

The parents, therefore, should ignore all their friends and relations, and use their own discretion, with due regard to the child's future reaction.

Miss Dorothy Marshall, C/o 24 Henrietta St., Glenferrie E2, Vic.

Father, Name the Boy

THE husband and wife should decide on the baby's name, but a really better plan, I think, is to have it made known that if the baby is a girl mother will decide on its name, and if a boy, father chooses.

In adopting this attitude unnecessary worry will be avoided by the parents, and there will be less scope for jealousy, which is the predominating feature in many such family disputes.

Miss Gladys Hunt, 5 Wardell Road, Petersham, N.S.W.

MOTOR BIKES A MENACE

FOR the quintessence of odor, din, and danger to human life, commend me to the motor cycle.

Hardly a day passes but that someone is critically injured, if not killed outright, by one of them.

My brother was involved in a motor cycle accident, and was taken to a large city hospital. On being questioned by an inmate as to the cause of his injuries, my brother mentioned the type of machine he had been riding at the time. The patient gave a whoop and said: "Hooray! Now we have all makes."

The entire ward was composed of motor cycle victims!

Mrs. J. Kringas, 5 Wattle Avenue, Manly, N.S.W.

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ENGLISHWOMAN ANGRY!

I DON'T know how other Englishwomen feel, but my blood boils when at fairly frequent intervals I read of the alleged gross ignorance of English people regarding Australia. For instance, in a recent issue of The Australian Women's Weekly (27/6/36) we were told that an English pen-friend wrote this to an Australian girl: "I thought you were all blacks over there."

Now, I think that child was merely "leg-pulling." For example, is it feasible that English people believe "blacks" organised the Centenary Air Race? Or that Test teams come out to play football and cricket with "niggers"? Do they imagine that our Davis Cup teams are black because they are Australians?

It is preposterous to suggest anything of the kind, and an insult to the intelligence of Englishmen.

Miss Gladys Amey, The Economic Store, Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

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COMFORTS OF A FIRE

THE younger generation is being deprived of one of home's most wonderful comforts—long evenings spent before a cosy, crackling fire. What could be happier than a family gathering round a cosy, open fireplace?—it tends to keep them together.

I'm sure one is repaid many times over for the little extra work a fire entails.

Mrs. B. R. Ennis, 651 Ruthven St., Toowoomba, Qld.

LIVER out of order

HAPPINESS and HOME LIFE WRECKED..

Serious ills follow neglect to correct Sluggish Liver

When your liver is out of order it is impossible for you to be well. You become irritable and bad tempered. You quarrel with your family and your friends—work is a burden and play a misery. If the first signs of liver sluggishness are not quickly rectified many serious ills may follow. Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and other Uric Acid Complaints often develop and the kidneys also fail.

When not eliminated by the internal organs, poisons enter the blood stream and are carried to the joints, muscles and tissues, where uric acid crystals set up intense local pain. In other words, you become a martyr to self-poisoning and these poisons are carried right through the system steadily doing their deadly work of undermining your health and laying the foundation of some chronic ailment later in life.

This woman tells of marvellous results:—

A North Sydney lady writes: "For years I have tried all kinds of aperients, but find that nothing can compare with Schumann's Salts for general health purposes and for keeping the system thoroughly clean. I would recommend Schumann's anywhere."

Bile must Flow freely

The liver itself is the storehouse for glucose which supplies energy to the body. Congestion of the liver impairs its action and consequently diminishes the supply of this vital energy to the tissues with resultant weariness and nervous exhaustion.

Schumann's achieve quick and remarkable cures

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts are a NATURAL aperient and their action on the Liver is to induce a free flow of bile, which in turn aids the action of the digestive juices in the small intestine and creates complete and normal bowel action.

This is readily seen when we understand the action of the liver and the function of the bile. The liver is nature's filtering plant to clear away all the body impurities and bile is nature's aperient. Therefore, free liver action means free flow of bile. Bile also aids in neutralising any excess acids in the stomach. Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts promotes a free flow of bile, stimulates the liver cells, and eliminates poisons.

SCHUMANN'S banishes RHEUMATISM CONSTIPATION BACKACHE NEURITIS and LIVER DISORDERS

All Chemists and Stores 1/6 and 2/9 per jar

There's no substitute for SCHUMANN'S Salts

PAIN DIES AWAY!

Schumann's Friction Oil will be found exceptionally beneficial for relieving severe Rheumatic and Neuritis pains if used in conjunction with Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. Massage the oil into the affected part two or three times daily, and immediate relief will be obtained.

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Just another Telegraph Scoop!

SCOOP is the word because:—

(1) News of the attempted assassination of the King was in the Daily Telegraph office in Sydney 1½ hours ahead of any other Australian paper. (Result of an Independent Cable Service.)

(2) The Daily Telegraph was the first newspaper in Australia to be on sale in the streets with this news.

(3) The Daily Telegraph printed the first picture of the arrest of the would-be assassin four hours before any other newsaper in Australia—indeed, it was the only morning newspaper throughout the Commonwealth to carry the picture that same day.

Daily Telegraph

ATTEMPT TO SHOOT THE KING

RADIOGRAM PICTURE OF THE ARREST

REVOLVER AIMED, MISFIRES

Loaded In Four Chambers

"AS PROTEST" —ALLEGED CONFESSION

LONDON, Thursday.

An attempt was made to shoot King Edward today.

The Evening Standard says: "An attempt on the King's life was made, when, about ten yards beyond Wellington Arch, at Hyde Park corner, a man broke from the crowd, pointed a revolver, and pulled the trigger, but the gun misfired. Four of its five chambers were loaded.

"A MOUNTED POLICEMAN FLUNG HIMSELF FROM HIS HORSE, AND WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF SPECTATORS AND OTHER POLICE, THE MAN WAS OVERPOWERED IMMEDIATELY."

MAN QUICKLY OVERPOWERED

PENFOLD BRANDY

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH

HEARNE'S

SMALL WONDER THE TREND IS TO THE TELEGRAPH

Daily Telegraph

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Intimate Jottings

Did You See—

Mrs. Jim Eakin in a big department store last week simply snowed under with pair upon pair of American sample shoes? She seemed to be doing some reckless buying, but she was really displaying foresight in laying by a stock of her favorite footwear. If you only take size 3 you do get a chance of some rare bargains, and Lyndall is one of these lucky ones.

Music Hath Charms

THE large audiences at the Conservatorium last week were very appreciative of Miss Dorothy Helmrich's artistic methods and beautiful voice . . . Looking very regal in a classic gown of gold lame patterned in cerise, she bowed her acknowledgments of the rounds of applause on Thursday night and graciously conceded encore after encore . . .

Noted in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kelly, Mrs. Charles Moses, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cleary, the Albert Cazabons and Nora, Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Bainton, Mr. and Mrs. Heath Green, and most of Sydney's real music lovers.

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The Brian Keys' have a flair for uncommon nomenclature. Their tiny daughter is named Beverley . . . their baby son is to be called Christopher, and "woe betide anyone who shortens it to Chris," says Mrs. Keys.

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Fun and Frolic

INVITATIONS to the dinner-dance, which signalised the reopening of Graham's Club last week, were hailed with delight . . . Sydney has merry memories of jollifications there, and looks forward to a future quota of good cheer . . . "Nellie Small" is a name to conjure with, and she's got some new songs, too.

Mrs. George Rayner and her daughter, Joan Gifford, who were such regular habitues of the club last year, won't be back from their tour of the East till August 4 . . . Commander Gifford returns from England a fortnight sooner . . . A little bird already twitters about plans for the welcome-home party which Mr. George Rayner has afoot . . . Both he and his wife have birthday anniversaries to celebrate in August.

A Good Sport

LADY SNOWDEN was thrilled to the core—soaked to the skin, too—in an exciting canoe race at New Guinea t'other day . . . She wangled a place in one of the competing canoes manned by some dozen stalwart natives in a strenuously-contested race for the Orient Cup. The pace was terrific, but, alack, her crew was worsted in the final spurt.

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Dr. and Mrs. Victor Delany are motoring over from Melbourne to stay with Mrs. Delany's mother, Lady Waley, so that they will be here for the dance on July 30 at Elizabeth Bay House for the Crown St. Women's Hospital, for which Lady Waley is hon. treasurer.

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Lure of the Footlights

THE legitimate stage has gained another recruit in Lucille Dupain, who showed lots of promise in amateur efforts when she was a student at Doone . . . Lucille has just returned from Port Moresby, and is making her debut on July 29 at Bryant's Playhouse in "The Stag" . . . Flora Danciger broke into broadcasting last week, playing the part of a very sophisticated demoiselle with marked success . . .

Hard at it in London is Alison, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Harold Nicholas. She has two years' solid grounding in dramatic art in view.

High Seas

NOT so easy to strike a new note in entertainment on a pleasure cruise nowadays, but on the Orama's recent round trip to Papua someone's agile brain conceived the idea of reproducing a "Night in a German beer garden" . . . Passengers, who had quaffed the pre-prandial cocktail on the promenade deck, returned there an hour or so later to find themselves in a totally new environment.

Deftly-placed trellises, flowers, pot plants and wicker tables, an orchestra and an imposing array of beer steins awaited them . . . Stewards in attendance wore peasant dress . . .

Community singing of "the froth-blowers' anthem" variety was the feature of the evening; even those passengers whose previous efforts had been confined to the bathroom joined in vigorously . . . Specially admired was the dulcet (?) vocalising of Sir Graham Waddell, Sandy Jaques, Judge Sheridan, and the skipper.

Bathurst Identities

STAYING at 52 Macleay Street Ltd., while her young son is at Travancore, Mrs. Mick McPhillamy finds her time fully occupied with the hours spent at the hospital and the incidental to-ing and fro-ing.

Her tall, sixteen-year-old daughter, a student at Ascham, really looks far too grown-up to be the daughter of "Mick" and "Billy."

Intensive Preparations

NAVAL wives are "all of a dither" at the imminent return of their husbands from their long hiatus in the Mediterranean . . . Many new frocks are a-making, of course! . . . Mrs. Bryce Morris goes a step further and will display a newly-permed head, as well as the small son who has not yet been sighted by his father.

Change of Plan

JOYCE BEAZLEY'S rather slow convalescence after a recent op. is the deciding factor, upsetting other plans, which brings her to Sydney in September.

She is booked to leave again for London on January 9, and has high hopes of taking her mother with her to be present at her wedding in England early next year . . .

This week Mrs. Beazley goes to Queensland to stay with her sister for a few weeks, and is shutting up her Vaucluse home for the nonce.

Amongst the Stars

WHILE waiting for the Lane-Pooles to vacate her home on Bellevue Hill, Mrs. "Bill" Crossing (who has just returned from an all-glorious star-spangled jaunt in Hollywood) and her two small daughters are staying with her mother-in-law at Point Piper . . .

The family group isn't quite complete, as "Bill" has extended his Hollywood holiday . . . The Mariposa brings him home next month.

By the way, what an asset he'd be to the silver screen!

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Captain Robinson, A.D.C. to our new Governor, gained his first knowledge of Sydney some thirty years ago . . . He was then a sub. in H.M.S. Powerful.

MRS. CLEMENT CHAPMAN, of The Astor, Macquarie Street, wears a smart ensemble of black lined with scarlet in this picture from Dayne's studios . . . She is a keen and skilful skater . . . A noticeably graceful figure at the Glacarium all this winter.—Dayne.

Better, Thank You!

BECAUSE members of her household developed flu, Mrs. Eric Sheller is putting in an extra week at St. Vincent's private hospital, though really quite herself again.

In an adjacent room Mrs. McFadyen has been kept back by that general nuisance, the winter cold, so the pair of them are doing a bit of grousing in concert. Mrs. Pat Levy, also on the high road to recovery, is in her own home, but has not yet dispensed with her nurse.

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Sharing a coat of bright paint with the walls and ceilings, Joan Waddell and Audrey Connell are helping Claire Sprusen to make a thing of beauty out of the hitherto somewhat dull kitchen at the Sprusens' Leura cottage . . . Incidentally, they are having lots of fun.

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Dashing Hither and Thither

LAST week's cabled message from Mr. Francis Due to London, conveying to his wife that he finds life a blank while she is those thousands of miles away from Sydney, is curtailing her original plans a trifle . . .

After ten happy days in Colombo, joined by Dr. and Mrs. Cedric Denny, she resumed her interrupted voyage to England . . . En route she had a shot at the tables of Monte Carlo . . . While staying with the Louis Whites in their palatial London home she met Noel Coward . . . Dined and danced with him at the Embassy, too; was duly thrilled about it . . . Later she went to Ireland with Pat Long Innes, to visit Pat's uncle . . .

While in London

THE flat which Mrs. Phillip Robertson has taken in Knightsbridge has been more or less Mrs. Due's pied a terre . . . They both sally forth fairy frequently for a session at Crockford's, that smartest of London's card clubs, of which they are both members . . .

Eleanor hopes to fit in a condensed tour of Scotland in her own car before catching the ship that brings her back to home, husband, and a very warm welcome.

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Mrs. Luxton Loney looked very radiant at the Royal Sydney Golf Club last week—her daughter Dreda (who is visiting her from England) in tow . . . A trip to Japan is in the offing for Mrs. Loney.

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On the Square

BOTH of them on a visit to Sydney, Denis Osborne and his fiancee, Betty King, filled in a lot of time during the last week scrutinising many designs, choosing, and eventually ordering the all-important ring . . . The choice has a square-cut centre diamond, with "shoulders" of smaller stones, also square cut . . . Betty may well be proud of this new adornment.

Have You Noticed—

The queerly beautiful dress ring which Barbara Balls is sporting? . . . A large, very large cabochon crystal, with three miniature goldfish swimming in its depths . . . Loot from the East, of course!

Peggy Neill

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To ward off Skin Faults keep Under Skin active

1 LINES 2 BLACKHEADS
3 BLEMISHES 4 COARSENESS
5 DRYNESS 6 SAGGING TISSUES

Pond's fights off these skin faults by means of its deep-skin cleansing and its invigorating effect on the *under* layers of the skin.

Almost all skin faults start in your underskin. To overcome them, the underskin must be kept vigorous, and the skin scrupulously clean.

By doing these two things, Pond's Cold Cream softens lines, wards off blackheads. Makes coarse pores less conspicuous. Firms ageing tissues. Softens drying skin.

Every night and morning cleanse deep with Pond's germ-free Cold Cream—your skin will be radiantly clear and invigorated to its depths.

TRIAL OFFER: *Mail coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tube of Pond's Two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ☐, Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream (Natural) ☐, Naturelle (Light Cream) ☐, Dark Brunette (Sunfan) ☐ Rose Brunette ☐.*

POND'S, *Dept.* X61, *Box* 1131J., *G.P.O., Melbourne.*

Name _____

Address _____

THAT'S NEWS

Continued from Page 18

"LET'S talk about things," he said. "You know what newspaper marriages are, Suzie. You don't want that, honey. You deserve something better."

"There's nothing better than Wally," she said in a final little voice. "Nothing in heaven or on earth, Click. I'd scrub for him, and iron; I'd learn to cook, or let him beat me if it made him happy. I'd do anything at all . . . except one thing. I'd never interfere with what's good for him."

This last was so unexpected that Click felt a lump under his Adam's apple. But just when he was beginning to feel tender and foolish, she made him suddenly see red, in the most sure-fire way a newspaper man can be enraged. "As for newspaper marriages," she said. "We'll never have that, you know. Wally may develop into almost anything. He might even go into advertising." She looked at Click as if she expected him to be pleased with her ambitions, but he was beyond speech. For these are fighting words to a newspaper man of the old school. Like telling a lion tamer he might become a cat fancier.

From then on it was open warfare between them. Click knew that the longer they delayed the more distant and nebulous distance seemed, and Suzie was so immediate and so desirable. Everywhere Wally looked there were reminders of Suzie, popular songs, moonlight, flowers, everything. All Suzie, and all cards stacked against his freedom. And there was nobody to save him . . . even though he didn't know how much he wanted to be saved . . . except his old, outworn pal, Click McGee.

So Click, pacing his floor and thinking dismally, came to a drastic decision. He seized the telephone and long-distanced the Allied office.

"Listen, Spike, how about?"

"Same old stuff," Spike said. "We'll send you when we can, Click, but we don't dare plunge a couple of thousand just now."

"HOW much will expenses take?" Click said. He knew they were words which would snap a trap around his absurd life's savings. Well, who ever heard of a newspaper-man with any life's savings?

"Coupl'a thousand, anyway, we figure," Spike said. "It'll be worth it if the story's any good . . . but we can't take a chance."

"How about me taking the chance?" Click said. "I'll put up the expenses, and you pay me back if the story's what I say it is."

"Great. But where'd you get two thousand dollars?" Spike said after a moment.

"Never mind that. I've saved cigarette coupons for years for this moment." He tried to laugh and sound casual; no use being sentimental about a little money, even if you did raise it from a dime. "One thing more," he said. "I'd like this kept confidential. To-morrow you send me a telegram giving us the assignment, and saying you're wiring expenses if we're ready to start. Okay?"

This telegram would be something definite, as definite as the caressing voice of little Suzie Malloy and her promissory eyes. This was something Wally had wanted since he was a kid, and he'd wanted Suzie only two months. It looked so certain that Click even allowed himself the luxury of feeling a little sorry for her. Poor little thing; she just had the bad luck to love the wrong man. Lots of people did that, and then they got over it.

When the telegram arrived everyone in the city room was aware of it. It was the kind of thing that doesn't happen often. Reporters stood around with their mouths open, but Wally looked a little stunned. Click ran around wild, all excited coat tails and headlines. There was a big blot of silence where Suzie Malloy stood, looking very small and pale and gallant.

"Say, pack your typewriter, boy," Click said, throwing his arm about Wally. This glare of envy from everyone helped a little, he thought. "We're going places at last. And nothing's going to stop us, once we wind her up." People began wringing Wally by the hand, and saying dim things to him. But he could see nothing clearly except the dark eyes of Suzie, looking very large and determined not to cry.

"Come on, newsboy! Let's go out and eat, and send a wire to Spike," Click said, and shoved Wally's hat on his forehead.

"You come out and have dinner with us, Suzie," Wally said in a dry voice. "We'd planned to eat together, Click," he said, apologetically. Click was too confident to care whether she came or not.

When they were outside the building, Wally said, "Let's talk it over. No use sending the wire just yet."

"Okay, boy. Hard for me, myself, to realise it's true at last," Click said cheerfully. It was just dusk, with lights coming on like big flowers in the darkness. Click steered the three of them over towards the harbor, where they often walked. They strode along, and little Suzie ran between them like a faithful little dog, double-stepping sometimes to keep up with them.

"She's such a good little youngster," Click said to himself, "I hate to see her hurt. But men must work . . . ."

Many and many a night he and Wally had walked up and down the docks listening to the tugs and fog-horns, smelling the sea, talking and talking about where Click had been, and where they'd both go some day. And now they had their chance.

"CUT yourself a slice of geography, boy," Click said, stretching out one skinny arm. Wally stood looking out over the water, as he'd looked a hundred times, and it was impossible to tell what he was thinking. He had that ancient look on his face, the look of men who hear far miles calling them, that strange sort of homesickness for places they have never seen. But there was something new about his look, another kind of homesickness, and never once did he let his eyes meet Suzie's.

Suzie, with the rare wisdom of silence, stood a little apart from him, warm and remote, an argument appealing to everything about him, except his plans.

"So we've got an assignment at last," he said finally.

"It doesn't happen so often as it used to," Click reminded him, "Boy, we're lucky."

"Too lucky," Wally said. "Too double-faced lucky." They were all quiet a moment, and Click pretended not to know what he meant. He took a deep breath, and plunged into talk. Stray facts about this story, the Mayan gold fished up at night from lagoons where it had lain for two thousand years! Precious gold and jewels hung on martyrs, caskets of gold sacrificed to an insatiable god! He knew suddenly that neither of them was listening.

"We'll run along the Equator, and try to find that imaginary lion the geographies mention," he said jauntily, but his fingers were cold in his pockets.

Please turn to Page 24

"I SANG OF LOVE

I sang of love when I was young;
The words came tripping on my tongue.
I thought I knew
All love could be, all love could do,
All love might mean, life's journey through—
I sang of love!

Now am I full of years, and fain
Would sing once more of love—in vain
I seek the words whose power shall show
What love can mean; for now I know—
Love passes words! I seek in vain.

—*S. Cohen.*

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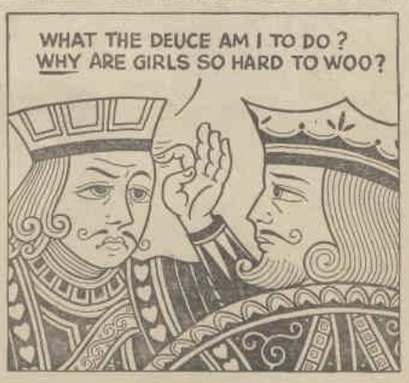
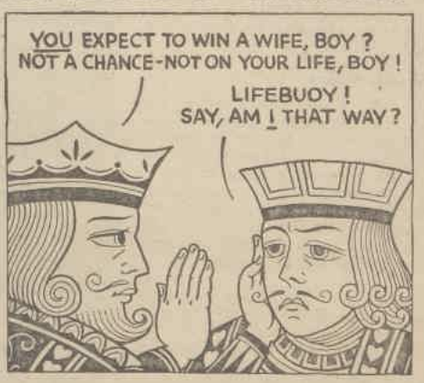
THE CARDS WERE STACKED AGAINST THEM





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2UW.—8.30 p.m., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., "THE LOVES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH."
2UW.—7.30 p.m., Saturdays—"DARBY AND JOAN."
2GB.—8.15 p.m., Tues., and 7.30 p.m., Sat., "AESOP'S FABLES UP-TO-DATE."

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT

In this new Bedroom Suite, contrasting Walnut veneers and attractive design are worthy of Suites costing much more than our special reduced price. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, 3ft. 9in. kneehole Dressing-table and Double Loughboy are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. The Suite has barhandles and cabriole legs. Do not fail to secure at the Introductory Cash Price .. £16/19/6
(Bedstead Extra)
(Or on Easy Terms)

16/6 DEPOSIT 3/9

This modern 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet has numerous compartments including Bread Cupboard and one drawer divided for Cutlery. Leadlight doors are particularly attractive. The construction and finish are excellent.
This Week's Cash Price 85/- Or on Easy Terms. 5/- DEPOSIT and 2/- WEEKLY

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This comfortable Oak Bedstead has strong adjustable wire mattress 29/6
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Visit our new Showrooms and inspect the large range of qualities and designs in Bedsteads and Bedding.

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Again we make an outstanding Radio offer. A new Dual Wave; easy tuning to World stations; perfect Local and Interstate reception; 5 Valves with full efficiency; Glorious tone; Beautiful Cabinet; sloping top; clock dial; splendid construction. Backed by a firm of 50 years' standing. You can depend upon perfect entertainment.
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Here is a rare opportunity for those who desire an "Art Moderne" Lounge Suite at a very moderate price. It is upholstered in best-quality Genoa Velvet, with fine super-spring loose cushions. Construction and finish are similar to much more expensive Suites. The beautiful Settee and two large Chairs are a remarkable bargain at the Introductory Cash Price .. (Or on Easy Terms) £17/17/-

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SPECIALLY REDUCED PRICES for this MONTH ONLY

NEW DESIGNS in LINOLEUM

GENUINE CORK LINO. TWO YARDS WIDE— 5/3, 5/11, 7/6 yd.
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IMITATION LINO. SQUARES

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Special Price	27/6	32/6	37/6	42/6

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27in.	8/11	Now 6/9
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A LIPSTICK That Thrills!

● But, my dear! Says Dora . . . My sweet! Says Nora . . . How positively divine! Says Dora . . . How absolutely thrilling! Says Nora . . . So smart and small! Says Dora . . . What wonderful shades! Says Nora . . . It actually won't come off! Says Dora . . . And only 1/6! Says Nora . . . Marvellous! Says Dora.

Kathleen Court's New Midget Lipstick is the greatest little wonder ever . . . Say Nora, Dora, and all other smart girls who know what's what. Light, Medium, Dark, Orange.

Catarrhal Deafness may be relieved

Quick, Safe, Reliable Way Does Away with Phones or Instruments

While it is both annoying and embarrassing to have catarrhal deafness, and people who are deaf in this way are generally very sensitive about it—yet many carry around instruments that call attention to their infirmity. Therefore, people who suffer with bad hearing or head noises, or who are actually deaf from Catarrhal trouble, will be glad to know of a successful systemic treatment that can be easily made up at home to bring really efficient relief.

From any chemist get a one ounce bottle of Parmint (double strength). Make it up to half a pint of medicine by adding 4 ozs. of sugar and ½ pint of hot water, and take a dessertspoonful four times a day. This treatment, by tonic action, reduces the inflammation in the middle ear, that a catarrhal condition would be likely to cause, and with the inflammation gone, the distressing head noises, headaches, cloudy thinking, and that dull feeling in the ears should steadily disappear. Anyone who suffers from catarrh in any form should give Parmint a thorough trial.

THAT'S NEWS

Continued from Page 22

THE husky voices of the boats out in the darkness had a lonesome sound to them, calling and expecting no answer. On the still face of Suzie Malloy something flashed and disappeared, the tiny reflection of a light momentarily glancing on a tear. But Wally, thank heaven, hadn't seen it.

"Think of it, Boy," Click said through his teeth, because he had seen it. "You'll be living stories, and home-ridden men all over the world will read 'em and be envying you. Men chained to their jobs and never able to get away. Kept home by tonsil operations and baby food, and one thing and another. And we'll be free, and slinging ink and pictures in their faces."

A crumpled newspaper somebody had wrapped something in came blowing down the dock and tackled Wally's ankle like a silent argument. He nodded to Click, hearing what he was saying now, and saying it over to himself, in better, more lively words, as Wally always did.

Suzie picked up the newspaper and gave it to him, and smiled into his eyes, with as much merriment as bravery. "Think of it, darling," she said. "Lovers will be standing on distant docks all over the world, talking about their plans, and being happy. And your story may come blowing along to them . . . just as the stories come blowing along to us . . ."

"Yes," he said, almost angrily. "We'll write swell yarns. The Allied wires will feed 'em out, click, click, all day. The presses will groan over 'em, and people on street cars going home would read 'em, and that would be swell." Suddenly he stopped and shook the bedraggled newspaper in Click's face. "Pretend we've gone, and come back again," he said. "And there it is, written and finished. And what of it?"

"Well, what of anything?" Click said with a short laugh, "if it comes to that."

"What's it amount to?" Wally cried as fiercely as if it were somehow Click's fault. "All this fuss and noise about writing. And when you've found the one right word, and gloated over it, and written it down, somebody wraps fish in it."

"Listen, Wally," Click said pitifully, "You've not been sleeping, or something. Don't be an egg-plant, Boy!"

"All right," Wally said, "That's just the point. I'm all through being one. From now on. Suppose you did take the first pictures ever made in an aeroplane? What of it? Who cares? Nobody, that's who. And you know why? Because people are the only important things, and you folk forget that people are anything but words and sentences for your darned old stories. Why, one misspelled love letter is worth more than everything the Allied wire spits out in a month . . ." His voice was as rough as a sob.

"I want you to go," Suzie said unexpectedly from her part of the darkness, "I want you to go, and forget all about me, Wally."

"I CAN'T do that," Wally said. "You've got into me, Suzie, and there's just nothing I can do about it. Here I am having what I've wanted all my life offered to me, and I'd rather have you. Just a hundred pounds of something or other . . . something that can't write decently, and is a nuisance and wastes my time . . . and still I'd rather have you than my wildest hopes come true." He tried to be funny about it, but he was trembling. He came over and put his big clumsy hands on her shoulders, and she looked up into his face.

"I'd rather you went and missed me," Suzie said steadily, "than stayed with me wishing you'd gone."

To Click, sunk in despair now, this suddenly sounded like the answer. He straightened his shoulders and thought a minute. Old Shaw had said it when he remarked that there were but two tragedies in life; one when you don't get what you want, and the other when you do. Swiftly he re-organised all his plans to fit this new set-up. Wally would stay home and get himself good and sick of being happy and domestic. It would mean nothing more serious than delay; Spike could be stalled a while . . . Click felt gay and free now; he could afford to be generous.

He turned suddenly and grinned at them; he flung his arms around them both. "Hey, kids, you don't have to choose," he said. "You really are in love, aren't you, you poor children? Well you can have them both, son. Live dangerously for the next six months, and then sometime later we'll go out, if Suzie will let us and do our job."

"You're sure you want that, dearest?" Suzie said, and then she wept. She put her face against Wally's coat and wept, and he stood bent over her, promising and promising.

"Listen, you two," Click said. "What's the use of wasting time? Why don't we all get married to-night, and start living this wonderful life you tell me about?"

They looked at him as if he had offered them the universe, and then Wally was shaking him by the hand and clapping him on the back, and saying idiotic things, and Suzie was kissing him and dabbing at her eyes. And everybody, practically, was happy.

CHESTNUT FELT makes this snappy model, which is trimmed with a wide ribbon embroidered with "hearts and flowers." It is worn with a cosy tweed suit.
—Air Mail photo.

I'll make the arrangements," Click said. "Often a best man, but never a world traveller." He screwed up his face in what he hoped looked like a grin. Then he dashed around and phoned and telegraphed and generally managed everything, while Wally and Suzie followed in a daze.

But, somehow, they were married, and Click went home to bed weary and sad, but not by any means defeated. He saw his way now; he'd learned from Suzie how to manage Wally. It would take less than six months probably.

The first few weeks it did look pretty discouraging, because they were so disgustingly happy. Wally would stop in the middle of a good story to call up Suzie. Conversations like this, right out in the city room where anyone could hear: "Honey? . . . Wally . . . oh, I just called up . . . I wanted to hear yours, too . . . hmm? . . . course I do . . . Still want to go to the theatre to-night? . . . Well, that's what I was thinking, too . . . after all, we don't see much of each other, do we? . . . I'll be home early . . ." It was terrible to witness. He went around with a bunch of celery sticking out of his pocket, and sent the office boy out to pay the gas bill, like any other humdrum married man.

BUT Click bore it, somehow, reminding himself that nothing wears people out like too much happiness. "More people are bored to death by happiness than die of trouble," he said gloomily to himself. "Once it dawns on 'em they've got the whole rest of their lives to gaze at each other . . . after they've moved all fourteen pieces of furniture around in their apartment in all possible arrangements . . . Wally'll begin looking around."

And sure enough, Wally did begin looking around, hardly knowing what was happening. He began staying late, talking with Click the way he used to talk, wild and excited. Pictures to be taken, words to be written, and the world calling. But Click refused to hear it.

Please turn to Page 26

spoils

Pure Breath

May-Breath Purifies your breath immediately!

FISH—onions—many things that you eat—many things that you drink affect your breath and make it unpleasant to others. Often without your knowing, your breath can offend—yet it is easy to guard against this danger, by using May Breath. One tablet destroys all odours—leaves your breath fresh and pleasing.

Always carry May Breath with you—be prepared, relieved of anxiety at unexpected meetings or appointments. May Breath is sold in convenient little tins that slip into vest pocket or purse.

1/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

May-Breath

An Antiseptic Mouthwash in Tablet Form

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How to Make your Nerves Behave

Good Advice for Tired, Nervous Men and Women

When you are run down, out-of-sorts, tire easily, have lost confidence in your ability to do things, and ambition seems to have deserted you, it's a sure sign your nerve-force has run down and that your nerve-cells need strengthening to restore to your system its old-time energy, and bring back the "ginger" that used to make life a real joy.

Leading chemists everywhere are now selling the wonderful new nerve remedy known as Phosphorated Iron on a positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back. It's amazing how quickly these Phosphorated Iron tablets tone up the entire system, calm and steady the nerves, and put vim, vigor and vitality into men and women who are fagged-out, nervous, despondent and ambitionless.

Thousands report remarkable results in cases of severe mental depression, nervous prostration, nervous dyspepsia, "jumps," "fidgets," and generally unstrung nerves, that come from excessive work, worry, lack of sleep or over-indulgence in drinking, eating, or smoking. If you are blue, and feel as though you didn't give a hang, or are cross, irritable, and your nerves are right on edge, get a package (60 tablets) of Phosphorated Iron right away. Eat two with every meal for a few days, and see what a wonderful improvement they begin to make.

DON'T GAMBLE WITH A COLD

TAKE

Q-RIT TABLETS

(Pronounced CURE IT)

Not a cure-all, but a scientific formula made to do one thing well—RELIEVE COLDS IN 24 HOURS.

Relieve COLDS Overnight

Q-Rit TABLETS

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What Women Are Doing

Nurses' Pageant

A NURSE in khaki, astride a donkey, will be one of the features of the Nurses' Centenary Pageant at the S.A. Centennial Hall on September 17. It is expected that between 1500 and 2000 nurses will take part. The pageant is not for returned Army nurses only, for the muster will include trained nurses and even those in training. It will represent the history of nursing, with Florence Nightingale as the central figure.

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Where Chicken Is Not a Luxury

IN Rangoon frozen meat is a luxury, and the days when there is a cold-storage meat dinner are red-letter ones, according to Mrs. E. H. Lidstone, who arrived by the Malaja to spend a long holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Brown, of Earlwood.

Rangoon's fresh meat is chicken, and if one tires of that—well there's only chicken left. So Mrs. Lidstone hardly favors poultry on the menu whilst abroad.

Labor was cheap in Rangoon, and the life was lazy. There one rose for breakfast at 11.30, and slept most of the day. Tea was the second meal, at 4 p.m., and dinner was between 8 and 9, so that the cinema could be attended. It began at 9.30.

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Forty Schoolgirls To Go on Tour

THE Victorian Federation of Mothers' Clubs is again arranging a fortnight's vacation tour for a party of 40 girls in December. The tour will include Canberra, Sydney and Jenolan Caves, and the group may be joined by a party of Tasmanian schoolgirls.

Mrs. M. A. McColl. —Broothorn.

Mrs. M. A. McColl, who is honorary organiser of the tour, has already conducted two others. She is a former president of the Federation, and now a vice-president. She is also a vice-president of the Children's Cinema Council and the School Committees' Association, and a special magistrate of the Children's Court.

Mrs. G. E. K. Mann, a vice-president of the Federation, and president of Travancore special school committee and secretary of its auxiliary, is honorary director of the tour.

Long Service Record

MRS. M. STRACHAN, who retired from the staff of the Newmarket School, Brisbane, recently, has given the greater part of her life to teaching.

Born in the Kilkivan district in Queensland, she began her career as a pupil teacher in the Education Department, a position she resigned on her marriage.

On the death of her husband 30 years ago, she returned to the department, and, save for one brief interval, has continued teaching ever since. She has been at several country schools, including Obum Obum and Woodford.

Business and Professional Women's Exhibition

MEMBERS of Melbourne's Business and Professional Women's Club have gone to much trouble to plan their exhibition to be held in the lower Town Hall on Thursday afternoon and evening, July 23, with the object of demonstrating the many and varied interests of club members.

Miss M. K. Stuart. —Broothorn.

Working exhibits are being arranged by beauty culturists, a woman jeweller, a cottage builder, a landscape gardener, a bookseller, an antique dealer, florists, a dress consultant, frock, glove, hosiery and footwear specialists, a chemist, a woman importer of Oriental merchandise, and so on.

The organiser of this unique exhibition is Miss M. K. Stuart, who has been on the hospital executive and honorary buyer for the Queen Victoria Hospital for some years.

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Retired, After Long Career

AFTER a long and interesting career in nursing, Matron Rout, of St. Helens Hospital, Hobart, has retired, and in recent days has been receiving appreciative and goodwill messages from near and far as well as from the hospital staff.

Matron Rout completed her training at a Victorian hospital in 1902, and since that time has held several important positions in Melbourne, New Zealand and Hobart. She has been matron of St. Helens for the past 18 years.

Matron Rout has also played a leading part in the affairs of the Nursing Association. She is a member of the State Board, and one of the foundation members of the Hobart Nurses' Club.

Next year Matron Rout will visit England, accompanied by Miss Phyllis Hunt.

Annual Visitor To Munich Festivities

MRS. F. E. LLOYD, wife of the Emeritus Professor of Botany at the McGill University, Montreal, Canada (he is doing research work in Australia), combines a love of music with a great interest and knowledge of science.

The professor goes each year to Germany to do research work, and for the past six years Mrs. Lloyd has attended the musical festivals in Munich, those of Wagner, Mozart, and Richard Strauss, in the opera houses there, each lasting about a month.

Mrs. Lloyd is very interested in her husband's work, and before her marriage studied botany and zoology at Wellesley Women's University College, teaching afterwards at the Western College for Women, in Ohio. When their travels are finished, Mrs. Lloyd and the professor will make their home in California.

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Wife of International Cricketer in Sydney

MRS. ALAN FAIRFAX, who is accompanying her husband, the ex-international cricketer, on a visit to Australia, disclaims any outstanding achievements, contending that she is a homely woman, with a particular fondness for sewing. She "cannot knit a stitch."

Mrs. Alan Fairfax

She expects to be in Australia four months, and the greater part of her time will be spent with her father and sisters in Sydney.

Mrs. Fairfax takes a spectator interest in sports, and goes to see every match in which her husband plays. She confines her own sporting activities to "a little golf."

Expert Tells How To Pack Luncheon

MISS M. P. READ, who gave a very helpful cookery demonstration on packed-up lunches at the Emily McPherson College, Melbourne, last week, is at present teaching cookery at the college. She is on a year's exchange from the National Society's training college, London. Most of the girls who go through the training college take up administrative work as caterers, housekeepers at hospitals, hotels and other institutions.

Touching on lunches, Miss Read remarked that many more people, both grown-ups and children, take their lunches to work and to school in Australia than in England, but England goes in for a great many more picnic lunches than we do.

Race meetings, Henley, sporting events, in fact almost any outing, is the excuse for a picnic basket, which is sometimes very elaborate.

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To Study Dramatic Art in London

MISS BRENDA NEWBOLD, of Melbourne, is off in the Anchises for England, where she will spend a year studying all day and every day at the Old Vic School of Shakespearean Dramatic Art. She is travelling with her aunt, Miss L. M. Larking, who has been in Australia on a visit.

Miss Newbold is a clever amateur actress who has played many varied parts. Her last two appearances in Melbourne were as the schoolmistress in the Gregan McMahon production of "A Cold June" and as the princess of the Western regions in the Little Theatre presentation of "Lady Precious Stream."

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Giving Recital This Month

WHEN Lorna McKean makes her bow at the lieder recital which she is giving at the Conservatorium, Sydney, on July 30, she will not be haunted by the sharp pangs of nervousness that overtake girls making their first public appearance.

Lorna, who is from the studio of Miss Ruth Ladd, was one of the four finalists who received "honorable mention" for the Melba Bequest scholarship at the Albert St. Conservatorium in 1935.

She was Cupid in "The Ship of Heaven" (Alfred Hill and Hugh Macrae), produced by the Independent Theatre, Sydney, and quite recently played Pamina in the Conservatorium opera school's production of "The Magic Flute."

Supervises Activities At Brisbane Creches

MRS. J. M. FEGAN, Brisbane, is an ardent worker for the Creche and Kindergarten Association, her special office being creche supervisor.

Mrs. J. M. Fegan. —Noel Maitland.

She joined the Paddington branch of the association in 1924 as a committee member, and later became secretary.

Last year she resigned from this office to engage in special work on the executive. She has brought to her task of supervising the creches a natural love for the welfare of children as well as an efficiency in the detail business of the work.

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Doctor's Wife Is Canadian Graduate

WITH an ambition to "do some work" as well as some housekeeping, Mrs. Stanley Seymour has come to Australia to make her home. She has an honors Bachelor of Arts degree in English and philosophy from the McGill University, Montreal, for her home was in Canada before her recent marriage.

Mrs. Seymour was married not long before she left New York for Australia in an American freighter with her husband, who has been appointed resident medical officer at the Adelaide Hospital. Mrs. Seymour hopes to take her M.A. degree out here.

❖ ❖ ❖

Retired From Presidency Of League

KEEPING to her contention that three years is quite long enough to act as president, Miss G. E. F. Castine has retired from her position as president of the St. Peters branch of the Liberal and Country League in South Australia.

Miss Castine, who is the only daughter of Col. J. W. Castine, will remain as vice-president, and as she has had 16 years' experience of L.C.L. work her help will be invaluable. She has had something to do with every branch of the work, being honorary secretary for 13 years, secretary and treasurer for one year, and then president for three. Besides this she was a delegate to the National Council of Women, and is a member of the central executive of the League.

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"LET'S get up a good assignment somewhere, Click," Wally said sheepishly one night. Click looked at him reproachfully, but his old gismard clicked in him like the shutter of a camera.

"What for?" he said cautiously. "We're doin' all right."

"There's things to see," Wally said. "Oh, I don't know." But Wally began talking about that story in Brazil.

"It's still there, I guess," Click said indifferently. "But what'd you care? You're married, and everything."

"What's that got to do with it?" Wally asked belligerently.

"Well, you wouldn't want to leave Suzie. You've got things at home to keep you."

"Suzie'd be all right. You act as if we lived in the pioneer days or something. That's nonsense," Wally said. "We've got a lifetime ahead of us together, haven't we?" But Click skilfully changed the subject, talking tiresomely about the tame happenings of their own city, even asking about the Sunday night suppers which Suzie, a glistening model of wifeliness, exchanged with stodgy neighbors.

"What's the matter with you, Click? Getting old?"

THAT'S NEWS

Continued from Page 24

"NO. Why?"

"Where's all that spirit of adventure, and whatnot? Let's work up something with Spike Murphy before you ossify in your boots."

"What for?" Click dared to say. "When it's all written what's it amount to anyway? A few columns for people to skim through, and then something to wrap sausages in." And then he had the exquisite joy of seeing Suzie's system work for him, for here was Wally working himself into a frenzy trying to convince him of the very thing he'd planned. It was too easy, really.

So at last, practically forced to by Wally, Click sent off the telegram querying Spike again. Suzie, disarmed by the stupefying months of having her own way didn't even bother finessing. In fact, she hurried him off by doing everything she could to keep him from wanting to go. She kept pointing out how happy they were, quite forgetting what she'd once known so well. And that is that the answer to any too-positive statement becomes, "Yes, BUT . . ." It's that combative thing in human nature that has dragged the race up from one fallacy to another.

"YOU might as well make the best of it, Suze, old girl," Click said consolingly. "Let him go. He'll miss you like the devil, and that's better than having him here with you, wishing he was somewhere else." But Suzie had forgotten that she ever knew such reasoning. She wanted him home, because ships sometimes sink, and reptiles bite; and there may be beautiful maidens in Brazil.

"I've got to think of something," she said, "I've done everything I could think of to make him want to stay home. I've really made myself sick worrying about it," she said pathetically. But she kept right on with her mistake, lacing him in tighter and tighter with the well-known home ties.

"When you're an old lady, I'll tell you a sure-fire trick about handling men," Click said, "It's a secret I learned from a woman, once." He knew he was skating on thin ice, but even so he couldn't resist cutting a figure eight; after all, Suzie had caused him plenty of grief. But it looked now as if she had finished, and nothing could stop them.

Cure

Blow a poppy in the air
For a little love affair;
Catch the poppy in your mouth,
Turn until you face the south,
Shut your eyes and, counting ten,
Turn your heart to north again.
Alas!Alack! and who shall care
Tuppence for a love affair!

At last they had the assignment again in their pockets, and Wally was wild with excitement. They sat up half the night talking and talking, the way they had once. It seemed even more wonderful for all the hazards their companionship had weathered.

But suddenly everything collapsed. Click had gone over to New York to arrange the final details. Wally was to come the next day. But when Click got down to the Allied office, there was a telegram for him; he knew when he saw it that something terrible had happened, and just on the off chance he said, "Darn that little Suzie.

"Well, he said desperately to himself, tearing it open, "If he's decided we drag Suzie along, I'll make the best even of that, somehow."

But it was worse than that, even. Wally said, "Get somebody else, boy. More important matters keep me at home. Love and kisses."

Click saw red then. He strode into a telephone booth and called their house, long distance. The sweet voice of Suzie herself answered.

"What's all this about?" he shouted.

"Oh, Click, I'm so happy," she said. "I thought and thought about what you said. I know you wanted to help me."

"WHAT did I say?" he asked wildly.

"That secret you said you'd tell me some day about keeping Wally at home."

"Oh, that," he said heavily.

"It's a man biting a dog, honey," she said, and her voice was all trembling, and Click felt that silly lump coming up in his throat, the way it did when he was disgusted at maudlin happiness, "When a man holds a baby, that's a nuisance," she said. "But when a baby holds a man, that's news . . ."

He couldn't think of anything to say. Perspiration broke out on his head. Suddenly he remembered that shadow on the snow, Suzie and he walking along, looking like a man and his little boy going home together.

She was saying in her smallest, most pathetic voice, "I wish you didn't have to be so far away, Click . . ."

"Don't ask me to stay home," he warned her gruffly, with fear in his heart.

"I wouldn't dream of it," she said. "You've got to go, Click. It's your job, and you've simply got to go . . ."

"I do, huh? Well, who says so? What's the rush? I'll go next year, or sometime. Don't think you can make me go to Brazil if I don't want to. I'm coming home and crochet bootees . . ."

"Oh, Click," she said in a little sob, "You're my best friend. You always help me get what I want."

"I guess that's about right, honey," he said dismally.

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THE MOVIE WORLD

July 25, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page 27

CALLING *Australia!*

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

Garbo Recuperating

GARBO is back in Hollywood. Her first concern is not her next picture or her new home, but her health. "I am coming back here to get well in the lovely sunshine," she says.

She is still very pale, almost a chalky-white, unrelieved by make-up, even lipstick. But her steady green-grey eyes, with their unbelievably long, heavy lashes, are terribly alive. They seem to have a magic quality. When she looks into your eyes, she seems to penetrate your innermost thoughts.

Again Garbo buries herself deep in seclusion. But it isn't true that she hates to be with people. It does frighten her when hordes of strangers rush at her and pull at her. She finds it humiliating. As one of her very good friends protested, "Why do they insist that she belongs to the public like—like a park? She has her rights!"

No Case Here For R.S.P.C.A.

Whoever coined the phrase, "a dog's life," didn't know what it is to be the pampered canine pet of a wealthy screen star. For instance...

Kay Francis guards the well-being of her dachshund, "Weenie," as a mother does that of a much-loved child. Recently, "Weenie" had to have his tonsils out. So that the darling wouldn't suffer overmuch, he was given gas; one of Hollywood's best anaesthetists administered it.

But that's not all. The hound developed toothache a few days ago. Along came the dentists. Did they yank out the tooth? Not they! It was drilled and a neat little SILVER filling put in.

Robert Taylor and Loretta Young, Now Co-starring

Korda-Oberon?

KORDA, it is rumored, is now engaged in a search for a story—something really out of the way—which will suit Merle Oberon.

Merle intends shaking the dust of Hollywood off her shoes just as soon as she can. She must, of course, complete her existing contract there before decamping, but it is understood that the conclusion of her current picture will leave her free.

Plans to leave Hollywood frequently fail to materialise, but if Miss Oberon comes to England, Korda is the man to handle her.

Mary Picks 'Em

MARY PICKFORD has bought the two most famous sapphires in the world, "The Star of India," and "The Star of Bombay," for just a trifle over 100,000 dollars. Two other girls of the movies are green with envy—Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard. They are both avid for bigger and better sapphires and have rival collections of these gems.

Talking about Mary Pickford, she admits that she is preparing for her next marriage, Buddy Rogers being the lucky man. No announcement of the actual or contemplated date has been made, but Mary has certainly been busy enough to make the event seem pretty close.

New Films

IN her new picture, "Spendthrift," Mary Brian is cast as a gold-digging vixen. Jean Arthur will play opposite Gary Cooper in "This Breed of Men," while Edward G. Robinson will appear as a prize-fighter in "Kid Galahad."

Bette Davis won't have to wonder what her next picture is going to be for at least a year. Four 1936-37 Davis productions are already set. They are "God's Country and the Woman," "Mountain Justice," "Men Are Such Fools" and "Another Dawn."

"Beauty Incorporated" features two hundred lovely girls, who act as mannequins, and Warren William.

Woman Executive

FRANCES MARION, Hollywood's only woman producer, is another arrival in England. She does more than produce, however. She is a high-powered scenarist, and it is in this capacity that she will work at London Films' Denham studios.

She has "Son of the Sheik," "Min and Bill," "The Big House," "The Champ," "The Dark Angel," and many more scenarios to her credit. To this list she intends to add "Knight Without Armour" which Alexander Korda will produce, starring Robert Donat and Marlene Dietrich—surely a winning team.

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ARE WRONG People Crashing the MOVIES?

Hollywood Not As It Was In Brave Old Days

◆ A sidelight on the Hollywood of to-day and the Hollywood of yesterday; on the great stars of the past, and those who seek to fill their shoes.

By . . .
TOINETTE LIVESAY

THERE are a great many people in Hollywood to-day who insist that the old town is definitely not what it used to be. The bitter struggle for ultimate success, the heartbreak, and the old-fashioned, much-publicised marriages are gone.

No more have we those halcyon days of the silent films, when Rodolph Valentino, Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson held indisputable sway, staging their famous parties and living right up to the very hilt of unconventionality and gilded romance.

TO-DAY, Hollywood, and its business of making entertainment for the world, has reached an organised and systematic basis on star-power, production schedules, and economics generally!

The sight of a row of "extras" on a bench outside a casting-office, waiting, waiting for a chance to make good, has gone. Instead, there is the central casting bureau, which is always right on the spot by telephone whenever a director is wanting "bit" players.

Such conditions find their reflection in the personnel of talking picturedom to-day! Where once it was a gruelling and up-hill battle for superiority, and consequent affluence, to-day it seems simply a matter of having rich relatives or influential friends . . . at least, that's what many of the old-timers say. And there's plenty of facts upon which they can base their argument, too.

Casting my mind back more years than I care to remember, I see two long, hard benches, with a pathway between. On one side, young girls! On the other, young men! Not allowed to talk to each other, but that didn't prevent sly looks and come-hither glances from either side.

On one bench the youngsters bore names such as Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Virginia Valli. On the other, Ralph Graves, Rod la Rocque, and Ronny Clayton, brother of Ethel. These were the regular extras, receiving a little over three dollars a day, with a guarantee of four days' work a week. And how their faces would beam when Wally Beery, Beverley Bayne, Francis X. Bushman, and Bryant Washburn walked through that lane. Here were the extras who adored the stars completely and absolutely, because they represented something that they wanted to be!

ABOVE: John Gilbert. He fought, succeeded, and failed. But what a battle he put up to become a star.

LEFT: It cost a million dollars to launch this lovely lady. In the old days even a Marlene Dietrich wouldn't have been able to win success that way.

BELOW: Wallace Beery, whose continued popularity over a long period of years is due not to influence, nor publicity, but to sterling worth and ability to turn out a first-class acting job.

☆

Mack Sennett Days

CAME the day when Gloria Swanson disappeared. Some said she had broken the rules by talking to Wally Beery, who was, of course, a familiar figure in his white roadster. Then she became part of his car and part of his life, when she first appeared slumped down next to the driver's seat. It was really Gloria Swanson who originated that familiar, now-popular, position of slouching down near the driver. Wally and Gloria were subsequently married—and that brought her publicity. She became known, but certainly not for her acting ability.

Then into Mack Sennett comedies with Wally she went, resulting in years of gruelling, heart-breaking experience and hard work. But that experience moulded her into a star whose name even now, despite the fact that she hasn't appeared in more than two pictures in the last few years, is still a household word.

When a producer named Tucker hired a hanger-on comedian named Lon Chaney for the contortionist in "The Miracle Man," because he could fake freakishness better than five real contortionists, everybody who was anybody thought he was mad! For ten years Lon had thought that he would be the best comedian in pictures. "And there I was, spending agonising hours before a mirror twisting myself from a human being into a horrible beast—because I had to eat and earn money somehow . . . and that was my only opportunity," he told me before he died.

Before he first got a break, poor John Gilbert had been a down-and-out extra for nigh on seven years—but he had clung on, hoping, hoping . . .! It was Irving Thalberg, production genius for M.-G.-M. who first gave him his chance.

Where some of the wiseacres claim that these days it is a letter of introduction that enables a potential star to have a screen test, in the old days it was a letter from a high and mighty that resulted only in sitting on an "extra" bench. A letter from Colleen Moore's uncle, the editor of the Chicago "Tribune," gave her this position. But letters could not take one from the benches. Colleen hung around and hung around. Finally, they needed a girl who could cry. Colleen cried for sheer excitement at getting her chance after such a period of waiting. Indeed, she was the first actually to weep for pictures—yet, despite this histrionic attribute, she wasn't an actual star for years after.

And to-day?

Motion pictures reach out to the stage or society circles, or those with "political pull," for their "new discoveries." A recent list of baby stars revealed a few of the following, lifted at random: Betty Bryson, niece of Warner Baxter; Helene Cohan, daughter of George M. Cohan; Dorothy Drake, daughter of Grace Wallace, scenario writer; Jacqueline Wells, daughter of W. W. Brown, wealthy banker and oil magnate, etc.

The lives of these newcomers are camouflaged by highly dramatic stories written by well-organised publicity departments in an effort to make us believe that drama still rides behind the screen as well as on it. To-day, producers spend money where they used to spend daring! A million dollars to launch Marlene Dietrich; a million and a half to make Mr. and Mrs. General Public thrill to Anna Sten. They train them in their own dramatic schools, if they need it. But they don't let them train themselves in the hard school of experience as was the case in the old days—and then take a gamble, like Thalberg did on John Gilbert and Tucker on Lon Chaney. By such gambling in "the good old days," Rudy Valentino, Wally Reid, Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, and all the other idols were created.

A Change Coming

THERE are many who blame the talkies for the new order of things! I blame the old fellow who gets most of the censure these days for everything . . . The Times!!

While the forefathers of our stars came from near and far to Hollywood on the splintery seats of a decrepit conveyance, we fly in high-speed luxurious planes. While Gloria Swanson sat on a hard bench waiting for her break and ultimately having to fight for it, I know a little lady who is in the very good books of a certain producer, who comes from a good family, and who waits for him in his tastefully decorated office. She'll get along . . . but for how long? And how many people will remember her capabilities, in ten years to come, as we remember Swanson, Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Charlie Farrell and Dick Arlen, who broke his leg outside a studio just to be lifted inside it. They came from "good families," but, figuratively, arrived like pioneers in covered waggons. Yet to-day, Virginia Peine Lehman (Virginia Pine, to you), and Governor Pinchot's daughter arrive in limousines to be feted by those who matter because of their social standing and certainly not because of their histrionic ability.

Old Days Returning

THERE'S plenty in what those hard-heads say. There's a real hint in Hollywood that the day is fast returning when you'll be able to crash the game on nerve and initiative and the ability to starve and be happy. That is, via the covered waggon route, rather than the silken limousine. And when that day arrives again, money will be saved on promotional star-power publicity, and pictures will be better—because those behind the cameras will be dealing with real troupers.

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SKELETONS LURK In Movie CUPBOARDS

Stars Not Anxious To Discuss Their Pasts

By JEANNETTE MacMAHON

FEW people who have reached the pinnacle of success like to be reminded of the old days when . . . ! And the fortunate few in Hollywood to-day who have reached big-time stardom don't like recalling the times when they earned their bread-and-butter by juggling plates or dancing the Charleston in a down-town honky-tonk!

There are many in the film city to-day who knew the Great Ones when . . . ! ! And their revelations would make a casting director whoop for joy, should he discover them when he was searching for a suitable player for some certain part.

SHE was once a perfect secretary—Kay Francis, now the most soignee woman of the screen, and the envy of many of the people to whom she was once a nonentity.

★

FOR Hollywood's is a cosmopolitan population. And an analysis shows that before they hit the big money these people whom you and I idolise earned their dough by strange means, and in unfrequented byways of a nation's life.

That Charles Laughton and Douglas Fairbanks were once hotel clerks will probably come as a surprise to most of you . . . but these are but two of the strange facts that I'm able to present in this article, the facts for which I can absolutely vouch, because what I didn't know from personal knowledge I've garnered from the veterans of the industry whose reminiscences would make a far more interesting yarn than ever I could put on paper.

For instance . . Freddie March, that romantic idol of millions of women, used to be a bank clerk; so did Richard Dix, who stamped cheques in Minneapolis. Robert Montgomery, of all people, was once a railway porter, working on the railroad that passes through his home town of Beacon, New York.

Those few facts make you think, don't they? Casting directors would get a thrill, and probably will, when they read this. Mae West's "I'm No Angel" in which she appeared as a lion - tamer, could have had any amount of honest-to-goodness circus coloring if it had been realised that Wallace Beery was once an elephant-handler for Ringling Bros' famous circus, while Joe E. Brown, he of the over-sized mouth, was at one time one of a troupe of aerial acrobats in the circus ring. Dorothy and Lilian Gish swung through the air with the greatest of ease when they worked in the aerial ballet at the old New York Hippodrome.

LEFT: Fredric March, former bank clerk. Now he earns nearly as much money as he used to handle.

BELOW: Garbo. Can you picture her trying to suit irate matrons with hats?

My, oh, my! Jimmy Cagney and high-and-mighty B. P. Schulberg, producer of so many hits, were once copy-boys on a New York journal. And a copy-boy, in case you don't know, is the lowest form of animal life in any newspaper office. And if any casting director couldn't get enough local color from these two fellers for a newspaper sequence he could simply call upon Winfield Sheehan, who's so important these days but who used to be a reporter at the beck and call of a bad-tempered editor.

He Was a Barber

IN the barber-shop sequences of Eddie Robinson's "Smart Money" the casting directors erred violently. Not that I'm complaining about the technique of the barber, who was okay as far as barbers go. However, they overlooked the man who should know more about it than anybody else in picturedom—Jimmy Durante.

It is not common knowledge, for Jimmy does his best to keep it private, but long before he ever started to play the piano and be funny he was assistant in his Italian dad's hairdressing saloon on the East Side. Schnozzle never achieved the artistic heights of actual barbering—he lathered the customers and had their beards in a state of fermentation by the time his pa was ready to get to work with the razor.

Warner Baxter, if the casting directors only knew it, could play with equal assurance the role of garageman, insurance salesman, or a peddler of farm implements. He's done all three. George Burns, of the incomparable comedy team of Burns and Allen, is definitely identified with comedy. He was once a member of the team of Brown and Williams, roller skaters de luxe. He was Williams! Eddie Cantor, in the old days, was an assistant to a juggling act, and was paid twenty-five dollars a week to hand plates to the guy who tossed them into the air.

Here's one to make you smile! Clark Gable's been publicised as a tough guy who worked in a lumber camp, because that sounds romantic. I'm not denying that he did roll logs or that he's not tough. But what the publicity gentry don't seem to rave about is the fact that he once was a humble timekeeper in a tyre factory in Akron, Ohio.

Dancing & Vaudeville

THERE are any number of bona fide chorus girls in Hollywood, though, of course, they won't admit it now. Joan Crawford, as Lucille le Sueur, danced the Charleston at the Club Richman and was paid forty dollars a week. Barbara Stanwyck, as Ruby Stevens, danced the Black Bottom for a living; Miriam Hopkins first worked as a chorine in a music-box revue; Jeannette MacDonald started out as a chorine, and old-timers still recall the occasion when a shoulder-strap broke on her particularly scanty ballet dress; Ruby Keeler was a Texas Guinan tap-dancer. The Broadway girls include the late Lilyan Tashman, Marion Davies, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce, all products of Flo Ziegfeld's Follies. That guy certainly knew how to pick 'em.

Walter Huston, of all people, emerged from vaudeville where the act of Whipple and Huston specialised in songs, dances, and witty sayings. George Bancroft—remember him?—was also a song and dance man behind the footlights. Mae West once was a torch-singer with the famous Harry Richman as her accompanist, in a cheap cafe, while Jack Benny, one of the most likeable personalities in pictures, played the violin in the variety team of Benny and Woods. Ricardo Cortez, then known by his real name, Jack Kranz, was once a tango dancer.

In all her pictures so far Grace Moore has had the part of an opera singer, in which she was completely at home. She was a Metropolitan songbird in real life.

Ruby Keeler's first starring vehicle for talkies, "42nd Street," called upon her to play a role directly opposite to that which she played on Broadway. If you'll remember the picture, Ruby gets her big chance when the star of the show, Bebe Daniels, is injured just before the curtain rises on the opening night. Ruby is substituted, and scores a big hit. Actually, her Broadway history is just the reverse of that. In 1929 she played the lead in "Show Girl" on Broadway, and was forced to retire from the cast because of illness. An understudy had to take her place.

Professional Pug

VICTOR McLAGLEN, on the screen, plays he-man parts, but the casting director could have used him in any Max Baer picture, because he once earned his money with those big mitts as a professional fighter. The queenly Greta Garbo, of course, got that way selling hats in Stockholm. To-day, the humble department store girl is the snoodiest in all Hollywood.

Those seeking a stenographer could have their choice of any number of competent performers who originally banged typewriters or scribbled shorthand for a crust. Kay Francis, Ann Harding, Charles Butterworth, Ethel Merman, all were secretaries . . . Miss Francis acting as social secretary for the Dwight Morrows, Miss Harding typing out policies for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., the droll Butterworth secretarying for a Notre Dame alumnus, and Miss Merman riding into town every day per subway to punch her machine.

Ghosts Now

BUT those who are wise will never ask Warner Baxter about the machinery business, they'll never query Garbo on the technique she employed to sell hats in Stockholm, or remind Jeannette MacDonald of her chorine days. To-day they are stars, all of them, and most of them would rather not be reminded of the days when they were hotel clerks or jugglers' assistants.

The "good old days," like shady friends, are ghosts at the Hollywood banquet table.

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HOLLYWOOD CLAIMS CLARK GABLE

Visit To Movie Colony Decides Actor's Fate

By CLARK GABLE
Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

WELL on the way to stage success on Broadway, Clark Gable received a call from an old friend in Los Angeles, MacLoon, who wanted him to play lead in a new play, "The Last Mile."

Never one to let a friend down, Clark responded, leaving New York immediately on the long trip west.

MacLoon, as I never could forget, had believed in me, and given me a chance, when so many others couldn't seem to "see" me. Now it was up to me to show him I'd appreciated it.

When I reached Los Angeles, he was there to meet me; but, gosh, he had a long face. Something had happened while I'd been coming out; something that was to delay the production of "The Last Mile."

NEXT day I told him I'd be off back to New York. "I'll come out here again when you're ready for me," I told him.

I actually was checking out of the hotel when a phone call came from the old Pathe studios.

I was mystified; couldn't guess how anybody knew I'd come back to Los Angeles. I found out afterwards.

MacLoon, anxious to keep me somewhere around in case he should want me for his play, had tipped off the studio people.

"Get him quick, or he'll make a getaway," he warned them.

That's one funny thing about Hollywood.

Tell the studio people you want a job and you'll be mighty lucky if you get one.

Put over the gag that you're just packing, don't want a job anyway at any price, and offers will likely come rolling in.

When they told me they wanted me for a film test, I said, "I'm just going back to New York. . . . Don't want to work in pictures." That did it.

I didn't know why at the time, but they seemed to want me more urgently than ever when I told them I'd no liking for moving pictures.

A year or two earlier the same studio, you remember, had me listed as a mob extra with one suit, price £1 a day only.

Now they offered me twenty times that amount, and begged me to take it, just as feverishly as I'd once begged them for a spot in the crowd!

I was to play a cowboy heavy—the bad, bad man on horseback.

The film was "The Painted Desert," and the stars were to be Bill Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees.

"Okay, if you say so," I told them.

Next day I was under the arc lights again. I still didn't like pictures, but I got a new angle on studio life.

I was Mister Gable in my own right; a villain on the screen, but something quite human on the set.

I shall always remember working in "The Painted Desert," because it gave me my first experience of "locationing."

We were sent down to Arizona among the mountains and deserts to get scenes of the wild and woolly West.

In the climax a whole mountain was to slide down into the valley.

Real Explosion

SOMEONE, as the story ran, had plotted to blow it up and destroy the ranches and cattle below. We left that big scene until the last day, because we knew it could only be "shot" once.

Nobody knew just how it would work out. If they had, they wouldn't have been so excited about it.

The mountainside was bored and plugged with dynamite and powder. I was told they'd used about 40 tons of it.

It seems they didn't have a geological expert to advise them as they would do in these days. They didn't know just how the rock formations lay or what results a certain explosive force would produce.

It was a lovely morning.

Bill Boyd and I sat on horseback away back some half-mile from the mountain.

We were to wait for our signal to dash to the rescue.

We knew the explosion was coming, but we didn't know how.

Suddenly it seemed as though the whole world had gone reeling drunk.

The ground shook and wobbled, our ears went dead, and pieces of rock as big as a flat began tumbling around us like giant hailstones.

Back on the scene, people were half-buried everywhere.

An Idol Met

ONE man sitting in his car a quarter-mile from the scene was killed. A boulder crashed through the car roof.

One other person was killed and over thirty were seriously hurt.

That experience taught me something about film people which I never had suspected.

It showed me how sincerely and seriously they go after the movies.

"The show must go on" is a fine tradition of the theatre, but the film has set up a tradition of its own which is no less idealistic.

"Everything must be made possible." That is the code of the studio.

Dangerous . . . difficult . . . painful . . . expensive . . . BUT ALWAYS POSSIBLE.

"It can't be done" doesn't make sense in Hollywood either as a slogan or as an epitaph.

By the time I put away my old sombrero after "The Painted Desert" I began to feel more than a mild interest in moving pictures.

It was about May of 1931 when MacLoon finally produced "The Last Mile" at the Majestic Theatre in Los Angeles. The house was packed.

As I went through my part I could discern among the vast sea of faces one I never could forget.

It seemed as though of all the thousands of eyes which I could feel upon me, only two meant anything.

They belonged to a grey-haired gentleman with slightly drooping shoulders, who had his hands clasped in front of him most of the time, twiddling his fingers as though he hoped to break them off.

That man was my old stage hero, Lionel Barrymore.

I knew he'd be round to see me after the show. I half expected he'd tell me all about the mistakes I'd made as Killer Mears.

I knew no one whose criticism could be more helpful, more friendly, or have half the weight of experience behind it.

"Young fellow," he said, "you've done well by Killer Mears. Why don't you pop over to the Metro studios in the morning? I'd like to have you meet another young man who's going places."

Lionel was directing films at that time, and he mentioned that his next was to be "Bird of Paradise." Would I like to play a small part in it?

Would I! My thoughts flew back to that first night in the Akron Theatre, when I met the Lilleys.

Test Fails

THEY played "Bird of Paradise." It had been the first real stage-play I ever saw.

So early next day I was over at the Culver City studios at the double. Lionel was in wait for me. The old rogue!

"Clark," he gurgled, "you got a job on hand here. You got to let the make-up men curl your hair and paint you brown all over. Your part in the picture—if you get it—will be a native South Sea Island boy!"

So they took me in hand, while Lionel waited to film the test. He must have been bursting buttons off.

What seemed to me like hours later I emerged from the make-up room with greasy-looking curls; a hide that looked very much over-baked; a "G'string" about my middles, and a feeling of nausea inside.

I smelt awful. I felt worse.

"When am I going to meet that other fellow you talked about?" I asked.

"Oh, I guess you'll have to wait till after he's seen this test," Lionel told me.

When that young man saw the test in his private theatre I was not there.

Which was just as well, for I'm told he said quite curtly: "Take it away . . . there's no place on the screen for that guy."

Mr. Irving Thalberg, husband of Norma Shearer, and one of Hollywood's most brilliant producers, was the young man.

To-day I'd agree with his verdict.

There was no place anywhere—not even on the South Sea Islands—for the guy they made of me in that first screen test.

Continued on Page 32

HELEN TWELVETREES, who starred in Clark Gable's first real picture, "The Painted Desert."

EIGHT BOTTLES of the best family COUGH remedy for cost of one

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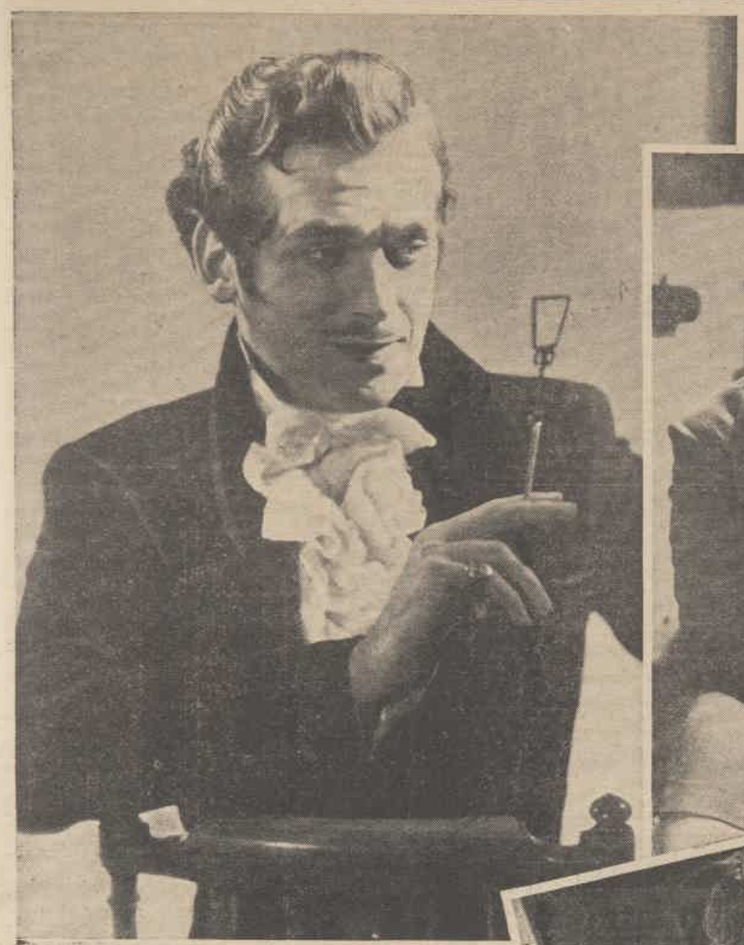

☆ *ENGLAND is making quite a run of Period pictures. The next one scheduled for release, by United Artists, is a picturisation of Farnol's "The Amateur Gentleman." Doug. Fairbanks, jun., (top left) plays Barnabas Barty. With him (top right) is Gordon Harker, as Natty Bell. Elissa Landi, pictured with Fairbanks and Athol Stewart, the sleeping gentleman, is cast as Lady Cleonie.*

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HOLLYWOOD Claims CLARK GABLE

Continued from Page 30

SO Irving Thalberg thought there was no place for me on the screen. He should know. So should I. And I agreed with him.

I was through with films. I made up my mind about that, and started to throw my clothes into the nearest travel bag.

I sent off a few wires to New York. I knew there'd be a few stage parts coming up towards the autumn, and the summer was letting up in the East.

Early the next morning I got a telegram from the New York office of Chamberlain Brown. "Can set you for lead in 'Shoulder Arms,' opening here September," it read.

Well, that was good enough for me. Anybody could have the movie jobs who wanted them.

Tossed For It

I SCRIBBLED on a reply wire form, "At 500 dollars a week okay. Shall be in New York end of week anyway."

I picked up the phone to dictate the message. There was a buzzing and crackling on the line. Someone was just calling me.

It was my good friend and agent, Ruth Collier.

"Metro want you to take another film test," she shouted excitedly.

"Don't want it," I blurted. "I'm through with movies."

"You can tell them I'm going right back to the stage and stay with it."

Ruthie, who is a brilliant woman and knows movies backwards, can be a pretty frank "fellow" when she wants you to know where you get off.

Did she give it to me?

We burned up the wires plenty, but I wouldn't give her the answer she wanted, so she hung up on me. What a gal!

I went back to cramming my grips.

If you ever want to do some deep thinking try packing bags; you'll probably be glad of anything that'll keep your mind off the job.

So I got to thinking. Talkies had come and films now were "live" things; much more like the theatre than the old silent flickers.

I might be making a mistake. Should I take just one more test?

I fumbled for my lucky penny (cent).

A young fellow had given it me while we were down in Arizona making "The Painted Desert."

"Tails" For Luck

"IT'LL bring you good luck," he told me. "It's always been good to me."

A day or two after that he'd lost out in the big explosion I told you about.

Perhaps he should have kept his penny.

I held it in my fingers. "Heads I go back to New York, tails I stay in Hollywood," I bet myself.

I flipped the coin. It whizzed and spun; fell in my palm. It was "tails."

I had a good notion to keep on spinning it till it came down heads. Did you ever cheat that way till you got what you wanted?

Instead I rang back Ruth Collier.

"I'll go to M.-G.-M. for the test," I said half guilty.

"Good for you," she yelled, "you'll never regret it."

Well . . . I still don't know for sure.

At the studio I saw Hunt Stromberg, then about to produce "The Easiest Way."

"It's only a small part . . . a cigar salesman," he told me, "but it's important."

A good producer can usually convince a ham actor that the silliest part is important. I wasn't so thrilled.

Constance Bennett was going to be the star, and Adolphe Menjou and Robert Montgomery had been handed the leading male roles.

They were pretty big people to play with, I had to remember that. But I wasn't sure.

"They've got a better part that would suit you," Ruth Collier told me.

She went to see Jack Conway, who was to direct the film.

The result was they offered to promote me from a cigar salesman with two lines to say, to a laundryman with a whole wash to deliver.

And I took the part.

Big Money

THE film was a great success. They said I was successful, too. I don't know why.

Anyway, Hunt Stromberg marched me into Irving Thalberg's office, and when I came out I'd as good as signed a five-year contract to play in M.-G.-M. films at £150 a week.

I'd taken "the easiest way" all right, but whether for the best or not I may never know.

In two shakes of a lamb's tail M.-G.-M. had me cast opposite Joan Crawford in "Dance, Fools, Dance." Well, I supposed I had something to dance for. One hundred and fifty pounds a week was good. A chance to play with a star like Joan Crawford was better than good.

I believe when that film got as far as London they put up a big sign outside the Empire Theatre announcing the arrival of a new Hollywood star named Gable Clark!

Who in England knew or cared anything about me?

I'll say this. During that first year in Hollywood as an M.-G.-M. player I hardly knew myself.

I was as amazed as any amateur. And work? I don't recall just how many parts I played, but I must have done a dozen.

Seems to me I've been at it most every day since.

I guess I've played in about six with Joan Crawford, five with Jean Harlow, three or four with Myrna Loy, two with Norma Shearer, two with Constance Bennett, one with Greta Garbo, one with Claudette Colbert, one with Carol Lombard, one with Loretta Young and then some others.

If any of you would like to ask me which of these fair ladies I would call "my favorite screen partner," you're no friend of mine. You're just a mean "putter on the spotter."

Preferences

IF I really had to answer I couldn't make an intelligent selection based on any kind of personal preference, because I've been lucky enough to play with the pick of Hollywood's great feminine stars, and I never had any kind of personal clash with one of them.

My preferences then would be based on purely professional considerations.

I have appeared more often with Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow because they happen to play similar types.

Hollywood says Clark Gable is at his best either as a tough guy of the great open spaces, or as a strong-minded business man who goes around with smart little sophisticates.

Garbo prefers historical and costume characters, and I'm no kind of knight in armor, which means I don't often fit into a typical Garbo picture.

Garbo Good Scout

BECAUSE I happen to have made only one film with her, you mustn't rashly assume I've preferred other screen partners for personal reasons.

Garbo is a good scout, and by no means the enigmatic phenomenon we so often read about.

Claudette Colbert and I might have played together more often, but it happens that we are under contract to different studios, and "It Happened One Night," which won us both the Academy honor we prize, was the result of a loaning arrangement.

The same applied to the one film I made with Loretta Young. It was Jack London's story, "Call of the Wild," and Hollywood said, "Clark Gable, the open-air tough guy, is indicated," so into it I went.

Loretta confessed that she never was at home in that film. She in some way shares Garbo's preference for stories in which she can wear period dress.

NEXT WEEK: The break with Rhea.

Gable's Second Divorce

CLARK GABLE'S actual divorce will come up soon. He is said to have settled a quarter of a million dollars on his ex-wife, Rhea.

At the same time, the news is made public that his new contract with M.-G.-M. provides him with 7000 dollars a week—£250 a day, Sundays included—for the next seven years.

At this rate, a bare quarter of a million dollars is not such a slug as it sounds. Still, first wife Josephine Dillon has to be cared for, too.

"HARD LUCK" they said — but it was really my own fault

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HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

CAROLE LOMBARD has been named "One-Take Lombard" because she registers so accurately that she frequently does the scene perfectly the first time. That's due, she explains, to her training under Mack Sennett. "We had to do it right the first time, or we gave out of film!" she wisecracks.

Carole's sense of humor is aimed most often at herself. For years she has been collecting all the portraits of herself that went wrong, and were never released. Now she has 500 awkward or silly pictures bound into a book, and she'll display them to anyone interested.

Carole, who is nothing if not sophisticated, plays a naive young debutante in "My Man Godfrey," and looks so young and innocent that you're actually sorry for her. Her hair is parted in the middle and falls away from the face in soft waves.

Quite a change has come over William Powell, who co-stars with Lombard in "My Man Godfrey." Instead of the dashing, suave fashion-plate you remember, Bill plays the part of a New York hobo. A shaggy beard of a week's growth accompanies him practically throughout the entire picture.

✦ ✦ ✦

A FEW months ago, somewhat disgusted with Hollywood, and the not-so-good breaks she had received there, Ida Lupino decided to forsake the movie centre of the U.S.A. and return to England to continue her career. Then she met Louis Hayward. Shortly after Paramount announced they had signed Ida to a new seven-year contract. The gossips may or may not be correct in surmising that the cause for Miss Lupino's decision to stay in Hollywood was her sudden and overwhelming affection for Mr. Hayward. Anyway, they're doing lots of night-clubbing now, and they make a decidedly handsome pair.

DOTS and DASHES

BARBARA STANWYCK and Bob Taylor still dining together regularly. ● Ginger Rogers all "het up" about her dramatic role in "Mother Carey's Chickens." ● Shirley Temple learning to drive her new, miniature auto, one cylinder, maximum speed 8 m.p.h., presented by Bill Robinson. ● Carole Lombard's glee at getting the big role in "Spawn of the North," new technicolor epic.

John Loder has stepped into Robert Donat's shoes for the role in "Sabotage," and work on the picture is already under way.

After the hold-up due to Donat's ill-health, the picture seemed in danger of still further delay when Sylvia Sidney "trod on a stair that wasn't there" during her first day at the studio and sprained her ankle.

Sylvia, however, is a trouper of the old school and a firm believer in the back-stage dictum that "the play must go on." She bandaged up the ankle and carried on.

✦ ✦ ✦

JOAN CRAWFORD says she's scared to death that she won't make good in her new picture, "The Gorgeous Hussy." With such fine actors as Lionel Barrymore, Melvyn Douglas, and Robert Taylor in the cast, she's afraid she won't be able to hold up her end. "This morning," says Joan, "I was supposed to be sitting at a desk writing, and I was so nervous that I dropped the pen three times. My hands were ice cold."

Joan, we recall, has had frequent attacks of inferiority complex in the past, but always manages to rise above them.

The phonograph in her portable dressing-room plays classic music exclusively. Time was when Bing Crosby was her favorite.

✦ ✦ ✦

ANNA STEN, blonde beauty of Russia is back in Hollywood enthused with big plans involving herself and Leslie Howard, who is turning producer as well as actor. She is going to play opposite him in Howard's own production of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." But first she will do "The Witch," a picture to be made by United Players Productions, Ltd., a company consisting of Dr. Eugene Frenke (Anna Sten's husband) and Leslie Howard.

When Anna Sten first set foot on American soil, three years ago, she spoke not a word of English. To-day she talks fluently, and her speech is meticulous.

Vibrant, vivid, and gay, Anna Sten is too much alive ever to sit still for five minutes at a time. When she entertains she passes round the cakes herself, looks out for her guests' comfort, jumps up to answer the telephone when it rings. She is happy and optimistic, and expects to have a good time working in Hollywood.

✦ ✦ ✦

TWO years ago golden-haired, blue-eyed Lilli Palmer—Prador is the name, and she hailed originally from Vienna—was starving with her little sister in Paris. To-day she is being nursed as a future star by Gaumont British.

She has already done some good work for them in the last Hitchcock picture, "Secret Agent," and is now playing her second leading role.

In Paris she got a break, with her sister, singing "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" in a cabaret. After the first night their fears of the wolf, which had been very real, departed. They were a hit.

Joan Crawford Scared

They're talking of the fellow whose car was in a collision with that of one of our important stars. The chap received two thousand pounds damages. As one wag remarked, "Fortune comes to him who hits his waggon to a star's!"

✦ ✦ ✦

TOM WALLS has started directing himself in "Dishonor Bright," out Denham way, for Capitol. This is a Ben Travers scenario, and supporting Tom are Eugene Pallette, Betty Stockfeld, Diana Churchill, Cecil Parker, and Arthur Wontner.

The story concerns a philanderer—and Tom Walls, as all his fans know, is some philanderer—whose reputation is always in danger of being spoilt through a naturally quixotic and generous nature. He has a weakness for his wife, which is quite the wrong sort of weakness for anyone with pretensions to philandering. In the end, of course, this ruins him entirely, and he is seen—just as another good husband.

✦ ✦ ✦

Remember little brunette Sydney Fox, who not long ago was one of Hollywood's biggest stars? Sydney is coming back to the screen soon in the role of Lotus in "The Good Earth," with Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. The part was originally intended for a little Chinese actress, Lotus Liu. At the last minute studio officials, feeling Miss Liu had insufficient experience, took her out of the cast and signed up little Sydney.

✦ ✦ ✦

MIRIAM HOPKINS, who arrived in Britain for a holiday with no intentions of bursting into British celluloid, has been inveigled into making a rush picture, provided it does not interfere with her Hollywood engagements, which call for her being back there by a stated time.

The amount of the inveigleement is nobody's business.

But Miriam is a star worth catching, and so a picture already scheduled for production at Denham has been postponed and Miss Hopkins' film will take its place. Her picture will be rushed through, and then the normal plans of Denham will resume the uneven tenor of their ways.

SCREEN ODDITIES
★ By Captain Fawcett ★

MANY a girl would enjoy a peek into Gary Cooper's dressing-room. Just back from a fishing trip, Gary is bronzed with the sun and looks unusually fit. His handsome brother, Arthur, sits and chats with him. Gary's dressing-room is ultra-masculine in decoration. The walls are of knotty pine. Souvenirs of African hunting trips look down on you, and the lighting fixtures are artfully concealed in the middle of the ceiling. Chairs and sofas are of the club variety, of comfortable leather, excellent for lounging. There are no pictures of himself on display. He has occupied this same dressing-room for ten years.

Gary is very much in love. The lady is his wife, Sandra Shaw, a New York society girl who played in films for a while before she married the famous star.

MARLENE DIETRICH suffered intensely from the heat while on location for "The Garden of Allah." Now that they are back in Hollywood she is devoting every spare moment to cooking for members of her company in the heat of her new studio bungalow kitchen.

✦ ✦ ✦

WILL FYFFE, whom Americans consider to be one of Britain's best variety artists and who is not unknown to Australian music-hall audiences—he was out in Sydney and Melbourne about ten years ago—is to be starred in three fun films by Gainsborough.

Will has a great stage personality, specialising in the human touch, and Gainsborough sees possibilities of his becoming the British Will Rogers. If he is properly produced it is more than a possibility, for he has the human kind of humor that will get across to any audience.

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PRIVATE · VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★★ THE INFORMER

Victor McLaglen and others. (R.K.O.)

IT is not the policy of this paper to review pictures twice. This picture is an exception. An Academy Award winner, one of the finest screen dramas that Hollywood has made, it came to Sydney—and was given to the public not as a long-run attraction, but as one of the features at a weekly change theatre. Those who missed the first release (and I was one of the thousands) are being afforded a second opportunity of seeing it.

John Ford, the director of this film, has made of it a drama that will never be forgotten by those who see it. It is magnificent, as a whole, and in detail, with McLaglen's acting standing out as a piece of work of which any actor at present in films, or on the legitimate stage, could be proud. Indeed, after seeing McLaglen as The Informer, one is half-inclined to wish that he should do no more; just leave this final splendid characterisation for us to remember him by.

The theatre at which this memorable film is now showing is small. If proper tribute is paid to "The Informer," it should be playing to capacity for weeks to come. It is rarely that such a combination of story, direction, and fine acting from all concerned is given to movie audiences.—Variety; showing.

★★★ THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., Elissa Landi. (United Artists.)

THIS is the first picture to be made by Criterion Productions Ltd., an English company of which young Fairbanks is the chief figure. To say that it is a success is to do it less than justice; it is a very fine Period film, done with scrupulous attention to detail, strong in story interest, well directed, and beautifully photographed.

Jeffrey Farnol's novel of the same name, on which the film is based, was, and still is, a very popular book. The screen version, "freely adapted" by Clemence Dane and Sergei Nolbandov, should be greeted equally as warmly by the public. There is not a dull moment in it; the action moves all the time; romance, excitement, and suspense have been admirably intermingled.

The atmosphere of the Regency days has been beautifully re-created. Even the most "modern" young person who sees this offering must confess to the loveliness and grace of a period in which the cotillion and minuet were the dances, and the waltz something quite new.

Apart from the extremely competent handling of interiors, the picture contains some lovely shots of the English countryside. These are worked in as part of the background, but they are worth a visit for themselves alone.

Of the cast, Doug. Fairbanks is the biggest surprise. He has a most pleasing screen personality, and makes a real identity out of Barnabas Barty, the amateur gentleman. The supporting players are very satisfactory.—Embassy; showing.

★★★ LABURNAM GROVE

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Edmund Gwenn. (A.T.P.)

HERE is a picture that combines splendid entertainment with character acting that is a sheer joy to watch. The story is unusual, dealing, as it does, with an ordinary, on-the-surface-respectable suburban household, the head of which suddenly announces himself to his relatives to be a member of a gang of forgers and counterfeiters. The results of this disclosure are both comic and dramatic.

Two figures stand out in the film: Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Gwenn. Both give magnificent performances, but, of the two, Hardwicke's, to me, is the one more deserving of the laurel. Edmund Gwenn's characterisation could not be faulted, but that, to a degree, was because the part was written for him—he is very much the same fellow he was in "The Bishop Misbehaves." To see Hardwicke in "Laburnum Grove," as the comedy brother-in-law of scrounging habits, is to see something as far removed from the Hardwicke who played Garrick and Shakespearean roles in "Peg of Old Drury" as the north pole is from the south. His Mr. Baxley, in this film, is, in its way, as fine a piece of work as the others were.

There are no reservations in my recommendation to you to see this picture. It is an excellent comedy, excellently handled.—Mayfair; showing.

★ MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN

Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur. (Columbia.)

WARNING: This review does not coincide in any way with opinions I have heard expressed by others who saw a preview of "Mr. Deeds." So far as I can gather, I seem to be in a minority of one. However. . . .

Getting off to a brilliant start, Capra makes the first section of the picture a perfect piece of comedy. Gary Cooper is a small town idealist whose main pleasure is playing the tuba in the local band, and who unexpectedly inherits 20 million dollars. Coming to New York, the newly-made millionaire finds himself the target for crooks and extortioners of all kinds, and, above all, for the newspapers. Only one of the papers succeeds in contacting him, and this through the medium of a smart woman reporter—Jean Arthur.

So far, all is very well, most enjoyable. But—after Mr. Deeds (Longfellow Deeds) has been thoroughly misrepresented and disillusioned about Miss Arthur, the picture goes suddenly to pieces. We are given the spectacle of a down-and-out farmer accusing the idealistic hero in a thoroughly melodramatic fashion; we see Mr. Deeds sitting dumbly while his scheming lawyer tries to have him declared insane; we see, in fact, all sorts of irritating bathos, which did nothing to me but make me writhe with impotent rage.

Cooper has done an excellent piece of acting; Jean Arthur a passable one.—Regent; showing.

★ LITTLE MISS NOBODY

Jane Withers, and others. (Fox.)

ONE of these fine days a Hollywood scenarist will arise and combine with a director to make a credible child-star picture—perhaps. Until that unbelievable moment arrives, we shall continue to be afflicted with juveniles trained to the minute in pretty or amusing tricks and graces, but, in essence, little more than pocket editions of adult screen idols.

Little Miss Withers is an example of the juveniles in question; this picture is a sample of the kind of hoop she and her like are forced to jump through. Not content with plunging adult actors and actresses into an orgy of noble-hearted renunciation—and how many pictures I've seen lately in which somebody or other goes all woozy and drops out with a Sidney Carton gesture—Hollywood has now saddled Janey with the same affliction. She appears as a little girl of nine or ten, certainly no older, who, as a member of a foundling institution, whose rich father comes to claim her, generously fobs off on him her best friend, because, forsooth, the latter has always longed for luxury. While the good man departs with the duckling he has mistaken for his swan, Jane sets off for a reformatory and further altruistic deeds.

Childless people, or those whose offspring have reached the age of discretion, may be able to enjoy this offering; the rest of us, those whose troubles are still with us, can only sigh gustily and look on little Janey as a miracle.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ CHEER UP

Stanley Lupino, Sally Gray. (A.T.P.)

IT is stretching a point to give this picture its one star decoration, but why not let's be charitable for once? No doubt the rather moth-eaten gags and the type of English pantomime humor employed in it will awaken a response among a certain number of those who go to see the film—it is astonishing what audiences will be satisfied with in the way of supports.

The story concerns the efforts of an author and a composer to raise the capital necessary to put their play into production. These two "broke" and Bohemian gentlemen are Stanley Lupino and Roddy Hughes respectively. Romance is injected in the shape of Sally Gray, a young lady who, strangely enough, is an actress, also awaiting the "big break."

Well, you can imagine the rest. It is all put over to the accompaniment of numbers that could do with a lot more sparkle.—Lyceum; showing.

★ SONG OF THE SADDLE

Dick Foran, Alma Lloyd. (Warners.)

WHETHER you'll like this or not depends entirely on whether you like Westerns or loathe them; in the first case, this story will please you just because it's as like any of its predecessors as one pea is like another; in the second, you'll detest it for the same reason.

Mr. Foran (the singing cowboy) appears in this opus as the young man who returns to one of the scenes of his boyhood to wreak vengeance on the murderer of his father. As the said murderer is an unpleasant piece of work all told, our sympathies would be with Dickie even if he didn't have such a pleasant voice.

There's the usual amount of dirty work, the inevitable girl, and the more than inevitable triumph of right over wrong. One bright spot is the way in which the villain meets his doom at the end. The producer had to wreck a complete stage coach to achieve that.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

MIDSHIPMAN EASY

Hughie Green, Margaret Lockwood. (A.T.P.)

IN places, this picture aroused me to uproarious laughter; unhappily, they were the wrong places.—Lyceum; showing.

KONIGSMARK

Elissa Landi, Pierre Fresnay. (Associated Distributors.)

NO, no, and again no! A picture can be forgiven anything but dullness, and this item is very dull. It winds its tortuous way for thousands of celluloid feet to tell a love story that could have been got over in half the time, if it had to be told at all. With a romance that cried aloud for careful production—after all, it concerns Court intrigue, the love of a queen for a librarian, and all the trappings of royalty—the production is very much below par. There are castles that are obviously papier mache models, explosions that wouldn't deceive a child, and a hero who is made to look silly by being persistently stood next to villains who make him physically insignificant.—Mayfair; showing.

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Mandrake the Magician

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LORA GATES: Who believes her home to be haunted by a werewolf. With her live
VASIL: Her cousin, and
BORIS: Her uncle, who, having designs on Lora's property, do everything they can to hinder Mandrake's investigations, and make several attempts on his life. While investigating a suspicious-looking shack in the grounds, Lora is hypnotised away by a horrible, ape-like monster. Mandrake quickly gives chase. The beast runs away, and just when Lora is about to tell Mandrake what happened, she faints. Mandrake carries her back to the house. Lothar, clubbed by Vasil and Boris, is lying helpless in the cellar. NOW READ ON.

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"Mike" Finds a Master and a Job in Talkies

Brian Abbot, who will play the lead in "Orphan of the Wilderness," Cinesound's next film, will be interviewed at the microphone by Dorothea Vautier during The Australian Women's Weekly session from 2GB on Monday, July 27, at 11.45 a.m.

BRIAN was born with a thirst for adventure. At an early age he ran away from school and hid in a cave at Ben Buckler, Bondi. A diet of sardines and condensed milk soon forced him home again, and once more he was sent to school.

Several years elapse. Brian is now fifteen, and again he runs away from school to take a job on the land as "station useful."

BRIAN ABBOT, star of the Cinesound film, "Orphan of the Wilderness," who will be interviewed at the radio by Dorothea Vautier at Station 2GB.

Next he went jackarooing in Queensland, and later realised a lifelong ambition to go to sea.

This outdoor life has provided the background for his personality which is so suitable to the lead in "Orphan of the Wilderness."

Another member of the Abbot household stars in the film. This is none other than Mike, Brian's own cattle dog, and another Rin Tin Tin of the screen.

Brian first saw Mike in Hyde Park. The dog followed him through many busy city shops on a Friday night, and although Brian spent two hours at an advertising lecture the dog waited for him.

This display of fidelity appealed to Brian, who thereupon made a bargain with the dog. **He told him that if he could get across in the Manly boat with him and then home in the Dee Why bus, he would keep him, and Mike made it.**

Brian is cast in the role of Tom Henton in "Orphan of the Wilderness." He lives on a station with his mother. They find a motherless kangaroo and bring it up with their cattle pup.

Mike first met Chut, the kangaroo, on the set. Chut wouldn't stay in front of the camera, so Brian brought Mike up to him. Mike and Chut kissed each other's noses and immediately became friends.

For more news of Brian and Mike tune in to 2GB on Monday, July 27, at 11.45 a.m.

Our Radio Sessions from 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

Wednesday, July 22.—11.45 a.m., "London Calling." 3.30 p.m., "The Fashion Parade."

Thursday, July 23. — 11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight." 3.30 p.m., Featuring Richard Crooks.

Friday, July 24. — 11.45 a.m., "So They Say." 3.30 p.m., "Musical Moods."

Saturday, July 25. — 6 p.m., "The Music Box." 9.30 p.m., "In My Garden" (a musical feature).

Sunday, July 26. — 6.30 p.m., Ellis Price and His Radio Players, in scenes from the forthcoming Australian Women's Weekly Novel.

Monday, July 27. — 11.45 a.m., Interview with Brian Abbot, star of "Orphan of the Wilderness." 3.30 p.m., "Rhythm," a musical presentation.

Tuesday, July 28. — 11.45 a.m., News and Reviews. 3.30 p.m., "Artists of 1936."

Help for Musicians

AUNTY DOT, who has taken Aunty Val's place during her absence in America, and is conducting the Bluebird session with Bimbo, is a believer in every child being his or her own musician. "It is so easy these days for us to let other people make our music," she says, "and I think some encouragement should be given to children to learn."

So when the Bluebirds gather at the 2GB studio each Saturday morning for community singing, she presents a piece of music to each child who learns music, and if any have difficulty with their pieces she plays them over for them. It is a little service that many parents appreciate.

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TWIN NATURES . . . *Attractive and* MAGNETIC

Cancer People Should Combine Knowledge With Imagination

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

"Leo the Lion" is ready and anxious to come roaring into the Zodiacal arena to dominate all those born between July 23 and August 24.

Meanwhile, "Cancer the Crab" continues to enjoy the astrological spotlight with all the tenacity of purpose and love of publicity so characteristic of those born under his sway—between June 22 and July 23.

DESPITE the predominating characteristics which are the true keynotes of their individuality, Cancer people are not all alike. In fact, they are divided into three sub-types, and again into the strictly individual types which can only be judged by star-maps mathematically plotted for the day, year, place, and hour of birth.

"Astrology is Astronomy brought to earth — and applied to the affairs of men."—Emmerson.

If your birthday falls between June 22 and July 1, the Moon and Venus dominate your life. Now, the Moon governs matters connected with the home, mother, publicity, voyages, and (in a man's life) has much to say about marriage. And seeing that Venus has rule over love, beauty, and pleasure, the combination of these influences usually endows a protective, shy, and constant love nature and brings happiness when in surroundings which are beautiful, refined, and comfortable. Apart from this, you like good things to eat and drink, and enjoy providing them for others.

If your birthday falls between July 2 and July 11, your planetary rulers are the Moon and Mercury. Astrologers often contend that this is the best part of the Cancer birth-month, for as Mercury has rule over intellectuality, it increases your natural wisdom and helps you to make the most of your fine Cancerian characteristics and potentialities.

Emotional, Restless

IT creates a desire to travel for the purpose of gaining knowledge, and usually produces opportunities to enter fields of endeavor where such knowledge can be turned to good account.

Try to express yourself through writing, designing, advertising, or other creative work, thus combining your knowledge with your keen imaginative faculties.

Avoid over-sensitiveness and tale-telling (especially Cancer women), for these traits can cause discord and embarrassments. Seek harmony and approbation, for you thrive on these things.

Those born between July 12 and July 23 belong to the third sub-type of Cancer, and are doubly governed by the Moon.

If you belong to this type you are extremely emotional, restless, sensitive, and romantic; you are strongly attracted to adventures and the mysteries of occult sciences. The mother or other women will influence your life to a great degree, and through them may come public recognition and material assets.

Your conservatism, patriotism, and faith towards traditions will give a desire for family life and children, yet there will always be twin desires to stand by the family and to travel from home. Much of your happiness in life will depend upon the course you adopt in regard to these contradictory elements in your make-up.

In short, you are rather unpredictable and changeable . . . but very attractive and magnetic.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): Forget recent troubles, for better times are coming. Plan ahead.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Begin important affairs without delay. The 21st (night) and 22nd should be best. Early 23rd fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Quite fair on the 24th, 25th, and a.m. of 26th.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Speed up important affairs on the 22nd and 23rd. The 26th (night), 27th, and 28th quite fair also.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): The 21st fair, but 26th, 27th, and 28th poor. Plan ahead. The stars favor you soon.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): The 21st p.m., 22nd, and 23rd should be fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Matters improve for you now. The 24th, 25th, and a.m. of 26th can be utilised.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Poor on the 21st; fair on the 22nd.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Fair during daylight on the 21st, but poor on the 22nd and 23rd. Thereafter plan ahead with confidence and optimism.

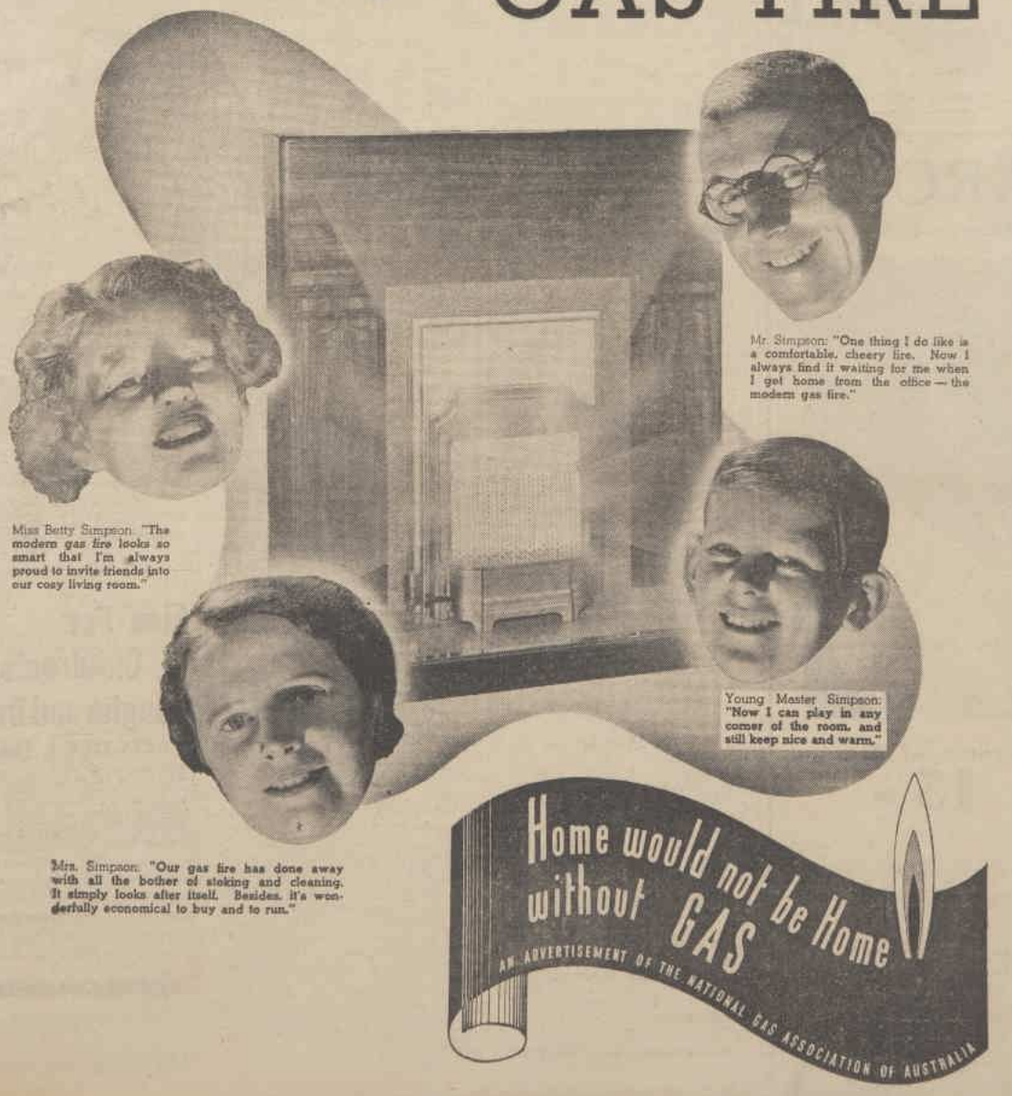
CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Fair on the 23rd, but poor on the 24th, 25th, and early 26th.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Try to avoid partings, losses, and upsets on the 26th (after noon), 27th, and 28th.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): The 26th, 27th and 28th should prove fair, especially for routine work.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

The *four* Simpsons give *five* reasons for having a GAS FIRE



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SIDEWALK CONCERT

Continued from Page 7

"I'M one of the best publicity men on the staff," Cassidy went on. "Old Zach himself—Mr. Zachary, the president—said so when he was in New York the other week. One of the girls in the office told me. I'm——"

The story ran along. Marcia typed folders, stuck in programmes, while the chain of words, looping from I to I like a telegraph wire along its poles, ran on and on.

Finally Mr. Cassidy got up. "Gotta go see the newspaper offices now," he said grandly. "Be back later." He was gone.

Marcia typed wrappers and put programmes in them.

When she went out to lunch at one, Bill Hallan was on duty. He saluted her. "Hear you've joined the outfit," he said.

Marcia grinned back at him. "I'm assistant publicity manager."

"How do you like it?"

"Fine. Why don't you ask Mr. Michaelis to get you a job in the office? You'll never get any place this way."

Bill Hallan stared down at her from his six feet two. "Huh? Taking a sisterly interest in me, are you?"

"I'm not a kid. I'm nineteen." All she could think of was that he was getting back at her for what she did four years ago. "It's just that I hate to see a y-young man stuck in a rut."

HIS raucous hoots pursued her down the street to Ma's. When she came back from lunch she sailed past him with her nose in the air. But she was humming "Lazybones," and humming it loud, too. Inside the plate-glass doors, she looked back. He was acting as though he hadn't heard.

At four-fifteen Mr. Cassidy returned. He draped himself across the chair again. "Tired, Marcia? Boy, I've been working." There was the faint, fruit odor of liquor in the room. "I say, it's knocking off time. How about letting me run you home in a cab?"

Marcia said: "Really, I don't need a cab to get——"

"Go on, you're tired," Mr. Cassidy said. "First day at work, and all."

"But——"

"In New York," the indefatigable Press agent went on, "everybody uses a cab to get around in. Nobody even has a car there. Too hard to park. That's why I haven't got my own bus. Once you get into the taxi habit, you ——"

Mr. Michaelis drifted by, stuck his head in. "Go home, Marcia," he said. "Call it a day." He drifted on.

"Guess he didn't see me," Mr. Cassidy said. "Come on, little girl. Hat, gloves, and ho for the bounding traffic."

Marcia got in three "buts," but that was all. There was no turning off the stream of Mr. Cassidy's consciousness, once it was started. He was a professional talker, and he had to stay in trim.

But he had the grand manner; what the girls in business school used to call the New York manner. He held the first plate-glass door open for her, skipped ahead to open the second one, to usher her out. This'd show Bill Hallan she was old enough for a man—a real man—to notice.

Bill saluted them. Perhaps there was just a shade too much fervor in his salute; just a little too much of the old Roxy.

"Cab!" Mr. Cassidy said in the New York manner.

"Cab, sir!" Bill came back at him. His manner was super New York. It was London.

He did a smart right-about-face, raised two fingers to old Jake Schaefer, who had held the cab-stand in front of the theatre for ever since Marcia could remember.

Jake rolled his cab up.

"THINGS look pretty different around here since I took hold," Mr. Cassidy said. "That doorman, now. His manner was positively chummy before I smartened him up." He ushered her into the cab, bent in himself. "What's the address, Marcia?"

"Step right in, sir!" Bill Hallan said briskly. "I know the young lady's address, sir."

"Good work, doorman!" Mr. Cassidy said. He sat down, next to Marcia while Bill closed the door and bent to say something to Jake Schaefer. The cab started.

Mr. Cassidy's arm was along the back of the seat. It dropped slowly. Slowly. Too slowly. It had just touched Marcia's shoulder when Jake stopped the cab. He had never been out of second gear.

"Here, driver!" Mr. Cassidy said. "What are you stopping for?" He was evidently a man who brooked no nonsense from cab drivers.

Old Jake hopped out of the cab, and jerked the door open. He'd been in the army once. He gave Mr. Cassidy what used to be known as a bat-wing salute. "The young lady's residence, sir!" He stood back.

Marcia said, miserably: "I—I tried to tell you."

Mr. Cassidy got out. If his face was red, his back was none the less stiff. He helped Marcia out.

She ran up the stoop, forgetting her manners, forgetting everything. A hundred feet away, Bill Hallan's voice boomed: "Show just starting. Plenty of seats inside!" Marcia slammed the door of her home.

THE next morning Marcia was glad that Mr. Cassidy didn't show up. Marcia started out kind of afraid to see him; after all, he'd probably blame her for making him seem foolish. Gradually she began to breathe easier.

He didn't show up all the morning. Goodness, maybe he was so mad that ——

The possibilities of what an aroused Cassidy could say or do began to wear her down. Her panic was climaxed when she went out to lunch. There was a new boy wearing Bill Hallan's uniform.

He was still there at quitting time, and he was there at lunch the next day. Marcia began to wish Mr. Cassidy would come in. She hoped he hadn't complained about Bill. He didn't know that she'd teased Bill so long he had a right to get back at her when he had a chance. She didn't like Bill, but she didn't want him to lose his job.

On the second day, Mr. Cassidy arrived at three o'clock. He had been drinking. He swung a leg, beautifully tailored, over her table, and looked at her. "So I'm fired, huh?" he asked her. "So they can fire Delancey Cassidy? All I got to do is wire Super Films and we'll see who's a Press agent. But you mighta told me. That's all I say."

"Told you what?" Marcia was puzzled. She'd never seen this scene before.

"That old Michaelis was a stockholder in Z.B.C. Fired me, Delancey Cassidy, for not coming to work on time. Me——"

Marcia said: "I didn't know."

"'s 'all ri', baby. Can't keep me down. You're lucky, though, Marcia, you live next to the theatre. That's all I got to offer."

"What d'you mean?"

Mr. Cassidy said: "Ha! This is just a job he made up for you, old Mikey. He was having this stuff——" The Cassidy hand riffled the programmes—"done outside. He's been trying to help your mother out on account of the movie noise ruined her business."

"IT'S not true!" Marcia was on her feet now.

"Ask him!" Mr. Cassidy waved a hand. "What do you care? You got it coming to you. The way I look at it, whatever you get in this world is yours. Like I was telling——"

Suddenly Marcia knew it was true. Twenty-five dollars a week was more than the job was worth. She thought she'd gotten the job because Mr. Michaelis was training her for something better, but he didn't know her, except as a baby.

She grabbed up her hat and ran out of the office. Behind her the Cassidy voice still went on, and on, and on. Hot tears flooded her face as she stumbled past Mr. Michaelis' office. Someone called her name, but she didn't answer; she just ran down the stairs, plunged blindly through the plate glass doors. As she stumbled out under the marquee she ran into Bill Hallan's uniform.

She had flung her arms around it before she realised that Bill was no longer in it. She looked up. His successor had a dumb blank face. "Here, lady," he said, "the office just phoned. They want to see you."

Marcia tried to twist free. But this doorman was zealous. He was going to carry out orders. He led her firmly into the lobby, guided her up the stairs, shoved her into Mr. Michaelis' room. Fresh tears blinded her, and she dropped into a chair. Then she mopped her eyes and put on make-up. Mr. Michaelis wasn't alone. Another man sat on a desk against the wall, his face away from her. Mr. Michaelis came over, and patted her arm, and said: "Marcia! What will Ma say if we make you cry? Tell Uncle Mikey now, what was it that happened? Was it something that Cassidy said? I have fired him, so now everything is all right."

Please turn to Page 39

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SIDEWALK CONCERT

Continued from Page 38

"I'M sorry, Mr. Michaelis. You don't have to fire me. I'm quitting."

"Quitting? Why should you quit?"

"You're—you're awful nice, Mr. Michaelis, but really Ma and I don't need any help. We can make out all right. We don't need any charity."

"An exhibitor I should be, and charity I should give out," Mr. Michaelis complained to the ceiling. In moments of stress he was liable to revert to his childhood argot.

The other man, the one at the desk, began to laugh. She had never felt so small in her life.

"Sure," Mr. Michaelis said, "I told Cassidy we was hiring you for charity. Sure, because he mustn't get his feelings hurt until he tells me what the directors in New York are doing. I got a stake in that company. I must know about it. But trust Cassidy. Do you think I am crazy? I put you in his office so somebody would be there to answer the phone when the printers call, or the newspapers want photographs, and so on. For one day these New Yorkers come to work, sometimes for two days. But no more. In this business you have a lot of trouble getting people you can trust. I can tell you, me, Uncle Mikey."

The other man said: "That's the straight dope, Marcia." It was Bill Hallan! "We're not fooling you," he said.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

He didn't answer, but Mr. Michaelis did, glowing with pride. "You see what my employees do? Don't you read the papers? Yesterday it was they published the list of bar examinations, and Bill, he was admitted way up. General Counsel for the Coliseum, Press agent for the Michaelis interests, and local counsel for Z.B.C., he is now, and only four years ago he comes to me, Uncle Mikey, and he says he wants a job that'll keep him out in the open air."

She dropped her eyes and said: "Con-congratulations."

"So now," Mr. Michaelis said, "we will have no more New Yorkers, and you; we need a new cashier."

"You mean you're going to promote me?"

"Sure. Bill, he will tell you. Always these girls peroxide they put on their hair and flirt with the customers as they give the wrong change. You, you are Ma Carlson's little Marcia. You will not flirt. Cashier from eleven to six. You take it?"

"Of course, Mr. Michaelis. A girl doesn't know what it is to be happy till she gets her first promotion. This—this isn't Mr. Hallan's idea?"

They laughed her out of the office.

MARCIA sat in her little glass house giving change. At twelve-thirty, Mr. Hallan, the legal counsel for the theatre, walked by. He cut very close to the change booth and sang: "Isn't she cute; isn't she sweet?" very loud.

Marcia had an answer all ready, but she couldn't follow him because she was on duty. At one-thirty he came back humming: "Lovely to look at, delightful to hold."

At quarter to five there was always a long line to buy tickets, because the price went up at five o'clock. Marcia sold one and change for a quarter, two with change from a dollar, one, no change, two, change from fifty. Then there was a face at the window, but no money. "How many, please?" she asked.

Before she could look up, Bill Hallan said: "What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose." He was gone, and the next customer was before the window before she could answer.

There were seven more customers before Bill was back on line. "How about it, baby?" he sang.

The third time he came around with, "I love you, I love you," she began to feel apologetic for all the times she'd done this to him when he was a doorman.

Then it was five o'clock by her alarm clock. She changed the little card in the window that said the prices, and sat back. Bill Hallan's face came in front of the grille.

"Say," she said, "has the legal counsel of this theatre got nothing better to do than annoy the cashier?"

He said: "You can't get away, and ever since you were a kid I've wanted to get you some place where you couldn't get away. I thought you were the prettiest thing I ever saw before you were old enough to have a brain, and I still do."

She didn't answer.

"Ever since you came back, the beginning of this week, I've been so happy I hardly remembered that I was a lawyer at last, after all these years," Bill Hallan said.

SHE began to get red in the face. There was no place in the booth she could hide, and she couldn't leave her post because she was on duty, and had to be there to sell tickets.

"You're pretty," Bill Hallan said. "You're pretty from the top of your head, which is covered with hair like gold, down over your nose, which turns up just enough, and to your mouth, which is just the shape I've always wanted to kiss, and then on down to your chin, which I almost took a poke at four years ago, and your throat which——"

"If you don't go away," Marcia said feebly, "I'll call a policeman."

"Be fair," Bill told her. "Did I ever call a policeman? Your throat, which is as white as——"

"Please stop——Bill."

"Will you go out with me to-night if I do?"

"No."

"Your throat, which is just as white as the finest grade of flour—I skipped your eyes. They're as blue as the Italian seas, and your teeth are——"

"Yes."

"As soon as you get off?"

"Y—yes."

"And to-morrow night, too?"

"Y—yes."

Bill smirked. There was no other word for it. He smirked. A little men took his place at the window. "One, please," he said, timidly. "I—I didn't like to interrupt. Was that your gentleman friend?"

Marcia blushed. But she dipped her head shyly.

"Here," said the little man. "You gave me a nickel too much change."

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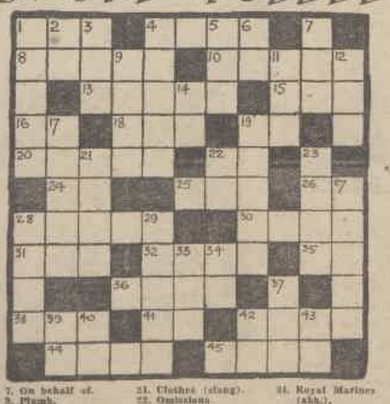
CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Clues Across.

1. Edge.
2. Reference mark (abb.).
3. Speak.
10. Register.
12. Walk.
15. Generation.
16. Church Society.
18. Vessel.
19. "100."
20. Dislikes greatly.
22. Exclamation.
24. Depart.
25. Beverage. (Mind you don't get caught!)
26. Exclamation.
28. Funeral.
30. A sword.
31. Nincompoop.
32. Uncommon.
33. Certainly not.
36. Plant or part of the body.
38. A bird.
41. Chinese name.
42. Carnivorous animal.
44. Plot of land.
45. Inclined.

Clues Down.

1. Fish.
2. Indian Rifles.
3. Foot wiper.
4. Noblemen.
5. Color.
6. One.
7. On behalf of.
8. Plumb.
11. Clergyman.
12. Slack.
14. Same as "6 down."
17. Legends.
19. Skin irritation.
21. Clothes (slang).
22. Ominous excepted.
23. Part of the leg.
27. "Stack up!"
28. Improvised boat.
29. Clothe.
32. Beverage.
34. Royal Marines (abb.).
37. Boy's name.
39. Exists.
40. Kind of tree.
43. Pronoun.
45. Doctor of Law (abb.).

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

ACROSS.—Nook, spring, ac, egg, antis, games, ed, slap, F.A., ar, same, ap, date, foil, dent, to, port, fall, sea, elle, le, r.s., enemy, ins, pave, ch.

DOWN.—Nogs, oral, keep, us, rue, lata, N.L., gal, G.S., matters, Sam, fag, ruin, of, plot, ada, ruler, racer, pill, ilnr, L.T.E., asp, Elms, o.c., ye.

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PARALYSIS OF SPECIAL NERVES.
NEURASTHENIA.
SYNOVITIS.
SPINAL CURVATURE.
FALSY.
DISLOCATIONS.
CELLULITIS OR INFLAMMATION OF TISSUES.
FLAT FEET.
ACUTE GOUT.
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For the Stomach

A concentrated preparation, very economical. *The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark*

BISMAG

Continuing A. B. C. Murders

from Page 5

"EITHER he removes people who stand (however insignificantly) in his path, or else he kills by conviction. He removes clergymen, or policemen, or poets because he firmly believes that they should be removed. That doesn't apply here, either, as far as I can see. Mrs. Ascher and Betty Barnard cannot be linked as members of the same class. Both victims have been women. We can tell better, of course, after the next crime——"

"For Heaven's sake, Thompson, don't speak so glibly of the next crime," said Sir Lionel irritably. "We're going to do all we can to prevent another crime."

Dr. Thompson held his peace and blew his nose with some violence.

"Have it your own way," the noise seemed to say. "If you won't face facts——"

The Assistant Commissioner turned to Poirot.

"I see what you're driving at, but I'm not quite clear yet."

"I ask myself," said Poirot, "what passes exactly in the mind of the murderer. He kills, it would seem from his letters, for sport—to amuse himself. Can that really be true? And even if it is true, on what principle does he select his victims apart from the merely alphabetical one? If he kills merely to amuse himself he would not advertise the fact, since, otherwise, he could kill with impunity. But no, he seeks, as we all agree, to make the splash in the public eye—to assert his personality. In what way has his personality been suppressed that one can connect with the two victims he has so far selected? A final suggestion—Is his motive direct personal hatred of me, of Hercule Poirot? Does he challenge me in public because I have (unknown to myself) vanquished him somewhere in the course of my career? Or is his animosity impersonal—directed against a foreigner. And if so, what again has led to that? What injury has he suffered at a foreigner's hand?"

"All very suggestive questions," said Dr. Thompson.

Inspector Crome cleared his throat.

"Oh, yes? A little unanswerable at present, perhaps."

"Nevertheless, my friend," said Poirot, looking straight at him. "It is there, in those questions, that the solution lies. If we knew the exact reason—fantastic, perhaps, to us—but logical to him—of why our madman commits these crimes, we should know, perhaps, who the next victim is likely to be."

Crome shook his head.

"He selects them haphazard—that's my opinion."

"The magnanimous murderer," said Poirot.

"What's that you say?"

"I said—the magnanimous murderer! Franz Ascher would have been arrested for the murder of his wife—Donald Fraser might have been arrested for the murder of Betty Barnard—if it had not been for the warning letters of A.B.C. Is he, then, so soft-hearted that he cannot bear others to suffer for something they did not do?"

"I'VE known stranger things happen," said Dr. Thompson. "I've known men who've killed half a dozen victims all broken up because one of their victims didn't die instantaneously and suffered pain. All the same, I don't think that that is our fellow's reason. He wants the credit of these crimes for his own honor and glory. That's the explanation that fits best."

"We've come to no decision about the publicity business," said the Assistant Commissioner.

"If I may make a suggestion, sir," said Crome. "Why not wait till the receipt of the next letter? Make it public then—special editions, etc. It will make a bit of a panic in the particular town named, but it will put everyone whose name begins with C on their guard, and it'll put A.B.C. on his mettle. He'll be determined to succeed. And that's when we'll get him."

How little we knew what the future held.

Please turn to Page 41

GROWING OLD

There is a kindliness about old people
That I love;
One sinks into their tolerance, to rest,
As storm-blown birdlings
Drop into a nest.

When I'm grown grey—and gentler
(After a while)
I hope that grandmas
Will be back in style.

—*Mary Holmes.*

'Men Still Prefer NATURALLY LIGHT BLONDES to Brown Blondes!'

says J. H. Mendes, famous film director.

Brownish and Mousy coloured hair becomes 2-4 SHADES LIGHTER. *Naturally in one shampoo, without injurious dyeing or bleaching*

Naturally light blondes are far more attractive and alluring than brown or mousy blondes. Now simply by washing your hair with Sta-blond, the wonderful shampoo treatment, your hair becomes naturally 2-4 *shades lighter*, acquiring that fascinating golden colour—the secret of the true blonde's sex appeal—without dyes, henna, camomile, or injurious bleaches.

The new secret formula of Sta-blond has all the advantages of soap and soapless shampoos without the disadvantages of either. It brings back to brownish, darkened, blond hair, the golden beauty of childhood. It prevents light blond hair from darkening, and makes perms last longer. Simply splendid for children. Over 4 million users throughout the World.

Try it today and if it is not the most wonderful thing you have ever used, ask for your money back.

Known in America as **BLONDEX**. Sole distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 3679, s.s. Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

Coarse Conspicuous Pores

Get rid of them by using

Always use Kathleen Courts *Velvet Skin* FACE POWDER

Kathleen Courts *Night Cream*

Laxatives every day weaken you, make constipation worse!

Laxatives every day don't cure constipation! They increase it! Every harsh, forced stimulation leaves you feeling weak and sick, takes more strength from tired intestinal muscles. Tender, delicate membranes were never meant to be abused in that way. The inevitable result is loss of vitality, impaired looks, the feeling that "life's not worth living." Doctors blame artificial laxatives for 75% of intestinal troubles in later life!

Nature intended you to be healthy, normal, and regular, by providing foods rich in "bulk." But modern foods, over-cooked and refined, lose that vital element. Provide "bulk" in your diet, and natural functioning will return. The gentle stimulus of "bulk" will give you, first, easy relief from constipation . . . and then natural functioning will exercise your bowels and intestines back to normal strength. "Bulk" builds up where laxatives destroy.

Symptoms of atonic constipation—the most common form—are dull headaches, sluggishness, loss of sleep and appetite. If they are not relieved by All-Bran, you should see your doctor; your case is serious.

Kellogg's All-Bran is "bulk" in its finest form . . . delicious, appetising and effective. It is a food, not a medicine. Eat two tablespoonful of All-Bran daily for a week, covered with milk or cream, to relieve constipation. After that, 3 servings weekly will keep you regular. Buy All-Bran today from your grocer. Serve it with fresh or stewed fruit. Your whole family will enjoy this crisp, delicious cereal, and benefit by its rich, health-giving "bulk."

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One Sure Remedy For RHEUMATISM

Rheumatic Aches and Pains, starting as twinges, soon become serious. At the first attack of the uric acid crystals on nerves, joints or muscles, take Harrison's Pills and get IMMEDIATE relief. If, through neglect, agonising pain, swellings, crippling stiffness, as cemented joints make life unbearable for you—you still can throw off your burden—with HARRISON'S PILLS, which quickly dissolve and banish the harmful acid. Harrison's Pills strengthen kidneys and bladder to healthy functioning, thus safeguarding the future besides giving best immediate ease from rheumatism, backache, neuritis, sciatica, scalding pains, disturbed sleep and other ageing troubles. Harrison's Pills are sold by all good Chemists. 2/, 3/, 5/. Money back if the very first bottle doesn't do you more good than anything else you've ever tried.

HARRISON'S PILLS ARE SURE

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet marvellous in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only. 1/3 and 3/-. Resent a substitute.

A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 40

I WELL remember the arrival of A.B.C.'s third letter.

I may say that all precautions had been taken so that when A.B.C. resumed his campaign there should be no unnecessary delays. A young sergeant from Scotland Yard was attached to the house and if Poirot and I were out it was his duty to open anything that came so as to be able to communicate with headquarters without loss of time.

As the days succeeded each other we had all grown more and more on edge. Inspector Crome's aloof and superior manner grew more and more aloof and superior as one by one his more hopeful clues petered out. The vague descriptions of men said to have been seen with Betty Barnard proved useless. Various cars noticed in the vicinity of Bexhill and Cooden were either accounted for or could not be traced. The investigation of purchases of A.B.C. railway guides caused inconvenience and trouble to heaps of innocent people.

As for ourselves, each time the postman's familiar rat-tat sounded on the door our hearts beat faster with apprehension. At least that was true for me, and I cannot but believe that Poirot experienced the same sensation.

HE was, I knew, deeply unhappy over the case. He refused to leave London, preferring to be on the spot in case of emergency. In those hot dog days even his moustaches drooped—neglected for once by their owner.

It was on a Friday that A.B.C.'s third letter came. The evening post arrived about ten o'clock.

When we heard the familiar step and the brisk rat-tat, I rose and went along to the box. There were four or five letters, I remember. The last one I looked at was addressed in printed characters.

"Poirot," I cried . . . My voice died away.

"It has come? Open it, Hastings. Quickly. Every moment may be needed. We must make our plans."

I tore open the letter (Poirot for once did not reproach me with untidiness) and extracted the printed sheet.

"Read it," said Poirot.

I read aloud:

"Poor Mr. Poirot,—Not so good at these little criminal matters as you thought yourself, are you? Rather past your prime, perhaps? Let us see if you can do any better this time. This time it's an easy one. Churston on the 30th. Do try and do something about it? It's a bit dull having it all my own way, you know!

"Good hunting. Ever yours,

"A.B.C."

"Churston," I said, jumping to our own copy of an A.B.C. "Let's see where it is."

"Hastings," Poirot's voice came sharply and interrupted me. "When was that letter written? Is there a date on it?"

I glanced at the letter in my hand.

"Written on the 27th," I announced.

"Did I hear you aright, Hastings? Did he give the date of the murder as the 30th?"

"That's right. Let me see, that's——"

"Good Heavens, Hastings, do you not realise. To-day is the 30th."

His eloquent hand pointed to the calendar on the wall. I caught up the daily paper to confirm it.

"But why—how——" I stammered.

Poirot caught up the torn envelope from the floor. Something unusual about the address had registered itself vaguely in my brain, but I had been too anxious to get at the contents of the letter to pay more than fleeting attention to it.

Poirot was at the time living in Whitehaven Mansions. The address ran: M. Hercule Poirot, Whitehorse Mansions. Across the corner was scrawled: "Not known at Whitehorse Mansions, E.C.1, nor at Whitehorse Court—try Whitehaven Mansions."

"YOU see," murmured Poirot, "even chance aids this madman. We must get on to Scotland Yard."

A minute or two later we were speaking to Crome over the wire. For once the self-controlled inspector did not reply "Oh, yes?" Instead, a quickly stifled curse came to his lips. He heard what we had to say, then rang off in order to get a trunk connection to Churston as rapidly as possible.

"Is it too late?" murmured Poirot.

"You can't be sure of that," I argued, though without any great hope.

He glanced at the clock.

"Twenty minutes past ten? An hour and forty minutes to go. Is it likely that A.B.C. will have held his hand so long?"

I opened the railway guide I had previously taken from its shelf.

"Churston, Devon," I read, "from Paddington 204½ miles. Population 656. It sounds a fairly small place. Surely our man will be bound to be noticed there."

"Even so, another life will have been taken," murmured Poirot. "What are the trains? I imagine train will be quicker than car."

"There's a midnight train—sleeping-car to Newton Abbot—gets there 6.8 a.m. and to Churston at 7.15."

"That is from Paddington?"

"Paddington, yes."

"We will take that, Hastings."

"You'll hardly have time to get news before we start."

"IF we receive bad news to-night or to-morrow morning does it matter which?"

"There's something in that."

I put a few things together in a suitcase while Poirot once more rang up Scotland Yard.

A few minutes later he came into the bedroom.

He explained that we were to take the letter and envelope to Paddington with us. Someone from Scotland Yard would meet us there.

When we arrived on the platform the first person we saw was Inspector Crome.

He answered Poirot's look of inquiry.

"No news as yet. All men available are on the look-out. All persons whose name begins with C are being warned by phone when possible. There's just a chance. Where's the letter?"

Poirot gave it to him.

He examined it, swearing softly under his breath.

"Of all the rotten luck. The stars in their courses fight for the fellow."

"You don't think," I suggested, "that it was done on purpose?"

Crome shook his head.

"No. He's got his rules—crazy rules—and abides by them. Fair warning. He makes a point of that."

The inspector we found was also travelling by the train.

"Even if by some unbelievable luck nothing happened, Churston is the place to be. Our murderer is there, or has been there to-day. One of my men is on the phone here up to the last minute in case anything comes through."

Just as the train was leaving the station we saw a man running down the platform. He reached the inspector's window and called up something.

As the train drew out of the station Poirot and I hurried along the corridor and tapped on the door of the inspector's sleeper.

"You have news—yes?" demanded Poirot.

Crome said quietly:

"It's about as bad as it can be. Sir Carmichael Clarke has been found with his head cashed in."

SIR CARMICHAEL CLARKE, although his name was not very well known to the general public, was a man of some eminence. He had been in his time a very well-known throat specialist. Retiring from his profession very comfortably off, he had been able to indulge what had been one of the chief passions of his life—a collection of Chinese pottery and porcelain. A few years later, inheriting a considerable fortune from an elderly uncle, he had been able to indulge his passion to the full, and he was now the possessor of one of the best-known collections of Chinese art. He was married, but had no children, and lived in a house he had built for himself near the Devon coast, only coming to London on rare occasions such as when some important sale was on.

Please turn to Page 42

NURSE SPEAKS OUT

Moddiness, blackheads, unsightly blemishes—all are cleared away by Rexona's rich medicated lather. It penetrates deep into the pores, goes right to the seat of the trouble, cleansing and soothing and leaving the skin perfectly healthy. It is a complete Beauty Treatment in itself. Health is the basis of all beauty—and Rexona gives your skin that health.

REXONA OINTMENT

The Rapid Healer

Use Rexona Ointment in conjunction with Rexona Soap for more serious skin complaints. Cleanse the skin thoroughly with Rexona Soap and apply the Ointment. Do this regularly every night and in a few days your skin will be clear and healthy again.

Rexona

SOAP, 9d. per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/9 tin. (City and Suburbs)

S.176.35

"He's a different man—now that he sleeps well!"

Thousands of business men, and women, owe their present fitness to the sound sleep and new energy they enjoy since taking Bourn-vita. Thousands have written expressing their gratitude for the benefit they have derived from Bourn-vita! Here's a typical letter:—

"After a very hard and high-pressure day at the office I always used to feel too unnerved to manage to get to sleep peacefully. Some weeks ago, however, I tried Bourn-vita for the first time and now I am pleased to say that I sleep far better than ever I did in my life. I awake in the morning fit and ready for any kind of work. In the evening, too, I am always ready for dances, tennis, etc. . . . I feel so pleased that I have at last found an ideal tonic food-drink."

The secret of Bourn-vita's efficacy lies in its healthful ingredients — principally malt, milk, eggs and chocolate—and to its rich content of malt diastase which makes digestion easier and also helps to digest other foods, too; thus you sleep soundly, your mind and body relax properly and you cannot but help awake in the morning re-invigorated. Start taking Bourn-vita to-night at bedtime and notice the improvement to-morrow.

A GENEROUS SAMPLE — FREE!

To enable you to prove for yourself how good Bourn-vita is, how delicious it tastes, we will send you a generous sample on receipt of name and full address and 3d. in stamps (to cover packing and postage). Mail your request to CADBURY'S, Dept. D, Claremont, Tasmania.

OBTAINABLE AT CHEMISTS AND GROCERS
1/6 ¼lb.; 2/9 ½lb.; 4/9 1lb.
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

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BOURN-VITA

THE FOOD-DRINK for DIGESTION, SLEEP AND ENERGY

IV.204

"Your Ivory Castles are safe—thanks to Gibbs"

"Your Ivory Castles are the strongest and whitest I've ever seen," says Betty's dentist. He knows that she always gives them the very best of care—she puts them under the protection of the Gibbs Archer and his fairies.

Protect *your* Ivory Castles with Gibbs, too! Let the Gibbs Archer and his fairies fight old Giant Decay who would rob your Castles of their strength and polish.

LIFELONG BEAUTIFUL TEETH with GIBBS

Gibbs Dentifrice gives teeth gleaming whiteness *safely*—it never harms even the most delicate enamel. Its penetrating foam searches into every corner of the mouth—makes gums healthy, dissolves film, brings up the natural polish of the teeth.

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES
Defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

IN THE HANDY, WASTELESS TIN
At all Chemists and Stores, small tins 1/-, large tins 1/6, large refills 1/3.

For dental plates use GIBBS DENTURE TABLETS 1/6 at all chemists.

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Treasure YOUR Silver..
Polish it with
SILVO

The kindly care your Silver should have is provided by this safe, gentle polish. Silvo is so considerate of the lovely surface . . . keeping it radiant through the years.

Only the best is good enough for your Silver. That is why SILVO, which contains no mercury or acid should be entrusted with its care and keeping.

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH
Made in Australia by the Makers of Reckitt's Blue

A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 41

IT did not require much reflection to realise that his death, following that of the young and pretty Betty Barnard, would provide the best newspaper sensation for years. The fact that it was August and that the papers were hard up for subject matter would make matters worse.

"Eh bien," said Poirot. "It is possible that publicity may do what private efforts have failed to do. The whole country now will be looking for A.B.C."

"Unfortunately," I said, "that's what he wants."

"True. But it may, all the same, be his undoing. Gratified by success, he may become careless . . . That is what I hope—that he may be drunk with his own cleverness."

"How odd all this is, Poirot," I exclaimed, struck suddenly by an idea. "Do you know, this is the first crime of this kind that you and I have worked on together? All our murders have been—well, private murders, so to speak."

"You are quite right, my friend. Always, up to now, it has fallen to our lot to work from the inside. It has been the history of the victim that was important. The important points have been: 'Who benefited by the death? What opportunities had those round him to commit the crime?' It has always been the 'crime intime.' Here, for the first time in our association, it is cold-blooded, impersonal murder. Murder from the outside."

I shivered.

"It's rather horrible . . ."

"Yes. I felt from the first, when I read the original letter, that there was something wrong—misshapen . . ."

He made an impatient gesture.

"One must not give way to the nerves . . . This is no worse than any ordinary crime . . ."

"It is . . . It is . . ."

"Is it worse to take the life or lives of strangers than to take the life of someone near and dear to you—someone who trusts and believes in you, perhaps?"

"It's worse because its mad . . ."

"No, Hastings. It is not worse. It is only more difficult."

"No, no, I do not agree with you. It's infinitely more frightening."

Hercule Poirot said thoughtfully:

"It should be easier to discover because it is mad. A crime committed by someone shrewd and sane would be far more complicated. Here, if one could but hit on the idea . . . This alphabetical business, it has discrepancies. If I could once see the idea—then everything would be clear and simple . . ."

He sighed and shook his head.

"These crimes must not go on. Soon, soon, I must see the truth . . . Go, Hastings. Get some sleep. There will be much to do to-morrow."

CHURSTON, lying as it does between Brixham on the one side and Paignton and Torquay on the other, occupies a position about half-way round the curve of Torbay. Until about ten years ago it was merely a golf links and below the links a green sweep of countryside dropping down to the sea with only a farmhouse or two in the way of human occupation. But of late years there have been big building developments between Churston and Paignton, and the coastline is now dotted with small houses and bungalows, new roads, etc.

Sir Carmichael Clarke had purchased a site of some two acres commanding an uninterrupted view of the sea. The house he had built was of modern design—a white rectangle that was not unpleasing to the eye. Apart from two big galleries that housed his collection it was not a large house.

Our arrival there took place about 8 a.m. A local police officer had met us at the station and made us conversant with the situation.

Sir Carmichael Clarke, it seemed, had been in the habit of taking a stroll after dinner every evening. When the police rang up—at some time after eleven—it was ascertained that he had not returned. Since his stroll usually followed the same course, it was not long before a search-party discovered his body. Death was due to a crashing blow with some heavy instrument on the back of the head.

An open A.B.C. had been placed face downwards on the dead body.

We arrived at Combeside, as the house was called, at about eight o'clock. The door was opened by an elderly butler whose shaking hands and disturbed face showed how much the tragedy had affected him.

"Good-morning, Deveril," said the local police officer.

"Good-morning, Mr. Wells."

"These are the gentlemen from London, Deveril."

"This way, gentlemen." He ushered us into a long dining-room where breakfast was laid. "I'll get Mr. Franklin."

A minute or two later a big, fair-haired man with a sunburnt face entered the room.

This was Franklin Clarke, the dead man's only brother.

He had the resolute, competent manner of a man accustomed to meeting with emergencies.

"Good-morning, gentlemen."

Inspector Wells made the introductions.

"This is Inspector Crome, of the C.I.D. M. Hercule Poirot, and—er—Captain Hayter."

"Hastings," I corrected coldly.

Franklin Clarke shook hands with each of us in turn, and in each case the handshake was accompanied by a piercing look.

"LET me offer you some breakfast," he said. "We can discuss the position as we eat."

There were no dissentient voices, and we were soon doing justice to excellent eggs and bacon and coffee.

"Now for it," said Franklin Clarke. "Inspector Wells gave me a rough idea of the position last night—though I may say it seemed one of the wildest tales I have ever heard. Am I really to believe, Inspector Crome, that my poor brother is the victim of a homicidal maniac, that this is the third murder that has occurred, and that in each case an A.B.C. railway guide has been deposited beside the body?"

"That is substantially the position, Mr. Clarke."

"But why? What earthly benefit can accrue from such a crime—even in the most diseased imagination?"

Poirot nodded his head in approval.

"You go straight to the point, Mr. Clarke," he said.

"It's not much good looking for motives at this stage, Mr. Clarke," said Inspector Crome. "That's a matter for an alienist—though I may say that I've had a certain experience of criminal lunacy and that the motives are usually grossly inadequate. There is a desire to assert one's personality, to make a splash in the public eye—in fact, to be a somebody instead of a nonentity."

"Is that true, M. Poirot?"

Please turn to Page 43

GIRLIGAGS

"IN THESE DAYS when a wife's interest is in every place but the home, all the husband needs to know is a bit about cooking, and it's likely they will get on well together."

A LOW PRICE SENSATION IN HIGH QUALITY SHOES . . . . .

THIS "SHARWOOD" SHOE . . . .

BBL 201.—When the occasion calls for something solid—your clothes something smart—your feet something light—a clever woman replies with this new Sharwood shoe, the Oxford. Very sturdy are the covered Cuban heels and the light-weight Goodyear welted soles. The imported black glace kid uppers are made smarter by the stitching. Comfort plays a leading part—and the big price reduction doubles the attraction. In sizes and half sizes.

39/6 now 29/6

THIS "HARKNESS" SHOE . . . .

TBG 206.—The popular court is a new and thrilling presentation by Harkness. Graceful is the modelling—alluring the design. Black glace kid—the best imported quality, of course—is the material. A jaunty black kid pleated bow gives gaiety, a medium spike heel, dignity. Good to the eye? Yes—and genuine hand-made pump soles make them good to the feet. The special John Hunter reduction is good to your purse—so why hesitate? In sizes and half sizes.

42/- now 29/6

. . . "Go to John Hunter's for a Good pair of shoes"

JOHN HUNTER & Son Ltd.
245-247 Pitt St. (almost opp. Lyceum Theatre), Sydney

Crippled Badly with Rheumatism

Could Hardly Get Around

"Working in a damp place gave me rheumatism so badly I could hardly get around. My joints and knuckles were swollen badly and every muscle in my body seemed to ache. I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil' and got relief almost instantly. To-day, thanks to that wonderful oil, I work eight hours a day in all kinds of weather without a bit of trouble."

Good old 'St. Jacobs Oil' certainly does knock the pains and aches of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, and Neuralgia. It penetrates directly to the affected parts and draws out all the pain and misery, and it does not burn the skin. Try a bottle which you can get from your chemist.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN

NEVER FREE from pain

Remarkable results from Mother Seigel's Syrup

Here is a letter from a lady of Enmore, Sydney:

"At one time I used to suffer greatly from biliousness, sick headaches and indigestion. I never knew what it was to feel perfectly free from pain and distress. I dreaded meal time to arrive, as the lightest of foods would completely upset my whole system and bring on hours of misery. I first heard of Mother Seigel's Syrup through a friend and after using a few bottles of the remedy I quickly regained excellent health."

If you are subject to sick headaches, bilious attacks, flatulence or loss of appetite, the best and surest way to be well again is to take Mother Seigel's Syrup.

At all Chemists and Storekeepers. Trial size 1/9. Large size 3/-. (Contains more than three times the quantity of trial size).

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home

Sister Hope, the popular beauty specialist, recently offered this advice about grey hair: "Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. of Bay Rum; a small box of Orlex Compound; and ¼ oz. of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. "Twenty years should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation, which actually penetrates the hair cells and so defies detection. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and cannot affect waving of hair."

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A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 42

CLARKE seemed incredulous. His appeal to the older man was not too well received by Inspector Crome, who frowned.

"Absolutely true," replied my friend.

"At any rate, such a man cannot escape detection long," said Clarke thoughtfully.

"Ah, but they are cunning! And you must remember such a type has usually all the outer signs of insignificance—he belongs to the class of person who is usually passed over and ignored or even laughed at!"

"Will you let me have a few facts, please, Mr. Clarke?" said Crome, breaking in on the conversation.

"Certainly."

"Your brother, I take it, was in his usual health and spirits yesterday? He received no unexpected letters? Nothing to upset him?"

"No. I should say he was quite his usual self."

"Not upset and worried in any way?"

"Excuse me, inspector. I didn't say that. To be upset and worried was my poor brother's normal condition."

"Why was that?"

"You may not know that my sister-in-law, Lady Clarke, is in very bad health. Frankly, between ourselves, she is suffering from an incurable disease, and cannot live very much longer. Her illness has preyed terribly on my brother's mind. I myself returned from the East not long ago and I was shocked at the change in him."

Poirot interpolated a question.

"Supposing, Mr. Clarke, that your brother had been found shot at the foot of a cliff—or shot with a revolver beside him. What would have been your first thought?"

"Quite frankly, I should have jumped to the conclusion that it was suicide," said Clarke.

"Encore!" said Poirot.

"What is that?"

"A fact that repeats itself. It is of no matter."

"Anyway, it wasn't suicide," said Crome with a touch of curtness. "Now I believe, Mr. Clarke, that it was your brother's habit to go for a stroll every evening?"

"Quite right. He always did."

"Every night?"

"WELL, not if it was pouring with rain, naturally."

"And every one in the house knew of this habit?"

"Of course."

"And outside?"

"I don't quite know what you mean by outside. The gardener may have been aware of it or not, I don't know."

"And in the village?"

"Strictly speaking, we haven't got a village. There's a post office and cottages at Churston Ferrers—but there's no village or shops."

"I suppose a stranger hanging round the place would be fairly easily noticed?"

"On the contrary. In August all this part of the world is a seething mass of strangers. They come over every day from Brixham and Torquay and Paignton in cars and buses and on foot. Broadsands, which is down there (he pointed), is a very popular beach, and so is Elbury Cove—it's a well-known beauty spot and people come there and picnic. I wish they didn't! You've no idea how beautiful and peaceful this part of the world is in June and the beginning of July."

"So you don't think a stranger would be noticed?"

"Not unless he looked—well, off his head."

"This man doesn't look off his head," said Crome with certainty. "You see what I'm getting at, Mr. Clarke. This man must have been spying out the land beforehand and discovered your brother's habit of taking an evening stroll. I suppose, by the way, that no strange man came up to the house and asked to see Sir Carmichael yesterday?"

"Not that I know of—but we'll ask Deveril."

He rang the bell and put the question to the butler.

"No, sir, no one came to see Sir Carmichael. And I didn't notice anyone hanging about the house, either. No more did the maids, because I've asked them."

The butler waited a moment, then inquired: "Is that all, sir?"

"Yes, Deveril, you can go."

THE butler withdrew, drawing back in the doorway to let a young woman pass.

Franklin Clarke rose as she came in.

"This is Miss Grey, gentlemen. My brother's secretary."

My attention was caught at once by the girl's extraordinary Scandinavian fairness. She had the almost colorless ash hair—light-grey eyes—and transparent glowing pallor that one finds among Norwegians and Swedes. She looked about twenty-seven, and seemed to be as efficient as she was decorative.

"Can I help you in any way?" she asked as she sat down.

Clarke brought her a cup of coffee, but she refused any food.

"Did you deal with Sir Carmichael's correspondence?" asked Crome.

"Yes, all of it."

"I suppose he never received a letter or letters signed A.B.C.?"

"A.B.C.?" She shook her head. "No, I'm sure he didn't."

"He didn't mention having seen anyone hanging about during his evening walks lately?"

"No. He never mentioned anything of the kind."

"And you yourself have noticed no strangers?"

"Not exactly hanging about. Of course, there are a lot of people what you might call wandering about at this time of year. One often meets people strolling with an aimless look across the golf links or down the lanes to the sea. In the same way, practically everyone sees this time of year is a stranger."

Poirot nodded thoughtfully.

Inspector Crome asked to be taken over the ground of Sir Carmichael's nightly walk. Franklin Clarke led the way through the french window, and Miss Grey accompanied us.

She and I were a little behind the others.

"All this must have been a terrible shock to you all," I said.

"It seems quite unbelievable. I had gone to bed last night when the police rang up. I heard voices downstairs and at last I came out and asked what was the matter. Deveril and Mr. Clarke were just setting out with lanterns."

"WHAT time did Sir Carmichael usually come back from his walk?"

"About a quarter to ten. He used to let himself in by the side door and then sometimes he went straight to bed, sometimes to the gallery, where his collections were. That is why, unless the police had rung up, he would probably not have been missed till they went to call him this morning."

"It must have been a terrible shock to his wife?"

"Lady Clarke is kept under morphia a good deal. I think she is in too dazed a condition to appreciate what goes on round her."

We had come out through a garden gate on to the golf-links. Crossing a corner of them, we passed over a stile into a steep, winding lane.

"This leads down to Elbury Cove," explained Franklin Clarke. "But two years ago they made a new road leading from the main road to Broadsands and on to Elbury, so that now this lane is practically deserted."

We went on down the lane. At the foot of it a path led between brambles and bracken down to the sea. Suddenly we came out on a grassy ridge overlooking the sea and a beach of glistening white stones. All round dark green trees ran down to the sea. It was an enchanting spot—white, deep green—and sapphire-blue.

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed.

Clarke turned to me eagerly.

"Isn't it? Why people want to go abroad to the Riviera when they've got this! I've wandered all over the world in my time and, honest to goodness, I've never seen anything as beautiful."

THEN, as though ashamed of his eagerness, he said in a more matter-of-fact tone:

"This w.s my brother's evening walk. He came as far as here, then back up the path, and turning to the right instead of the left, went past the farm and across the fields back to the house."

We proceeded on our way till we came to a spot near the hedge, half-way across the field, where the body had been found.

Crome nodded.

"Easy enough. The man stood here in the shadow. Your brother would have noticed nothing till the blow fell."

The girl at my side gave a quick shiver.

Franklin Clarke said:

"Hold up, Thora. It's pretty beastly, but it's no use shirking facts."

Thora Grey—the name suited her.

We went back to the house where the body had been taken after being photographed.

As we mounted the wide staircase the doctor came out of a room, black bag in hand.

"Anything to tell us, doctor?" inquired Clarke.

The doctor shook his head.

"Perfectly simple case. I'll keep the technicalities for the inquest. Anyway, he didn't suffer. Death must have been instantaneous."

He moved away.

"I'll just go in and see Lady Clarke."

Please turn to Page 44

BONDI CHEMIST'S New Skin Disease Treatment

WITH astounding results, an amazingly successful treatment for all skin diseases discovered by Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.C., M.I.O., has brought hundreds of letters of endorsement from the whole Commonwealth.

MR. RICHARD DIAMOND

Typical cases are those of a police detective who suffered for years with an apparently incurable septic toe ulcer, a well-known wrestler, who had wasted pounds in unsuccessfully treating an infected leg rash, and a young surfer whose body rash (dermatitis) was cured within a few days, after years of other treatments. Mr. Diamond's formula acts almost magically in drawing out poisonous matter in all irritating skin diseases, including Eczema, Psoriasis, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Varicose Veins, Surfer's Foot (Tinea), Pruritis, Gorge under nail, Ringworm, etc.

Readers should write, mentioning their complaint, to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, 96W, Hall Street, Six Ways, Bondi Beach, Sydney, N.S.W.

Imagine it!

Her friends talked behind her back

"SHE used to be such a grouch", they said. Always too tired to enjoy herself. Used to look washed out and ill. But . . . look at her now . . . bright, happy and splendidly healthy.

Her friends do **not** know that freedom from constipation has made the difference. Constipation was spoiling her looks and sapping her energy. To clear impurities from her system she took NYAL FIGSEN, the pleasant, natural laxative. FIGSEN does not purge or gripe . . . it has no unpleasant after-effects. It assists Nature and does not form a habit. NYAL FIGSEN is equally good for children as well as adults. A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

NYAL 1/3

FIGSEN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figsen to The Nyal Company, 451F, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

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WW25/7/'36

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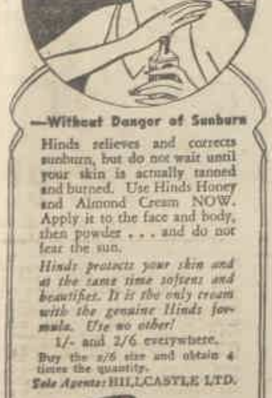

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Hinds relieves and corrects sunburn, but do not wait until your skin is actually tanned and burned. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream NOW. Apply it to the face and body, then powder . . . and do not fear the sun.

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Sole Agents: HILLCASTLE LTD.

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Demand the genuine—refuse substitutes

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Intestinal worms are no respecters of persons. They attack five out of every ten children, regardless of what kind of home they come from.

Bad nerves, night terrors, irregular appetite, itching or weakness are urgent warnings that worms are robbing your child of health and happiness. Remove this health-wrecker at once before serious damage is done.

The Guaranteed Remedy

Nothing else is so successful for curing worms as Baxter's Worm Tablets. They are perfectly safe. They thoroughly clear away the danger. Baxter's Worm Tablets do not contain Santonin or compounds injurious or upsetting. They are guaranteed worm expellers and worm killers.

FREE BOOKLET

The facts, symptoms and cure of intestinal worms are clearly and simply set out in Baxter's Worm Tablet Booklet. A copy will be sent FREE AND WITHOUT OBLIGATION on request to The Laxette Mfg. Co., Dept. XA2, 366 Swanston Street, Melbourne. If tablets are not obtainable locally send 3/6 for a course of treatment (or 6/- for double size). Sent post free in plain wrapper.

BAXTER'S Worm Tablets

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They say — what do they say, those smiling, rosy lips of yours? Let them say, discreetly, that your personal taste is flawless, that you have found the secret of natural, glowing make-up . . . the Coty way to greater charm. Coty Lipsticks are truly Parisian creations. So smooth, the texture blends like a natural bloom on your lips; so utterly pure that your skin is enriched and kept softly healthy. Not really expensive, when you consider how much extra charm and glamour they contribute. *As indelible as it is safe for a lipstick to be* . . . 3/-, Refills 1/9.

Coty's

£25 CASH £25

Must Be Won

MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 12

Twenty-five Pounds cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest score obtained from the names below. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of ten names of motor-cars each with some letters missing. No dictionary is required to solve the puzzle. A code is set out below, in which the alphabet is numbered 26 to 1. All you have to do is fill in the missing spaces representing one letter. When you have your motor-car names complete, substitute the letters for their corresponding values.

For example, No. 1 with the addition of the letters "U," "T," and "Z," could make the motor-car name "STUTZ," the letter-values of which are 8, 7, 6, 7, and 1—a total of 29. When you have completed the ten motor-car names, work out the total score obtainable from each as in the example. Write your list of names on a sheet of paper, place opposite each name its total score, add up the ten totals, and this will give you the final total score of your solution. Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry, and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, not later than **FRIDAY, 31st JULY, 1936**, to

MOTOR-CAR COMPETITION, G.P.O. BOX 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Prize money is deposited with Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated 15th August, 1936. Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final. This competition is sponsored by J. Montgomery & Co., G.P.O. Box 3834T, Sydney.

All communications concerning this competition must be made to J. Montgomery, 1 Yorkshire House, Spring Street, Sydney.

1. S T ▬ ▬ ▬
2. H U D ▬ ▬ ▬
3. E S ▬ ▬ ▬
4. R ▬ V E ▬
5. M ▬ ▬ ▬ I S
6. ▬ ▬ E V ▬ O L E ▬
7. ▬ O D G ▬
8. H ▬ ▬ ▬ E R
9. B U ▬ ▬ ▬
10. ▬ L V ▬ S

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
26	25	24	23	22	21	20	19	18	17	16	15	14
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1

RESULTS MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 9

Seventy-three competitors submitted entries containing 1198 points. This was the highest correct total received, and they share the prize-money, each receiving 7/-.

QUEENSLAND.—E. H. York, Zillmere; D. G. T. Gow, Stanthorpe; H. McNeilly, Manly; P. Parry, Brisbane; R. G. Brewster, Charleville; J. J. Simpson, North Coast Line; B. Grahame, Brisbane; F. Klingner, Brisbane; R. Heath, Brisbane; A. Svenson, Woodford; F. Donely, Brisbane; T. J. Pengelly, Bundaberg; Mrs. J. Winter, Goondiwindi; W. J. Latter, Brisbane; J. C. Muir, Blackall.

N.S.W.—Mrs. W. J. Butler, Coonamble; D. G. Payne, Manly; F. E. Gamble, Lismore; Mrs. M. Birnie, Stanmore; Miss M. Davis, Maclean; A. Luxton, Mt. Colah; M. Bower, Lindfield; T. P. Inman, Ryde; J. Reid, Lane Cove; H. Juleff, Five Dock; Mrs. K. Richmond, Hamilton; W. H. Hughes, Stanmore; S. W. Semmen, Broken Hill; W. J. Simmons, Balmain; M. Williamson, Strathfield; P. Sinclair, Randwick; Mrs. T. Haynes, Croydon; C. Jones, Hamilton; L. G. Cooper, Sydney; F. L. Mills, Kensington; W. J. Duncan, Baradine; R. J. Jones, Canowindra; Mrs. E. E. Francis, Cootamundra; W. G. Lenny, Goulburn; Rev. Bartley, Cootamundra; Mrs. J. A. Hayward, Castle Hill; B. G. Shepherd, Maroubra; H. McKinnon, Narromine; A. A. Roger, Mosman; W. R. Noble, Canterbury; Mrs. A. Swords, Hurstville Grove; S. Cohen, Rozelle; R. L. Currie, Dubbo; C. O. F. Todd, Burwood.

VICTORIA.—W. Young, Reservoir; G. Tundley, Toorak; A. Aitken, Melbourne; Mrs. N. McHarry, Wangaratta; Mrs. S. Firman, Warracknabeal; A. V. Brunsdon, St. Kilda; K. H. MacFarlane, Melbourne; E. J. Dowling, Charlton; F. Graham, Burwood; Frank Bown, Brunswick; Mrs. V. M. Potter, Horsham; Mr. G. A. Lawson, Reservoir; J. D. Abbott, Melbourne; R. Searvers, Moonee Ponds.

WINNING NAMES

DIATTO	JEWETT
SWIFT	PONTIAC
NAPIER	STUDEBAKER
FARMAN	JORDAN
CADILLAC	HUPMOBILE

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—Mrs. H. M. Faunt, Richmond; Miss D. Amesbury, Jamestown; P. C. Hook, Hendon; A. Tasker, Hawthorn; S. C. S. Collins, Alberton; Mrs. H. J. Alsop, Loxton; D. H. Aufderheide, Stirling; E. Digby, Adelaide.

TASMANIA.—R. S. Watterson, Launceston; Miss N. Gillett, New Norfolk.

Every Mother's got her hands full—you can't blame her for efforts to save time and strength. But a child's teeth *must not be neglected* at any price. Health and happiness depend on them! Be sure to select a germicidal tooth paste for the family dentifrice, and see that it's used regularly, night and morning.

Careful Mothers choose Euthymol Tooth Paste because it kills dental decay germs within 30 seconds. Euthymol keeps the teeth scientifically clean and the gums in good condition. Get a tube of Euthymol to-day—your child's teeth are worth the best of care!

1/3 per tube

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Pronounced U-THY-MOL

A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 43

A HOSPITAL nurse came out of a room further along the corridor and the doctor joined her.

We went into the room out of which the doctor had come.

I came out again rather quickly. Thora Grey was still standing at the head of the stairs.

There was a queer scared expression on her face.

"Miss Grey——" I stopped. "Is anything the matter?"

She looked at me.

"I was thinking," she said—"about D."

"About D?" I stared at her stupidly.

"Yes. The next murder. Something must be done. It's got to be stopped."

Clarke came out of the room behind me.

He said: "What's got to be stopped, Thora?"

"These awful murders."

"YES." His jaw thrust itself out aggressively. "I want to talk to M. Poirot sometime . . . Is Crome any good?" He shot the words out unexpectedly.

I replied that he was supposed to be a very clever officer.

My voice was perhaps not as enthusiastic as it might have been.

"He's got a darn offensive manner," said Clarke. "Looks as though he knows everything—and what does he know? Nothing at all as far as I can make out."

He was silent for a minute or two. Then he said:

"M. Poirot's the man for my money. I've got a plan. But we'll talk of that later."

He went along the passage and tapped at the same door as the doctor had entered.

I hesitated a moment. The girl was staring in front of her.

"What are you thinking of, Miss Grey?"

She turned her eyes towards me.

"I'm wondering where he is now . . . the murderer, I mean. It's not twelve hours yet since it happened . . . Oh! aren't there any real clairvoyants who could see where he is now and what he is doing . . .?"

"The police are searching——" I began.

My commonplace words broke the spell. Thora Grey pulled herself together.

"Yes," she said. "Of course."

In her turn she descended the staircase. I stood there a moment longer conning her words over in my mind.

A.B.C.

Where was he now . . .?

WITH the murder of Sir Carmichael Clarke the A.B.C. mystery leaped into the fullest prominence.

The newspapers were full of nothing else. All sorts of "clues" were reported to have been discovered. Arrests were announced to be imminent. There were photographs of every person or place remotely connected with the murder. There were interviews with any one who would give interviews. There were questions asked in Parliament.

The Andover murder was now bracketed with the other two.

It was the belief of Scotland Yard that the fullest publicity was the best chance of laying the murderer by the heels. The population of Great Britain turned itself into an army of amateur sleuths.

The "Daily Flicker" had the grand inspiration of using the caption:

He may be in your town!

Poirot, of course, was in the thick of things. The letters sent to him were published and facsimiled. He was abused wholesale for not having prevented the crimes and defended on the ground that he was on the point of naming the murderer.

Reporters incessantly badgered him for interviews.

"What M. Poirot says to-day."

WHICH was usually followed by a half-column of imbecilities.

"M. Poirot Takes Grave View of Situation."

"M. Poirot on the Eve of Success."

Captain Hastings, the great friend of M. Poirot, told our special representative . . .

"Poirot," I would cry, "Pray believe me. I never said anything of the kind."

My friend would reply kindly:

"I know, Hastings—I know. The spoken word and the written—there is an astonishing gulf between them. There is a way of turning sentences that completely reverses the original meaning."

"I wouldn't like you to think I'd said——"

"But do not worry yourself. All this is of no importance. These imbecilities, even, may help."

"How?"

"But yes!" said Poirot grimly. "If our madman reads what I am supposed to have said to the 'Daily Blague' to-day, he will lose all respect for me as an opponent!"

I am perhaps giving the impression that nothing practical was being done in the way of investigations. On the contrary, Scotland Yard and the local police of the various counties were indefatigable in following up the smallest clues.

HOTELS, people who kept lodgings, boarding-houses — all those within a wide radius of the crimes, were questioned minutely.

Hundreds of stories from imaginative people who had "seen a man looking very queer and rolling his eyes," or "noticed a man with a sinister face slinking along," were sifted to the last detail. No information, even of the vaguest character, was neglected. Trains, buses, trams, railway porters, conductors, bookstalls, stationers—there was an indefatigable round of questions and verifications.

At least a score of people were detained and questioned until they could satisfy the police as to their movements on the night in question.

The net result was not entirely a blank. Certain statements were borne in mind and noted down as of possible value, but without further evidence they led nowhere.

If Crome and his colleagues were indefatigable, Poirot seemed to me strangely supine. We argued now and again.

"But what is it that you would have me do, my friend? The routine inquiries, the police make them better than I do. Always—always you want me to run about like the dog."

To be Continued

ALL characters in the serials and A.B. short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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A LEVER PRODUCT

WHO IS THE 9TH GIRL?

. . . and why is she sought after?

● We all know at least one girl whose charm is never dimmed by "minor" spells. She is always poised—serene and self-possessed—bright-eyed, vivacious and alert—witty and clever in conversation—her spirits never seem to droop!

● Yes! It is easy to tell that "ninth" woman who has learned to avoid the distress of that exhausting pain and headache so often suffered at certain times . . . the intelligent girl who relies on Myzone!

● There used not to be anything much you could do about it. But to-day, already forty-four thousand have found that Myzone's marvellous new fast-speed **Actavis compound** can spare all such pain! And even when most severe, or prolonged, two tablets with a cup of tea for drink of water bring complete relief in 7 minutes!

● Specialists say this is now the safest way to relieve pain without "doping" after-effects. Get a box of Myzone—to-day, 2/- at every chemist. Try it on your very next headache!

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NO RESTING REQUIRED

There's no need to lie up with a bad leg. One man actually worked overtime while using "Varex" Treatment. Four to six dressings—one a week—usually suffice. "Varex" heals all ulcers, old or new. Very soothing, and relieves pain quickly and permanently. Easy and inexpensive. Write for free booklet to-day to Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424K George Street, Sydney, and 89K Collins Street, Melbourne. ***

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

July 25, 1936. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers—Page One

Shelves in the Decorative Scheme!

Home-makers looking for ideas to brighten surroundings will appreciate these sketches and suggestions . . .

By . . . OUR HOME DECORATOR

NOT always does the high-priced piece of furniture, or furnishing item, add to the beauty and liveableness of the home. Very often the reverse. Remember this, you who sigh for a heavy bank balance. A little money in the hands of a clever, artistic woman is worth a hundred times the amount in the hands of another. This has been proven over and over again.

YES, endowed with a few original ideas, the courage to carry them out, instead of leaving everything till to-morrow, and the to-morrows to come (a great fault with so many of us), a woman can do much to add to the beauty and charm of her home—at little cost.

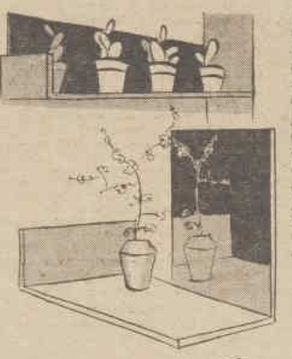
Then there are those who can carry out the suggestions of others with equal success, hence the reason for these weekly articles, and to-day's suggestions on shelves, in particular.

Care in Placing

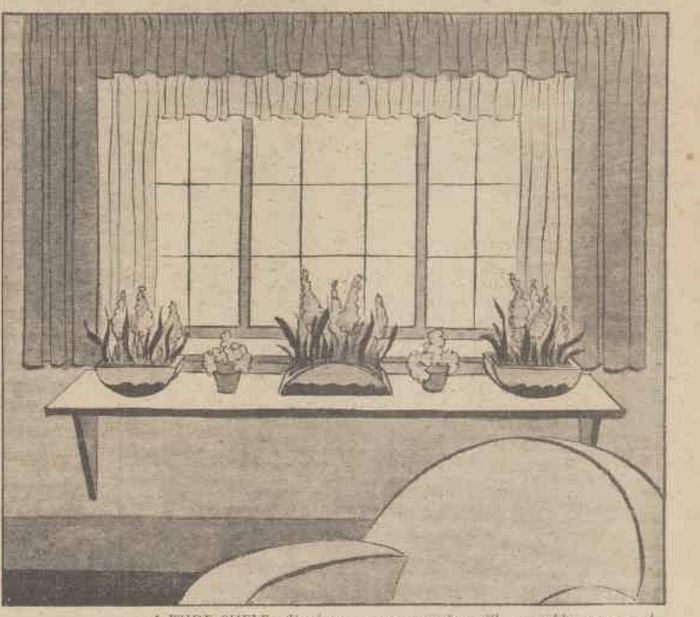
SIMPLY-constructed shelves can do much to your rooms; that is, of course, if placed in the right positions.

You will, I know, be interested in the illustrations given on this page. I had several others in readiness, but, unfortunately, space is restricted, and so I am forced to hold them over at present.

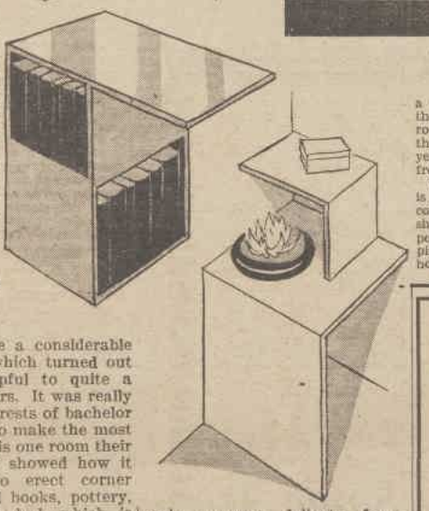
One was an elaboration on a suggestion made a considerable time ago, and which turned out to be very helpful to quite a number of readers. It was really made in the interests of bachelor girls who have to make the most of one room—this one room their whole home. I showed how it was possible to erect corner shelves (to hold books, pottery, etc.) above the bed, which is usually a divan by day. Not only have I had letters of thanks from bachelor girls, but from girls of the home, who seized upon the idea for their rooms, and with equal success.



ON your left you see two charming ideas for wall shelves. One has a flat, mirrored panel above it, and the other an upright mirror. Little ornaments, a piece or two of pottery, or potted plants are then reflected in a most delightful manner.



A WIDE SHELF affixed to a narrow window till may add interest and charm to window and room if it carries decorative potted plants.



RIGHT: A quaint type of bookcase and shelf which could be constructed from homely butter boxes and a wide strip of pine. Below: A suggestion for modern corner shelves.

ABOVE: A bright idea for a telephone stand—a wall-shelf painted to match the walls and capacious enough to hold the telephone directory.

Window Attractions

NOW on this page you see a simple yet decorative way with a shelf and a window.

Some windows, as you know, have only a narrow sill, and it is for the benefit of such windows that this type of shelf has been invented.

It is quite the fashion to have a few pot plants grouped about our rooms—not in scattered ones and twos, but in groups — a sort of miniature conservatory grouped on a table in a corner or against a bare wall, or against a window.

What a bright idea for window decoration! In winter you can use the greens; in spring the lovely flowering bulbs; in early summer delicate ferns, hydrangeas, and later other flowering types, and so on.

This specific shelf, as you can see, is the easiest possible kind to put up, your expenditure mainly revolving around a length of 15-inch wide pine. Stays can be cut from the length, which should come flush with the ends of the sill. Your husband, if he can handle saw and hammer, will, I hope, do the job, and then you can varnish or paint it to match the rest of the woodwork.

Mirror Shelves

A MOST effective decorative touch may, too, be achieved by placing a mirrored panel or mirror above a shelf or the mantelpiece.

Two ways are illustrated above to prove how charming they can be—the one at top shows long narrow panel of mirrored glass and the one beneath that, an upright glass. Pottery, ornaments, or flowers, or potted plants placed in front are reflected in a delightful manner.

These shelves are best painted to match the wall; also the mirror frames.

Below these illustrations may be seen a suggestion for arranging shelves in the corner of a square entrance hall or room. As you will observe, they follow the lines of modern furniture pieces, and yet the original shelves were constructed from butter boxes!

The central illustration in this group is a combination shelf and bookcase, constructed from two butter boxes—the shelf, however, was no butter box component, but a smoothly-planed piece of pine added afterwards. Very effective, however, and worth copying.

In the left-hand corner of this page you are shown a smart little shelf, destined for the hall, and as a convenient stand for the telephone. The shelf, wide enough to accommodate the telephone directory, is painted a deep cream to match the walls, and the edges could be painted black, repeating the color note of the instrument.

Above is placed a panel wall mirror. A boxed-in ledge could be added underneath the shelf, if you wished, to hold directory and note pad.—E.E.G.

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Tek with FREE TUMBLER 2/-

Inside or outside; back or front; it makes no difference to Tek. Tek with its better shape fits everywhere in the mouth; cleans every tooth. Tek has better bristles also. Bristles that stand up to long hard use, and make the original price of Tek more than economical in the long run.

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Cash Prizes Awarded Weekly for Best Recipes Received by our Cookery Expert

What more valuable than a good recipe to a painstaking housewife? What more pleasing than seeing one of your own favorite recipes win a cash prize for you?

Enter now our Best Recipe Competition, open to all with good recipes, and with no arduous rules to follow. First prize each week is £1, second is 10/-, and there are four consolation prizes at 2/6 each.

PRIZEWINNERS for this week are given below:

JAZZED TONGUE

Six sheeps' tongues, 2 firm tomatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped parsley, 1 cup cooked peas, pepper, some stock, ½oz. gelatine.

Soak tongues in cold water for 2 or 3 hours, cook in fresh water until tender, then plunge into cold water, skin and slice. Slice tomatoes and cut eggs into rounds. Take a fair-sized basin, place in the centre a well-shaped tomato; around this arrange uniform egg-slices, outside of which put more slices of tomatoes. Fill in gaps with green peas and parsley. Sprinkle with pepper and add a layer of meat, then more layers of egg, tomato, then meat, etc., until all the ingredients are used, aiming for an artistic effect on all sides.

If the water in which the tongues were boiled is too salty, use stock and add salt to taste. Dissolve the gelatine in a little of it; make up to 2 cups; heat and pour into basin.

Put in a cool place to set.

First prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Bainbridge, Gootchie, N.C. Line, Qld.

CRYSTALLISED FIGS

Boil 1 pint of water and 1lb. sugar for half an hour. This will do for 4lb. of figs. If you use sugar figs, choose ripe, soft ones, peel, and place in the boiling syrup and boil till transparent (about half an hour). If you use green figs (White Adriatic) or any dark fig, do not peel them, but boil them at least one hour.

Turn onto dishes and pour syrup that remains in the pan over them. Put out in the sun to dry, turning them each day for 3 days. Then remove to clean dishes and dry another 3 days. Roll each fig in castor sugar and dry for 1 day more. Pack away in airtight tin. These make an excellent sweet for bridge parties and a nice gift for overseas friends.

Second prize of 10/- to Mary Johns, Glynde Road, Firle, S.A.

BAKED STUFFED MARROW RINGS

One medium-size marrow, 1lb. onions, 2 teaspoons sage (powdered), 3 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, seasoning, 4 tablespoons breadcrumbs.

Cut marrow in thick slices, peel and remove all seeds. If you have a sharp cake-cutter you can stamp out the centres. In this way you remove the seeds and leave a ring more evenly-shaped. Peel and mince onions, mix with breadcrumbs and sage; add seasoning to taste and stir in 1½ tablespoons of butter (melted) and the beaten egg. Place the marrow rings in a buttered baking dish and fill with the above mixture; sprinkle them with pepper and salt, dot with butter, and put the remainder of the butter into the dish. Cover with a buttered paper and bake in a moderately-hot oven about 40min., keeping rings well basted with butter. If there is not sufficient fat, more may be added. Uncover the rings for the last few minutes and let the stuffing brown; serve on hot dish with butter or thick brown gravy. A medium-size marrow should cut into about 8 slices.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. J. Kelly, Pretoria, Tenterfield, N.S.W.

AMERICAN DATE TART

Two tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup dates, 2 tablespoons plain flour.

Melt butter, stir in flour, salt, and milk. Stir over fire till boiling, add sugar and dates. Cook slowly till dates are soft. Take off fire and add well-beaten yolks of eggs. Line two plates with sweet pastry. Pour in mixture and bake in oven till edges of pastry are brown. Beat whites of eggs till stiff, add a little essence of vanilla, spread over top of tarts and bake till brown.

Sweet Pastry:—½ cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1½ cups flour, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Beat butter and sugar to cream, add well-beaten egg, then flour, and baking powder and salt. Mix well, and roll out.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Dewhurst, 44 Church Street, West Tamworth, N.S.W.

POTATO DROPS

Three cups hot, mashed potatoes, ½ cup hot milk, 1 or 2 eggs, pepper and salt to taste.

Beat all ingredients together. Add minced parsley or crushed herbs to taste if liked. Mixture should be a thick batter. Drop in tablespoons, like pancake batter, into frying pan, containing a little melted butter. Cook till brown below, then turn and brown on the other side. Fold in two. Serve with fried or grilled chops, cutlets, chicken, or steak, or with bacon or sausage, for breakfast. If preferred, a little left-over chopped cooked ham or bacon or sausage, or flaked smoked fish may be added to the mixture before cooking. In that case use a little more milk.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Button, St. Helens, East Coast, Tas.

ALMOND GINGER NUTS

Half lb. flour, 2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. butter, ½ oz. ground ginger, ½ lb. treacle, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda.

Beat butter to a cream, add all dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Stir in treacle and mix well. Allow to stand for 3 or 4 hours. Roll into balls. Place on a greased oven sheet. Press half a blanched almond on each and bake in a quick oven for 8 or 10 minutes. Keep in an airtight tin.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Rowe, O'Shannassy Street, Sunbury, Vic.

Some Attractive Desserts

Tempting to the Eye—and Palate

CARAMEL PEARS

One large tin pears, 1 pint thick custard, 6 tablespoons sugar, chopped nuts.

Drain pears well. Cut in halves. Put 2 pieces in small individual dishes. Coat with a little cold, thick custard. Put sugar into saucepan, with ⅛ teacup of pear juice and cook till the sugar caramelises to a pale brown color. Cool slightly, then pour a little over the custard and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Serve at once.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS

Four apples, 4 cloves, 4 teaspoons sugar, a little butter, 8oz. shortcrust, icing sugar.

Peel the apples thinly, remove the core without breaking. Fill up the hole with a little butter, sugar and a clove. Make the pastry and cut into 4 equal parts. Knead each into a round shape. Place the apple on the round and work the pastry round it with the hands. Glaze with water and sprinkle with sugar. Place on a greased tin. Bake in a hot oven till pastry is brown, then lessen the heat and allow to cook slowly till the apple is tender. Serve on a paper d'oyley. Sprinkle with icing sugar.

WELSH TART

Five ounces plain flour, 3oz. cornflour, 3oz. butter, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, yolk 1 egg, little milk, lemon cheese, 2 whites of egg, 4 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Sift flour and baking powder, rub in butter, add sugar. Make into dry dough with beaten yolk and milk. Turn on to floured board. Roll out. Line deep plate with the pastry. Prick the centre and bake for 15 minutes. Fill with lemon cheese. Make a meringue with whites and sugar, and heap roughly over the top. Return to oven to brown slightly. Serve hot.

APRICOT MOULD

Three cups stewed apricots, 3 cups sugar, 1½ tablespoons powdered gelatine, whipped cream.

Put apricots through a fine sieve, using juice too. Add sugar and gelatine, and, if you desire, a little almond essence as well. Stir over gas till gelatine is dissolved. Pour into a wetted mould and leave on ice till set. Turn out in the usual way. Decorate with whipped cream. Any fruit can be used in the same way.

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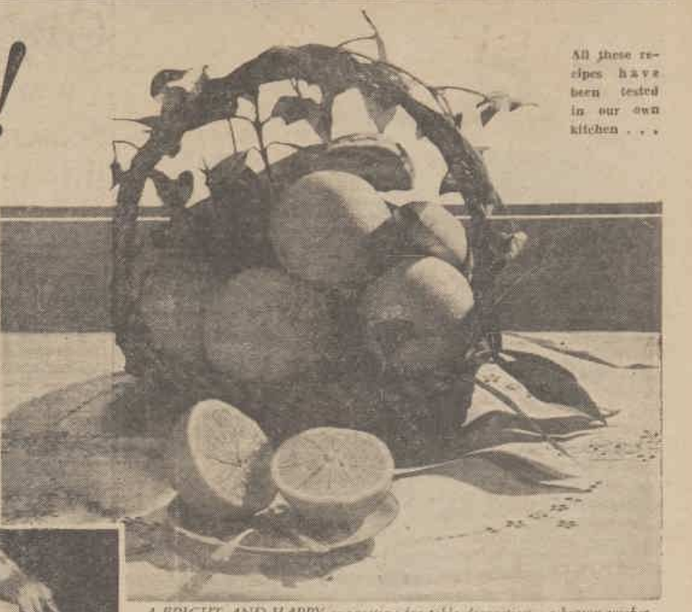
ORANGES!

Cheap and plentiful ... let them bring new life to the daily menu

SWEET ORANGE jam and marmalade—the latter made from the seville or bitter type of orange.

RICH in vitamins, A, B, C—containing calcium, phosphorus, and iron — oranges are a vital aid to perfect health. Eat them, extract the juice, and drink it; use them in cakes, puddings, salads, and stock up on jam and marmalade.

By RUTH FURST — Cookery Expert to the Australian Women's Weekly.



All these recipes have been tested in our own kitchen . . .

A BRIGHT AND HAPPY suggestion for table decoration—a brown wicker basket of oranges, topped with bananas and green leaves.

OFTEN described as "Nature's stored sunlight," oranges supply all valuable minerals to build strong teeth and bones, rich blood, nerve tissue, and, in addition, help to regulate the body. Moreover, they stimulate the appetite and aid digestion.

The skin can be grated finely or flaked. The essential oil which gives the orange its special flavor is in the skin, not the pith, which is bitter and should not be used. After removing the juice from oranges, the skin can be dried in the oven, stored in airtight tins and kept for further use.

ORANGE PUDDING

Half-dozen oranges, 1 pint milk, 2oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 eggs, 2oz. sugar for meringue.

Grate the rind from 3 oranges. Peel all, remove pith, and cut into thin slices. Make a thick custard with milk, sugar, and yolks. Add the rind. Put half the sliced oranges in the bottom of a greased piedish. Cover with custard, then cover with slices of oranges. Beat whites, add sugar, and heap roughly over the orange slices. Bake in a moderate oven till meringue is browned. Serve hot or cold.

ORANGE CUSTARD PUDDING

Three-quarters pint milk, 2 eggs, 2oz. sugar, grated rind 1 orange.

Beat eggs well, add sugar, rind of orange, and milk. Pour into buttered piedish. Bake in a very slow oven till set and the top is lightly browned. Serve either hot or cold.

ORANGE RICE PUDDING

Cold boiled rice, sugar, oranges, boiled custard.

Put sufficient cold boiled rice in a glass dish to cover the bottom. Peel and quarter some oranges, spread over rice, sprinkle with sugar, add another layer of rice, then oranges and sugar, and so on till the dish is nearly full. Allow to stand at least four hours. Make a small quantity of boiled custard. When cold, pour over the orange pudding. Place in an ice chest. Just before serving, sprinkle lightly with desiccated coconut.

ORANGE FLEUR

Half-pound shortcrust, 1 pint water, rind and juice 2 oranges, 4oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, yolks 2 eggs, whites 2 eggs, 2oz. butter, sugar for meringue.

Boil the water, rind, juice of oranges, and sugar. Pour on to blended arrowroot. Return to a saucepan. Cook till clear. Add yolks and butter. Make the pastry. Line a greased fleur ring, then line with paper and fill with rice. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Remove paper and rice. Cook a few minutes longer. Fill with orange mixture. Cover with meringue. Return to oven for a few minutes. Serve hot or cold.

ORANGE MERINGUE TART

Half-cup plain flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cold water, 1 dessertspoon butter, rind and juice 1 lemon, yolks 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar for meringue, butter, rind and juice of orange, 4oz. shortcrust, whites of 2 eggs.

Boil water, sugar, orange rind, and juice and then lemon juice well together. Add the blended flour and cook for a few minutes. Add the yolks of eggs. Allow to become cold before using. Place in cooked pastry case, and cover with meringue made from the whites of eggs and sugar. Put into a slow oven until pale brown and set.

ORANGE SHORT BISCUITS

Three ounces butter, 3oz. sugar, yolk 1 egg, 6oz. plain flour, scant ½ teaspoon baking powder, little milk if necessary, icing sugar, orange juice, little whipped white of egg, jelly crystals.

Cream butter and sugar, add yolk of egg and milk, then flour and baking-powder. Roll out thinly. Stamp out with oval cutter. Bake on a greased tin till a pale brown. Mix sugar, white of egg, and orange juice together till a smooth paste. Spread on each biscuit when cold, sprinkle with orange jelly crystals, and leave in a warm place till dry. Serve on a plate on a paper d'oyley.

GIVE THEM orange juice from babyhood upwards. Its valuable qualities help to build strong teeth and bones, rich blood and nerve tissue.

ORANGE CAKE

Five ounces butter, 2 eggs, 10oz. self-raising flour, 5oz. sugar, ½ gill milk (4½ tablespoons), 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time. Then add milk, and lastly well-sifted flour and orange rind. Bake in prepared tin in a moderate oven. When cooked and cold, ice with warm orange icing. This mixture can also be baked in small tins, taking 8 to 12 minutes to cook; in cheseboard tins, 30 minutes to cook; in baking tins, 40 to 50 minutes to cook; in cake tins, 1 hour to cook.

ORANGE SPONGE

Four ounces loaf sugar, ½oz. gelatine, 4 oranges, 1 gill water, whites 2 eggs.

Put the sugar into a saucepan with the strained juice of oranges, water and gelatine and, simmer very gently 20 minutes. Pour into a basin, and when beginning to set add the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs and beat well until mixture is white and spongy. Pile on a dish and garnish with sections of orange.

ORANGE ROCK CAKES

Half pound self-raising flour, 3oz. sugar, rind and juice of 1 orange, 3oz. butter, 1 egg.

Sift flour and rub in butter. Add sugar and rind. Make into a stiff dough with beaten egg and orange juice. Put into small heaps (or roll out into balls) on well-greased tins. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. When cooked turn on to a cake cooler and sprinkle with icing sugar.

ORANGE SHORTCAKE

Half pound self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, orange jam, orange icing, salt.

Sift the flour and salt. Rub in the butter, add sugar, make into stiff dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, cut in half. Roll half out into an 8-inch square, and lay in greased swiss roll tin. Spread with orange jam. Cover with the other half. Mark into fingers. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out carefully. When cold cover the top with orange icing. When set cut into the marked fingers.

ORANGE JULEP

Three-quarters pound sugar, 1½ pints water, juice 6 lemons, 1½ cups orange juice, ½ cup mint leaves.

Boil sugar and water, add mint leaves, and allow to stand 10 minutes. Strain, add the fruit pieces and when cold, bottle. Quarter fill a tumbler with the julep, add soda water and chipped ice. Serve at once.

ORANGE MELBA

Slices of orange, whipped cream, ice cream, grated orange rind.

Place a couple of slices of orange in the bottom of melba glasses. Cover with ice cream. Place a spoonful of whipped cream on the ice cream. Sprinkle with finely-grated orange rind and serve at once.

SWEET ORANGE JAM

Four large oranges, 4lbs. sugar, 4 pints water.

Choose oranges with thick skins; wash and dry. Cut into very thin slices, put into preserving pan with water, and leave till next day. Boil till the skins are soft. Add sugar and stir lightly till dissolved. Boil quickly, about 1½ hours. Allow to cool down a little before bottling, otherwise the solid pieces may rise to the top. Store in cool dry place. Do not stir the jam after sugar is added, as it makes it cloudy.

ORANGE CREAM

Four ounces sugar, yolks 4 eggs, 4 oranges, 1 lemon.

Mix sugar and egg yolks, add juice of oranges and lemon, and grated rind of two oranges. Stir over boiling water till thick. Serve in glass bowl decorated with quarters of orange.

AMBROSIA SALAD

Combine orange cubes, grated fresh coconut, cubed pineapple. Serve with a sweetened fruit dressing.

New Orange Salads

(1) **Orange sections arranged in circle on lettuce. Strawberries heaped in centre. Fruit or cream dressing.**

(2) **Orange cubes heaped into and around a guava cup. Top with strawberries or cherries. Fruit dressing.**

(3) **Sliced orange with crystallised or fresh figs and nuts.**

(4) **Orange section circled around a mould of cherry jelly garnished with a sprig of mint.**

(5) **Orange and pineapple cubes with strawberries. Fruit dressing.**

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3 Brunettes—

Over 200 girls' skins colour-analysed

All brunettes—yet no two have skins alike? They should never use the same shade of powder!

Dark-haired Helen Kirk-Jones, in centre, has a white skin that brunette powder ruins. A *blonde's* shade—Pond's Rose Cream—gives it radiance!

Mary Blagden, at top, finds her type of creamy skin sparkles with Pond's Brun*ette*. Sally Hanford has a dark skin which lights up with Pond's Rose Brunette.

Which are you like? Don't use a "dark" powder because you have dark hair! Let your *skin* decide!

TO FIND OUT what makes certain skins luminous—others dull—Pond's analysed over 200 girls' skins. They discovered that creamy skin owed its glow to a hint of *green*. Fair skins had *blue* to thank! They blended these colours in *new* shades. That's how Pond's supplies the skin beauty you lack! One tint warms pallor—another turns sallow skins rosy. Florid complexions tone down—muddy skins clear.

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Besides giving a youthful vibrancy to all skins Pond's Powder clings with a fresh, clear look for hours. No shiny surfaces—no "caking." Pond's is not airy-light, nor yet too heavy—it is the weight which adapts to all types of skin. Its delightful perfume is the favourite of famous beauties. Pond's Powder comes in two sizes—1/6 and 2/6 per box. Send in the coupon and see how the right shade brings you new loveliness! You will be amazed how clear your skin will look!

Trial Offer: Mail coupon with two 1d. stamps to cover postage, package, etc., for free sample of Pond's exquisite new Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ☐, Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream (Natural) ☐, Naturelle (Light Natural) ☐, Rose Brunette ☐, Dark Brunette (Suntan) ☐.
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NEW evening hats are entirely made of flowers. They are perched over one eye, and have short, flaring veils. You can wear a bunch of matching flowers at the neck of your dress.

GROW CYCLAMEN *from* SEED

◆ ◆ Prepare for a Colorful Season next Winter . . . with this Glorious, Exotic Flower

—Says the Old Gardener

Steeped in the tradition of flowerless winter, we learn with a thrill of glad surprise that such an exotic, colorful flower as the cyclamen blooms in winter . . . And such glorious color it gives, too. Not a woman, following fashion, who does not know its rich, colorful shadings.

To-day the Old Gardener advises you when and how to grow them; from seed, he says, through pots, to a sheltered spot in your garden. And you may get your seed from us to-day!

ARTIST'S SKETCH of the exotic and colorful cyclamen, which can be quite easily raised from seed. Follow directions given in this article.

SOMETHING NOVEL—and surprising—in home furnishing and in gardening is this garden pool transplanted to a drawing-room. With carpet fitted close to the outer edge, all that divides it from the plants growing in soil is a narrow cemented rim. Inside the rim are growing all sorts of ferns and rockery plants, while in the pool itself are water-lilies and more ferns. What homemaker would look twice at a goldfish tank now?
—Photo by courtesy Warner Bros.

CYCLAMEN is a perennial which blooms in the middle of winter, and is a most interesting, attractive, and colorful flower.

It is a native of Southern Europe, and it has taken many years to bring it up to its present standard.

The Persian cyclamen is one of the easiest varieties to grow, has a compact habit of growth, and its handsomely-marked foliage is particularly attractive in the autumn and winter months.

The root stock is a corm, entirely different from a bulb, being made up of a distinct layer of scales, and, after flowering, the leaves decay and die away and the plant lies dormant for several months.

Lives For Years

WITH care, its roots will last from ten to twelve years, and often longer. A well-managed cyclamen bulb at fifteen months' growth from seed should be at least one foot in diameter, the plant should have a dense mass of variegated leaves standing almost erect, with flowers not more than two or three inches above the foliage. Well-developed flowers should be broad in the petals, about two inches in length, and round at the ends, and have a slight, regular twist in each segment of the corolla.

Bush-house culture suits them admirably, but they may be grown in the open garden, providing good sheltered positions are selected. They are usually grown in pots, and in full bloom are glorious to behold.

There is very little difficulty in raising cyclamens from seed, but do not become impatient with them, as they germinate very irregularly, some coming up long after the others have made a good start. Be sure and have fresh seed; old seed loses its vitality, fresh seed gives quick germination.

Raising From Seed

THE beds, boxes, or seed-pans for cyclamens should be made from compost mixed with leaf mould and sufficient sand to keep it open and free.

The seeds should then be debbled in, spacing them about one inch apart, and sowing about a quarter of an inch deep. Keep covered until germination takes place. Remember that the darker you keep the beds or boxes the sooner germination takes place.

A good plan is to cover with a sheet of brown paper, then a piece of glass over the paper.

When the seed has germinated, remove the covering. When the plants are large enough to handle, prick them out into pots filled with similar soil as was used for raising. Crock the bottoms of the pots well to ensure good drainage. Pricking out from the nursery should be done in small pots, then, as they grow, the plants should be again re-potted into larger ones, and so on, until the pots are large enough for their permanent homes.

Note These Hints

WHEN potting, see that the corms or tubers appear a little above the soil. If buried too deeply they will rot away.

If grown in bush or glass houses a free circulation of air is necessary. Never allow the seedlings to suffer from want of water, and examine them from time to time for aphis and other insect pests.

At flowering time they will respond rapidly to occasional applications of liquid manure, made weak until about the color of weak tea. Once you have grown these beautiful flowers you can go on improving and multiplying them.

They are free seeding plants, so select the best. Watch the seed-pods, and when they are dry secure the seed and sow as soon as possible. Leave two or three pods to ripen on each plant, remove all of the others, otherwise the plant may become exhausted trying to ripen and send forth other seed.

How to Re-pot

THE bulbs after flowering should be kept moderately dry until they begin to show signs of making fresh growth. They should then be taken out of the pots, the soil shaken out, re-potted again into clean pots and good soil. Do not put them into pots too large. The size will vary according to the size of the tuber, allowing about three-quarters of an inch space between the bulb and the pot.

As soon as the plants begin to throw up strong leaves they should be encouraged to grow vigorously by watering as required, giving plenty of air, and keeping them free from disease and insects. In the process of potting the soil should be pressed down firmly and the centre of the corm, as already stated, slightly elevated above the soil. This is imperative.

So, for the successful culture of the cyclamen, you will provide a constant and unvarying temperature as far as possible, a moist atmosphere, abundant supplies of water, avoid anything like stagnation at the roots, and ensure freedom from insect pests, aphis, and fungus diseases.

The Australian Women's Weekly now has its own seed department, where all orders are executed promptly under my direct supervision. If you want to grow this beautiful and interesting flower, cyclamen, we can supply you with seeds at 2/6 per packet, plus 2d. for postage.

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NOTE.—Don't confuse Salix Magnesia with unsatisfactory forms of magnesia—granular, salines, citrates, etc. It is always wise to clearly pronounce the name "S-A-L-I-X" Magnesia.★★★

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These two lovely sheer blouses were created for you by Bertha Maxwell for spring and summer wear . . . You must have them!

With the expertly-cut patterns, the unusually pretty transfer plus the easy-to-follow directions, you can make them swiftly!

SPRING days in the office, dinner with a friend, an informal theatre party—these are some of the occasions on which a beautiful blouse is positively necessary to your well-being. A quiet, well-worn suit is rejuvenated by a touch of dainty handwork in the fresh blouse worn beneath its coat. So simple and quick to make, so easy to launder, these charming little garments may be sleeveless if you wish; mere scraps of silk, muslin or fine linen, their making is a delightful needlework pastime full of rich satisfaction.

Two very different styles have been designed for you on this page. If you are plumpish, with the lovely throat which is given to the slightly overweight girls, you will enjoy the design with the square neck, so reminiscent of many of the old-master portraits of famous and lovely ladies.

The needlework design which goes with it is a quaintly stiff little patch of spring crocuses, their straight lines and sweet simplicity harmonising perfectly with the squareness of the blouse, achieving a slender effect by line alone.

The second blouse is an enchanting style for the slender, its graceful rounded yoke emphasising the shoulder-line in the happiest manner, and finishing in a high-neck closing to match. Add to the yoke near the neckline a spray or two of frilly fuchsias, and you complete the suggestion of soft fullness and simple grace.

The patterns are handcut by an expert and will almost make themselves. If you don't know how to sew at all, you can follow these simple directions. You will be astonished to find how easy it is, and you will soon be making heaps of other fascinating things for the summer. Your dress money will spin to unimaginable lengths if you are your own dressmaker. And you will enjoy every moment of it, too.

DON'T wait for the first warm days to find you without a really pretty blouse. Be prepared with a dainty trifle of silk or linen, so easily put together in a few spare hours. The odd blouse occupies a stronger position than ever this season; you cannot have too many in your wardrobe.

ON YOUR right you see the novel fuchsia design which decorates the sweet blouse above. Below, the square-necked blouse embroidered with crocuses. Patterns of this blouse in sizes 32 to 38 cost 1/1.

HERE IS A SKETCH of Bertha Maxwell's charming new circular-yoked blouse embroidered with the exotic fuchsia, transfers of which cost 1/-. Hand-cut pattern of blouse, sizes 32 to 36, cost 1/1.

How To Make Them

A POSTAL note, the pattern and transfer you require, and your name and address clearly written—that is all you need for ordering your requirements, which are promptly posted from this office. Then spread out your material, read these following instructions step by step, and then do exactly as directed.

Exclusive hand-cut patterns of square-neck blouse, sizes 32 to 38. Price, 1/1.

Exclusive hand-cut patterns of circular yoke blouse. Sizes 32 to 36. Price, 1/1.

Bertha Maxwell's charming spring crocus transfer design gives group of crocuses and leaves suitable for front and sleeves of square-necked blouse. Plain or cut embroidery. Price, 1/-.

Bertha Maxwell's quaint fuchsia transfer design gives five charming little sprigs of fuchsias for front and back of round-yoked blouse. Price, 1/-.

To make the yoked blouse you will need 2¼ yds. of 36-inch material and six buttons. There are six pattern pieces, half-back and half-front yoke, half-back and half-front bodice, sleeve, and cuff. Try the pattern on and make any alterations necessary before cutting out. To cut and make the blouse, lay centre-front and centre-back of yoke and bodice to the fold of the material, cut sleeve and cuff double, allowing for seams everywhere.

Iron the transfer to the blouse before making up. Turn under lower edge of front yoke and machine down on to front bodice, join back yoke the same, slit front yoke down for about four inches and bind round with a crossway strip of material.

Join shoulder seams, next join sleeve to yoke and armhole, lastly join side and sleeve seams. Seam each end of cuff, run a gathering thread at lower edge of sleeve, gather up to fit cuff, turn in raw edges of cuff and sew sleeve between. Hem lower edge of blouse, sew buttons and loops at neck. Make two buttonholes on each cuff; sew on buttons. Face round neck with a crossway strip of material.

Placing the Transfer

THERE are three pattern pieces for the short-sleeved blouse, half-back and half-front of bodice, and sleeve, and you will need 2½yds. of 36-inch material. Follow directions given for the yoked blouse as regards fitting the pattern before cutting out, and the ironing off of the transfer.

Lay centre-front and centre-back of bodice to the fold of material, cut sleeves double, join shoulder and under-arm seams, gather sleeves to fit lower edge of top sleeve, sew top sleeve down on to gathered sleeve; join sleeve seams and sew in sleeves, sew on cuffs as for first blouse. Hem lower edge of blouse, and face neck and lower edge of sleeves with a crossway strip of material.

If you are a beginner, make up the blouses either completely or partly before ironing off the design; see that yoke or sleeve edges near the design are set or finished so that the needlework is quite straight.

Measure with a ruler and pencil to get centres and even sides, and then iron off the transfer; delicate materials like georgette or fine crepe-de-chine may be stamped on the wrong side, or pencil-traced over the design.

Flower Embroidery

THE CROCUSES: These quaint little spring flowers come hopping up out of the cold ground all bright yellow or rich bright purple, with a few bright green spiky leaves. Here you see them in a stiff array like a small spring border, their lovely colors giving them a gaiety which belies their straightness.

Stitch them quickly in outline, with a green line along the bottom, or buttonhole them all over and clip out the tiny dark bits which turn the work into cut embroidery of the handsomest description.

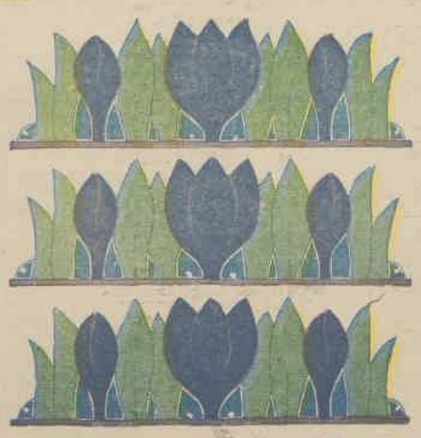
Place a row under the neckline of the square blouse, and add part of a row to the sleeves if you do not wish to do a whole border there. Examine the transfer, and you will see how the buds may be cut away with a leaf or so on either side, quite suitable for smaller patches of work.

The Fuchsias: Did you know that these lovely old flowers are coming into favor again? The upper part of the flower, the calyx, is red, deep salmon or pale pink; the frilly petal part which hangs down is in shades of purple, dull red or white. Use scarlet and purple for a striking effect, and medium to light green for the leaf.

The tiny scrap of cutwork may be omitted, or worked in leaf green.

Place a sprig or two on the front of the blouse, and one in the centre of the yoke at the back or on a pocket. Outline, satin-stitch or close filling stitches will suit these flowers.

On towel ends, could anything be prettier than these two transfers?



HERE YOU HAVE a close-up of the crocus design. The crocus transfer contains sufficient for decorating front and sleeves of blouse (as shown above). The cost of this quaint and lovely transfer is 1/-.

Get fit and keep fit with Eno

Waste matter which is not eliminated efficiently produces poisons in the system and often causes a host of big and little ills. Take Eno every morning; it is pleasant to take, gentle in action, and clears the system safely and thoroughly. In Winter, if preferred, Eno can be taken in water with the chill off.

STUDY THESE SYMPTOMS:	
DEPRESSION	LIVERISHNESS
SLEEPLESSNESS	LASSITUDE
INDIGESTION	IRRITABILITY
DROWSINESS	CONSTIPATION

REGULAR (HANDY) SIZE COSTS ONLY 2/3*

and double quantity 3/9

* Eno is in fine powder form and is therefore more economical

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks. Au 7b

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THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT ABOUT STOMACH TROUBLE IS THIS—

The digestive system is an intricate machine in which the stomach is one of the "cogs" so to speak. If you have trouble in one of the parts the rest of the system is thrown out of action. For that reason treatment of any digestive ailment must embrace the entire digestive system.

Stomach trouble can become chronic and serious through overlooking this important fact. So if you have pain, wind and other distressing symptoms which seem to be confined to the stomach remember that stomach help alone is not enough.

For Relief to be Complete and Lasting You need Stomach Help and MORE 'BiSoDoL' is a COMPLETE Remedy

After a few doses of 'BiSoDoL' you will find your stomach troubles have disappeared. That is because 'BiSoDoL' soothes the stomach nerves whereby the acidity of the gastric juice is regulated. Food no longer ferments and turns sour, gas ceases to form, you are free from pain and flatulence, and can digest your food in comfort.

But the restorative action of 'BiSoDoL' does not end in the stomach. The headaches, the liver attacks, the mental sluggishness and bodily lethargy, the fits of depression, the abdominal flatulence and distension—all the distressing symptoms of intestinal or bowel indigestion with which most middle-aged and elderly people are only too well acquainted — are quickly relieved and finally vanish when 'BiSoDoL' is taken.

"Thanks to 'BiSoDoL' I am enjoying new life"

Miss E. D. writes:—"Having suffered for many years from acute indigestion I feel you would like to hear from one who has tried 'BiSoDoL' with remarkable success. I have tried many things without effect, now thanks to 'BiSoDoL' I am enjoying new life."

"No return of Indigestion for weeks past"

Miss C. L. J. writes:—"I have lost my indigestion completely, for I have not had a return for weeks past. It really is a treat to be able to enjoy my meals, also to have full nights' rest. Since I have not had indigestion I have been a new woman altogether."

BiSoDoL (REGD.)

TRY 'BiSoDoL' and you will realize what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion and gastric trouble by the discovery of this COMPLETE remedy.

1/9 and 2/6 OF ALL CHEMISTS
Pronounce it BY-SO-DOL

FOR *Young* WIVES *and* MOTHERS

Have "Safety First" as your Motto

By MARY TRUBY KING

Always get medical advice when baby is ill. How obvious this instruction seems, but how often it is ignored!

Every year the lives of countless infants are lost because parents do not seek medical advice at the onset of illness, but wait till their children become so seriously ill that they are driven to the doctor for fear for their very lives. Pitiably, then, it is often too late.

POVERTY cannot be pleaded as an excuse. The doors of our public hospitals are open to those whose means are not sufficient for private medical examination.

It is a foolish thing to give a child soothing powders or patent medicines, hoping for the best and turning one's back on the acknowledged source of help. If baby is ailing and you cannot ascertain the cause, it is easy to bring your mind into a state of self-satisfaction by saying, "He doesn't seem as bad as he was yesterday," or "Mrs. So-and So's baby looks very much worse than mine, and she hasn't taken him to the doctor."

If you are not sure whether baby is as he should be or not, you have a duty of inquiry to fulfil.

What should we say of a man who was not sure whether his ship was seaworthy or not, but sent her out from port with human freight? The events which led up to the origin of Plimsoll's mark apply conclusively to the mother who deliberately neglects to safeguard the life of her child from shipwreck.

MOTHERS should apply the protective principle of Plimsoll's mark to their children, making it their business to investigate thoroughly any departure they may notice from the normal, thus ensuring their safety from grave diseases and fitting them for the voyage of life.

During the winter months, be on the watch for any ill-effects of colds, coughs, and chills. The moment a child is noticed to have a cold, put him to bed and keep him there, in an even temperature, for 24 hours at the least.

If you suspect that the child has croup, call in a doctor, for it is not easy for the lay person to differentiate between croup, asthma, diphtheria, and other severe inflammations of the throat.

Do not let labored breathing of any kind go on without medical attention. Vomiting, diarrhoea, and fever all call for the physician's help.

A day or so in bed, correct diet, and an appropriate prescription will often prevent what would have otherwise turned into a serious illness.

Obey Doctor's Orders

THE second essential is to obey the doctor's orders implicitly. If he advises that the child should have a week in bed, do not let him up on the third day because he is bored with bed and wants to get back to his playmates. This is asking for trouble. Make sure that the child is warmly clad, and give him toys, books, and crayons, which will interest him. Getting up too soon is often the cause of serious relapses.

Unless the doctor orders otherwise, provide the child with plenty of fluid. Barley water is excellent. It is far more important (in the majority of cases) for the sick child to have fluid than food.

One used to hear that one should "feed a cold," but a cold is an illness, and responds better to a light diet and plenty of fluid than to heavy meals.

Keep Air Fresh

MAKE sure that there is fresh air in the sick-room. There should be a means of exit for the air as well as a means of entry, so that the air is continually flowing across the room.

Warm the air by lighting a fire if necessary, but keep it fresh.

Do not allow the child any other visitors than his mother and father, in addition to the person who is nursing him. Children are more liable to "pick up" disease germs than are adults, but the fewer adults who visit the sick-room the better for both the patient and themselves. Rest and quiet are essential to a quick recovery, and all forms of over-stimulation are definitely bad.

Most children pass through the winter without any complaints, but should you notice that the child is the least bit off-color, remember that you have a duty of inquiry to perform.

Now you can **PREVENT many COLDS**

The next time a sneeze or sniffle warns you that days of misery are ahead, don't sit back and let a cold develop. Stop it immediately!

Quick! Put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. Instantly, you can feel the tingling medication spread deep into the nasal passages, clearing the head, and relieving the irritation.

The stuffy, sneezy feeling vanishes! Every breath is cool and delightful. And, usually, *that* cold will trouble you no longer. For Va-tro-nol stimulates Nature's own efforts to throw off a cold before it gets beyond the nose and upper throat—*where 3 out of 4 colds start.* Used in time, it prevents many an ugly cold altogether.

WHEN VAPORUB IS NEEDED—If a cold strikes without warning, or gets by even the best defences, then you need Vicks VapoRub, the famous vaporising ointment for *relieving* colds. These two companion-products form the basis of the remarkable Vicks Plan for better Control of Colds, fully described in each package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL *for* NOSE & THROAT

CLEVER IDEAS

TASTY FISH CAKES: Add mashed bananas to fish cakes to give a rare and delicate flavor.

FOR PARCHMENT SHADES: A coating of colorless varnish will do wonders with parchment shades that are beginning to look "tired."

RANCID BUTTER: If butter has turned rancid you may make it sweet again this way: Melt it and then skim it. Take a small piece of toast that is free from burn, and put it in with the butter. Leave butter to get cold and firm, and it will taste quite good again.

TO KEEP CHEESE: If you keep a couple of lumps of sugar in a cheese dish, they will absorb the moisture, and prevent the cheese from going mouldy.

CUT DOWN ON GAS BILLS: Always use saucepans with a wide base so that the bottoms fit or are slightly larger than the heating area, and the contents will boil more quickly. Do not let the flame come up round the sides, as the gas thus being used is quite wasted. Also, if cooking utensils are clean on the outside, the food inside will cook quicker.

BRIGHTENING UP FROCKS: If your frock is looking shabby, you can bring it new life this way: Pour a little methylated spirit into a saucer, dip a stiff clothes-brush into it, and brush vigorously. Then hang it to dry on a clothes-hanger. This method brings up the color of the cloth, particularly navy-blue. Treatment is not recommended for silk materials.

REJUVENATE YOUR SHOES: If toes and heels of your brown shoes are looking shabby, paint them over with two or three coats of iodine, and, when dry, polish with brown cream as usual. The faded look will disappear. This treatment is particularly successful when a piece of leather is torn right away, leaving a white patch.

FOR TORN LACE: To mend invisibly and economically a small tear in lace or net curtain, place the two ends together and paint them with colorless liquid nail varnish. When dry, the curtains can be washed without affecting the mend.

WITH SHORT WARDROBES: If your wardrobe is too short, and allows dresses to get crumpled on the bottom, take the long hooks out of the coat-hangers—the ordinary wooden hangers—and substitute very short ones. Sometimes this gives you as much as two inches of extra space.

TO WASH CHIFFON: Chiffon may be washed, but only if great care is taken. Place chiffon in a large bowl filled with warm soapsuds. Move about in the water, pressing it gently with the hands, but take care not to rub it. Pour off the water, and rinse the chiffon thoroughly. Take the whole frock in your hands at once, and lay it out to dry on a thick Turkish towel. Pull it gently into shape, cover with a second towel, and roll up. Leave wrapped up in towels until it is only damp, and not wringing wet, and then press it with a warm, but not hot, iron.

Exciting colour!
Primitive mystery!

This new, more exotic lipstick gives your lips these . . . and more!

Silhouetted savages dance on the clever case . . . to tell you that within there is a bizarre, primitive mystery for your lips . . . if you dare! Jungle-ish? Perhaps, but *ah!* how effective. It is a new, transparent indelible lip colour with a much more exciting meaning. Really, you'll never know the thrill of excitingly *lovely lips* until you use one of the five stirring SAVAGE shades. Your favorite store has them all. TANGERINE . . FLAME . . NATURAL . . BLUSH . . JUNGLE.

2/6

The highly indelible
SAVAGE LIPSTICK
Savagely clings to lovely lips

PRIZE BABIES
Mother tells how

Mrs. M. E. White writes :—"Having found your Infants' Powders so good for my little girl, especially during teething, I did not hesitate to give them to the two boys when they arrived, and I have not had one bad night with any of the children.

We were often told what fine babies we had, and the little girl took a prize at a baby show at the age of 23 months." Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders ensure painless and trouble-free teething. Regular and normal bowel motions are induced and good digestion is assured. They are safe and reliable and have proved their worth to thousands of babies. Always ask for

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

"MOTHERCRAFT."
Book for expectant and actual mothers.
By MARY TRUBY KING.
Of inestimable value to mothers all over Australia. Price, 3/10 posted from the publishers.
WHITCOMBE & TOMBS, LTD., Castlereagh St., Sydney.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BY EVELYN

SWIFT... Easy Ways Of Bringing NEW LOVELINESS To Lips and Mouth

NO MATTER how unattractive your mouth may be you can improve it marvellously with simple exercises and massage. The sketch in the circle (top left) illustrates one movement in massage explained in this article.

IT is said that mouths are expressive of character: For instance, drooping lips tell a story of discontent; thin lips portray hardness and cruelty; a wide mouth betokens a generous, easy-going nature, and so on.

Don't believe all this, but rather believe that a badly-shaped mouth mars your beauty, detracts from your charm. And believe, also, that wonders can be worked with drooping, thin, or too full lips, or with lips that have a hard, set expression.

PERHAPS you did not think that drooping lips could be remedied, but they can.

Practise the habit of keeping the corners of the mouth turned up. Don't overdo the action, however, or you'll acquire an expression of haughty severity! Furthermore, think cheerful thoughts, smile a little oftener, and soon you'll be smiling from the heart. And when you smile from the heart, your eyes—your whole face—will light up.

Whistling is a good exercise for drooping lips, but if you believe the old proverb about "a whistling woman and a crowing hen," you'll only purse the lips outwards, as though whistling, then draw them back into their original shape. Do this often—when nobody's looking—and note the change in about a month's time.

To Improve Thin Lips

THIN lips, a feature no one likes to possess, can be improved by the simple act, oft repeated, of pursing them outwards, holding this position for a few seconds, and then drawing them back firmly.

On the other hand, lips that are too full should be closed tightly against the teeth. Then, without allowing the lips to open, draw the corners outwards. After a few seconds like this, purse the lips outwards as though about to whistle.

Hard, set lips that spoil the expression can be corrected by the simple action of relaxing the jaws and shaking the head vigorously from side to side. Smother the lips with cream before this exercise. Even though it may be trying at first, persevere.

And the old, old method of repeating in an exaggerated manner the words "prunes and prisms" is good for the lips and shape of the mouth generally. Excellent also for the mouth is the action of blowing out a candle. When in the act of blowing, draw in the outer edges of the lips as if you were placing them over a small opening.

And remember this: Continually breathing through the mouth is fatal to its beauty. Clear the nasal passages thoroughly before going to bed, so that nose breathing will be easier and mouth-breathing banished. Wear a chin-strap if you think it will aid you to keep the mouth closed.

Massage is, too, good for the beauty of the mouth. Using the tips of the first and second fingers, draw them firmly upward and outward from the lips to the top of the cheekbone, and repeat twenty times. Of course, you must cleanse the skin first and apply a little cream.

Another movement is to commence near the point of the chin and, using the finger-tips, work with long, firm, sweeping strokes to the ears. Then pat in a circular movement around the mouth and follow by tapping the lips, which, too, have been well creamed.

A final word: Don't pout or bite the lips. Practise any or all of these exercises—according to your needs. But do not fail to carry out the simple massage movements which will help to keep the contour of your mouth firm—or banish mouth wrinkles and gain a firm contour.

Right: Using the finger-tips of both hands, pat gently but firmly round the mouth. This tapping, in conjunction with massage, banishes wrinkles, keeps contour firm.

THE SKETCH above illustrates facial massage for mouth beauty. Begin near chin and follow with long sweeping strokes up to ears.

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To keep the teeth and mouth clean and healthy

-he says KOLYNOS

Dentists throughout the World recommend Kolynos because of its ability to remove unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and whitening the teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

Use only *half-an-inch* of KOLYNOS, the proved antiseptic and germicidal tooth paste, on a *dry brush* — and for *two minutes!* Your mouth will immediately feel cleaner and fresher and your teeth will glisten and sparkle. *Discover for yourself the joy of a clean mouth and sound, attractive white teeth. Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day.* Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

...BY A DOCTOR...

Exercise Necessary For Middle-Aged

PATIENT: Are you in favor of exercises for persons who are no longer young, or do they strain the heart and shorten life?

AS we grow older we neglect exercise. Usually we look upon it as a bore, a bothersome thing for which we have no time to spare.

But especially in middle life we should try to overcome our lethargy, if not our downright laziness, and realise that the gains far outweigh the trouble it may take to carry out a systematic programme of exercise.

There is real joy in exercising the muscles sufficiently to produce at least a mild perspiration and to follow this with a warm shower, then cold, and, lastly, a rub-down or massage. And if such a procedure be carried out, say three times a week, the following general salutary effects may be hoped for:

(1) The circulation is speeded up and thereby more waste is eliminated from the body, while at the same time sluggish organs and tissues are supplied with more oxygen and nourishment.

(2) Digestion is aided. You are likely to eat more heartily if the appetite has been poor. You also use up more of the food taken in.

(3) The heart muscle is strengthened. This comes in handy in time of emergency—running for car, or upstairs, or at unexpected times when a show of unusual strength is required.

(4) The muscles of the body generally are kept in good condition. They are prevented from wasting.

(5) The abdomen is kept down in size and the body tissues are prevented from laying down excessive fat deposits.

(6) The lungs are used as they should be; that is, air cells not generally employed are brought into action, thus keeping up the vitality of the lungs and helping to prevent colds, bronchial troubles, pneumonia, tuberculosis, etc.

(7) The heat-regulating mechanism of the body is kept efficient. The pores are opened up and perspiration is freer. The body is therefore able more readily to accommodate itself to changing temperatures and weather conditions.

(8) Mentally, exercise makes you feel buoyant and full of energy. It is an aid to the imagination. Memory improves. The reasoning faculties are sharpened. Optimism, instead of depression and pessimism, becomes the order of the day.

Exercise in the open air is, of course, the best. Golf, tennis, horse-back riding, running and fast walking are among those exercises most highly to be recommended.

During the winter months, however, gymnasium or setting-up exercises are an excellent substitute.

When you do calisthenics, for instance, think about what you are doing. Don't go in for making large muscles, but try to make your muscles as firm, yet supple, as they were when you were twenty.

Everyone in middle life requires exercise, and this applies to women as well as men.

RHEUMATISM?

Not For 20 Years Thanks to— SLOAN'S

Now at the slightest sign of ache or pain I gently apply a little SLOAN'S. At once—comforting warmth, bringing to the painful tissues a flood of purified blood. In a few moments the pain ceases—creaky joints and painful muscles become easier and supple again.

No need to rub SLOAN'S in. Just put it on.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

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"DAMP-SET"

your own wave

IT works on hair of any texture. On any wave, natural or permanent. And takes but four minutes! Without even disarranging your coiffure, *"damp-setting"* will revive your wave, and give your hair dazzling new lustre you never thought possible!

America, from New York to Los Angeles, is wildly enthusiastic over *"damp-setting"*—the amazing treatment of a famous American chemist and adviser to the smartest New York, London, and Paris beauty salons. You will be, too. For it saves hours spent in beauty parlors. Keeps the wave, and keeps the hair fastidiously fresh. And is so easy! So quick!

All you need for *"damp-setting"* is brush and comb and an ounce of Velmol. (If you have no Velmol in the house, a bottle costs you only 2/1 at any chemist shop.) Then just brush the Velmol through your hair and simply press the waves into place.

What a glorious change this four-minute treatment makes! Instantly it revives the original ripple of your wave. And never any grease—for delightful, crystal-clear Velmol liquid must not be confused with heavy, messy, "brilliantines."

Take four minutes a week to *"damp-set"* your hair this way. Then even a light finger-wave will last ever so long. You'll not need a "permanent" half so often. And your hair will always have that fresh, lustrous appearance.

(If you usually set your waves or curls with "bobby" pins or clips overnight—brush Velmol through hair first, and you'll be quite amazed at the results.)

JUST THREE STEPS IN "DAMP-SETTING":—

(1)—Comb hair with comb moistened in water until all your hair is damp (never wet). (2)—Pour a little Velmol into palm of hand, run hairbrush over liquid until bristles are all evenly covered, and brush it right through hair. (3)—Now press the waves in—just where you want them—using fingers and comb. Press backward where the waves go back; forward where they swirl in toward cheeks and forehead. In four minutes your wave is revived—set; your hair has a glorious new charm you never believed possible.

—(Copyright)

CUT THIS OUT SO YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

How to Make a Newspaper Holdall!

This useful and decorative container should be in every home. Why not make it?

WHO has not suffered from the constant litter made by the daily papers as they sprawl from the tables and chairs, drop under the furniture and get stowed away where they cannot be found just when the need for reference to one of them is particularly urgent?

Keep your newspapers tidy and also HANDY by making this useful and decorative container into which they can be slipped when not being read and from which the wanted sheet can be extracted at a moment's notice.

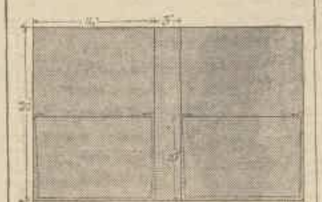
THIS SKETCH shows the newspaper holdall, making instructions for which are given on this page. The finished article you will find to be one of the most desirable and useful things that you have about the house.

THIS newspaper holdall can be as practical-looking as you wish, or as colorful and decorative as brilliant materials and gay appliques can make it.

A piece of material one yard wide and 23 inches in length is needed for the front. Any material that harmonises with the decorative scheme will do. A flowered cretonne or chintz, or an embroidered piece of linen. The lining need not be the same color. This is your chance to use up odd remnants left over from your summer sewing. The lining may be of one material, and the pockets of a contrasting color. A bright-flowered cretonne, with browns and greens in the leaves, could have a brown lining and green pockets, or vice versa.

For the illustration a piece of blue burlap is chosen with a spray of oranges decorating the corner.

If you care to follow this suggestion use a teacup when cutting out the orange circles from the fabric. Anyone can cut out a few leaves.



THIS IS a diagram of the newspaper holdall, which will aid you immeasurably in the making.

The oranges are cut out in a tawny or scarlet piece of linen, beach cloth, or any of those plain surfaced materials. Bits of green and tan linen make the leaves, and these are appliqued on with brown, and the stems of the leaves and markings are in the same shade of brown, which forms a contrast to all the other colors. Do not stick to the conventional colors that you are used to for your fruit. Just look and see what the scrap bag can produce, and with the exercise of a little taste and ingenuity see what uncommon results you can obtain from those unconsidered trifles that are lurking there unseen.

To Make Up

FIRST obtain four firm sheets of cardboard, size 14 by 20 inches. Put these on one side, and cut your material for both the outside and the lining. Thirty-six inches long by twenty-three inches wide will be ample. This will allow for a three-inch hinge, and has a bit to spare on each end which will later have to be cut away. It is never wise to cut the material too exactly to the size required. Slight discrepancies in measurements often take up more material than one allows for, and the surplus can be more easily cut away than added.

A good way of getting your material square when cutting out is to use a sheet of newspaper. Take the outside edges as a foundation and measure up the columns or along the print to the desired size. Fold it at those places, being careful to keep the fold exactly along the print lines, or up the columns, and place it on your material as a pattern. This will be perfectly satisfactory for anything of this nature, and will save a lot of bother in measuring off with a set-square and a long rule. The other alternative is usually to have the work a bit crooked, and to cut it down a bit to get it straight.

Work Carefully

LAY both pieces of material back to back on the table and chalk off the exact size that the finished container will be when opened right out. In this case, 31 by 14 inches. Chalk down the centre the three-inch hinge division, and to mark the turn-in at the top the best plan is to press it with an iron, turning the raw edges inwards, of course. Then before commencing to sew it up, put two deep pockets on. One each side, as illustrated. Ten inches is a good depth, and an inch and a half is about the right amount of slack to allow. Take the slack up in two pleats, one at each corner of the pocket.

Next pin the two covers together in the same position as they will be when finished, and machine down each side of the central hinge. Then fit two of the cardboard pieces in each side of the lining. Gum down the edges inside and carefully cut away the surplus that collects at the corner, and any that is too long at the outer turn-in.

When the gum is dry, treat the outside pieces in the same way and overstitch the covers all round. A strong cord to tie it is an extra convenience, but is not really necessary.

Morning Greetings Set

THIS attractive little linen breakfast set, embracing a 14 x 20 inch cloth, a 12 x 12 inch serviette to tuck into the "cup," as the photograph shows, may be had from our needlework department for 2/3. Postage 3d. extra.

A good quality cream linen is used for the set, which is traced with hollyhocks. Spoke-stitched edges make it possible to add lace, or capable hands may crochet a lacy edge to give a chic finish.

The quaint idea of using the "cup" as a serviette holder will appeal to all.

This is a splendid opportunity to secure a cream linen breakfast set at small cost. You may embroider it in any gay color with ease, and add it to your stock of attractive household linen, to your "glory box," or give it to some special friend at Christmas.

Remember, the price is only 2/3, from our needlework department. If you send for it by mail, please add 3d. to cover cost of postage.

SONG MEMORIES REVIVED BY THE 'BISTO KIDS'

Sing, to the tune of—

Good-by-ee!

(With acknowledgements to Messrs. Francis, Day & Hunter)

Good-pie-ee, good-pie-ee
All your pies appetise
When you try-ee
Just a sprinkling of Bisto,
You'll be tickled to death we know
Don't cry-ee! Don't sigh-ee
Bisto's great for browning when you fry-ee
It's what we use for soups and stews
Makes the most of your roast—go buy-ee.

BISTO

means a chorus of approval

Issued by Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney

Everyone admires the freshness of my skin

My secret is Vivatone—the Perfect Skin Tonic

Few women realize how much the right skin tonic contributes to the beauty of their skin. Those who do, always use Vivatone, the Perfect Skin Tonic. Vivatone is ideal for closing the pores after a thorough cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. It stimulates the circulation and gives you that fresh, youthful appearance everyone admires. Vivatone is excellent for a quick clean-up before applying new make-up. It is also recommended for neutralizing perspiration. Get a bottle today and see how firm and fresh it will make your skin.

Daggett & Ramsdell

Use up left-over wools...

AND KNIT THESE!

• • "Dutch" bed-socks, hot-water bag cover, and the cutest of "sweaters" for your doggie!

THE cosiest things in the world—and the easiest to make, says our knitting expert of the Dutch bed-socks. All the materials needed, she says, are a pair of rather coarse needles and two skeins of wool in contrasting shades. Try them out!

WHOEVER heard of a "sweater" for a dog? Well, here's one, with a collar and two front "legs" for extra warmth. The doggies will adore them—at least, we hope so!

The attractive cover for the hot-water bag offers an easy way of using left-over wools. It can be knitted in alternate stripes of two colors or in variegated stripes—according to the wools you have on hand.

Dutch Bed-socks

MATERIALS: 2 skeins of 4-ply wool in contrasting colors, and a pair of No. 6 bone needles.

Measurements: Made to fit any foot

EVEN A CHILD could make these bed-socks. Stitches used are a combination of garter and stocking stitch.

With first color cast on 60 sts. and work 10 rows in stocking-stitch. Join second color, work 4 rows in garter-stitch, then knit twice into every st. (120 sts. on the needle), work 20 ridges of garter-st., then knit 2 together all along next row.

Work 4 rows of garter-st. Join first color, work 10 rows of stocking-stitch and cast off. Sew cast-on and cast-off edges together, then sew up one end, leaving other end open. Repeat for second sock. Wool flowers may be embroidered up centre seam.

Hot-water Bag Cover

MATERIALS: 2oz. of colored wools, and a pair of No. 8 needles. A medium crochet hook.

Cast on 72 sts. and work in stocking-stitch for 12 inches, changing color every 2 inches. On next knit row, knit 30, cast off 12, knit to end. On next row cast on 12 sts. where they were cast off.

Work for another 12 inches, working stripes to correspond, then shape for tabs. Cast off 10 sts. On next 12 sts. work backwards and forwards, decreasing 1 st. at each end every alternate row until 4 sts. remain. Cast off next 28 sts., make a second tab on next 12 sts. Cast off remaining 10 sts.

Press with a hot iron over a damp cloth, join side seams, work a row of single crochet round hole, and all round top opening and tabs. Fasten tabs down with press studs.

The Dog Sweater

MATERIALS: 2 skeins of 4-ply wool in the main color and 1 skein in contrasting color, pair each of Nos. 10 and 6 needles.

Upper Part: With main color, cast on 64 sts. on small needles, k. in ribbing of k. 2, p. 2 for 8 rows; drop main color and with contrasting color k. 1 row plain and 11 rows in ribbing of k. 2, p. 2; break off contrasting color and with main color k. 1 row plain, then in ribbing for 4 inches; this completes the collar. K. 1 more row in ribbing, increasing 1 st. at each end, and 1 st. at centre of row (67 sts., a multiple of 4 and 3 over). Change to large needles, * k. 2, p. 2; repeat from *, ending row with k. 2, p. 1. Repeat this row (striped reversible pattern on 4 sts.) for 10 inches. Next row on right side decrease 1 st. at each end and 1 st. at centre, again having 64 sts. on needle. Change back to small needles, work in ribbing of k. 2, p. 2 for 20 rows, decreasin, at beginning of every row by knitting the first 2 sts. together; bind off remaining 44 sts., knitting the knitted and purling the purled sts.

Under Part: With main color and small needles, cast on 24 sts. and follow directions for collar on upper part; increase 1 st. at beginning only in last row. Change to large needles, k. 2, p. 3, alternately, ending row with k. 1. Repeat this row for 6½ inches, decrease 1 st. at end of last row. Change back to small needles and work in ribbing of k. 2, p. 2 for 8 rows; bind off as on upper part.

Legs: With main color and small needles, cast on 36 sts., k. in ribbing of k. 2, p. 2 for 6 rows; with contrasting color k. 1 row plain and 5 rows in ribbing; with main color k. 1 row plain, knitting the last 2 sts. together. Work in striped reversible pattern as on body for 14 rows and bind off (or leave sts. on needle and weave the legs to the body). Sew the two seams of collar, and continue for 1 inch on the body. Leave 3 inches free for leg opening and sew remaining part of upper and under piece together. Weave in legs (or sew them in, taking care to have seams as elastic as the knitted sts.). Darn in ends.

EVEN STITCHES

THE regularity of the stitches is the chief beauty in knitting and this is only attained after some practice. A moderate degree of tightness is necessary. Too loose knitting is ugly, and quickly stretches out of shape. Too tight knitting is a rarer fault, but it destroys all the elasticity of the wool. When working with two needles, always work the first three stitches tighter than the remainder.

AN EASY WAY to use up some of those accumulated small balls of wool left over from jumpers and cardigans is to make a knitted cover like this for your hot-water bag.

Hints for Knitters

TO BLOCK AND PRESS: Turn garment wrong side out. Lay flat on a pressing board. Lay a wet cloth over it. Pass a hot iron over the cloth, allowing the steam to go through the garment. Do not allow the weight of the iron to rest on the garment. Leave garment until thoroughly dry.

* * *

TO BLOCK AND PRESS SKIRTS: Turn wrong side out. Lay on a pressing board. Pin top of skirt to pad about every ½ inch. Pin skirt in same way across lower edge. Steam as above. Leave until dry. Turn up opposite side and steam. Leave until dry. Remove from pad. Steam out creases formed at sides.

ISN'T THIS THE cutest "sweater" for your canine friend? It is worked in two colors in a rib-stitch, and has a collar and two front "legs" for extra warmth. Designed to fit a medium-size dog. A larger sweater could be made by using larger needles.

COSY Knickers for WEE GIRLS

Designed to fit the 5 and 6-year-olds.

Last week we published a knitted frock for the 5 to 6-year-old girl, and now we give directions for knitted knickers to match. These are quickly made and very cosy to wear.

MATERIALS: 2 skeins of 3-ply wool, 1 pair of No. 9 bone knitting needles, and a No. 6 crochet hook.

Cast on 70 stitches, knit in ribbing of k. 2, p. 2 for 2 rows. Then k. 2, w.r.n., p. 2 tog. to end of row (this is for the elastic). Knit 5 rows of ribbing.

Knit 48 rows of stocking-stitch. Then begin to shape the leg:

1st Row: Cast off 2, k. 32, m. 1 (by knitting into back and front of st.), k. 1, m. 1, k. 35. **2nd and Alternate Rows:** Cast off 2, p. to end. **3rd Row:** Cast off 2, k. 30, m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, k. 33. **5th Row:** Cast off 2, k. 28, m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, k. 31. **7th Row:** Cast off 2, k. 26, m. 1, k. 7, m. 1, k. 29. **9th Row:** Cast off 2, k. 24, m. 1, k. 9, m. 1, k. 27. **11th Row:** Cast off 2, k. 22, m. 1, k. 11, m. 1, k. 25. **13th Row:** Cast off 2, k. 20, m. 1, k. 13, m. 1, k. 23. **15th Row:** Cast off 2, k. 18, m. 1, k. 15, m. 1, k. 21.

Cast off 2 sts. each end until you have 26 sts. on the needle. 1 row of plain, 1 row of purl.

Increase 2 stitches each end until you have 58 stitches on needle, then start shaping again. **1st Row:** Cast on 2, k. 19, k. 2 tog., k. 15, k. 2 tog., k. 20. **2nd and Alternate Rows:** Cast on 2 sts., p. to end of row. **3rd Row:** Cast on 2, k. 21, k. 2 tog., k. 13, k. 2 tog., k. 22. **5th Row:** Cast on 2, k. 23, k. 2 tog., k. 11, k. 2 tog., k. 24. **7th Row:** Cast on 2, k. 25, k. 2 tog., k. 9, k. 2 tog., k. 26. **9th Row:** Cast on 2, k. 27, k. 2 tog., k. 7, k. 2 tog., k. 28. **11th Row:** Cast on 2, k. 29, k. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 30. **13th Row:** Cast on 2, k. 31, k. 2 tog., k. 3, k. 2 tog., k. 32. **15th Row:** Cast on 2, k. 33, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 34. **16th Row:** Do not cast on—purl to end of row. **17th Row:** K. 35, slip 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 34.

Knit 46 rows of st.st. on these 70 sts., then shape for back. **47th Row:** K. 42, turn, p. 14, turn, k. 21, turn, p. 28, turn, k. 35, turn, p. 42, turn, k. 49, turn, p. 56, turn, k. 63. **48th Row:** Purl to end. Knit in rib of k. 2, p. 2, for 5 rows. Knit 2, w.r.n., p. 2 tog. to end of row. Knit in ribbing for another 2 rows. Cast off.

With No. 6 crochet hook work 1 row of double crochet round legs, then crochet a row of shells to finish off. Insert elastic at waist.

What is a star

On the dressing-room door of great stars of the films and the stage is attached a silver star. That indicates stardom.

Look above. A star. That means that Charmosan face powder is the choice of so many of these great and distinguished women. They choose it before all others because it gives instant charm and because it stays on for hour after hour with sweet lasting.

That is the kind of powder clever women choose—a powder of charm—it's suave, chic. Even if you're not young it makes you look young.

Charmosan face powder comes from France . . . the clever French know how to make powder. It takes years from your looks . . . it makes 45 look 35 . . . 35 look 25, and 25 look 19.

Why look old when it's so easy to look young and pretty?

It's from Paris.

Charmosan face powder from Paris

Enormous seller. Big box, 2/6. All shades inc. suntan. Everywhere.

P.S.—Use Charmosan Cold Cream every night to cleanse your skin. This lovely cream goes right into the pores and out again and cleanses the skin and pores of "makeup," dust, etc., beautifully. Leaves skin supple and smooth. A nightly face massage with this cream also keeps away wrinkles and crows feet. What a blessing. It is perfumed with myrrh and jasmin . . . gorgeous. Big jars 2/6. Tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere.***

NIGHT COUGHS PREVENT SLEEP

and make you unfit for daily work. Relieve that cough and obtain necessary sleep by taking Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The first dose will soothe inflamed membranes — gradually your cough will disappear. Coughs, unless attended to, lead to serious complaints.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

Hair that Men Admire—

Awaken Your Hair to New Beauty by Removing "Oily-Film" that Hides Real Life and Lustre.

A THIN "oily-film" or coating is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches dust and dirt—hides the sparkling life and lustre—makes the hair DULL. Only thorough shampooing will satisfactorily remove this film. Washing with "alkaline" soaps or shampoo powders cannot do this—because they do not clean the hair properly. That is why society women everywhere—who value beautiful hair—use only Colinated Cocoanut Oil. This positively neutral, pure, greaseless "Beauty Shampoo" cleanses so thoroughly of all dirt, dandruff and "oily-film"—cannot dry the hair or make it brittle, as "alkaline" soaps tend to do—and cannot darken blonde hair—no matter how often used.

After a delightful Colinated Cocoanut Oil shampoo, the hair dries quickly—comes out thick, silky, glossy, wavy—sparkling with highlights—and as easy to dress again as though it hadn't been washed at all.

Insist on "Colinated" at your chemists—a small bottle lasts months.

COLINATED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

NEW HAIR BEAUTY FOR 1½d A WEEK

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Our FASHION SERVICE *and* FREE PATTERN

For every design featured here you may obtain simple, expertly-cut patterns.

CHIC FEATURES

WW1264.—Very becoming with its sleek fit, and interesting peaked bodice and sleeves. Observe neat pocket, the important note on the skirt. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide and ½ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BLOUSE AND ROMPERS.

WW1265.—A very useful and attractive suit for little boys, 2 to 6 years of age. Material required: ¾ yard for trousers, and 1¼ yards for blouse, both 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

SMART COSTUME.

WW1266.—A really lovely costume that instantly suggests light tweed or fine wool for late winter and early spring wear. Button treatment admirable. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

STRIKING ENSEMBLE.

WW1267.—A most unusual costume with cute button lacings and smart contrast revers. Excellent for early spring. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards for frock, 2½ yards for coat and ½ yard contrast, all 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

LOVELY NIGHTDRESS.

WW1268.—In admirable combination in this nightdress are grace and comfort. Bodice effect is very lovely. Bust sizes, 32 to 46 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FROCK AND COATEE

WW1269. — Introducing a new fashion—frock and short coatee—which makes a very dressy and practical ensemble. Sleeves are a good note. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BABE'S COAT AND BONNET

WW1216.—Charming little outdoor ensemble for a babe. Choose one of Bertha Maxwell's transfer designs for baby wear to embroider it. Sizes, infants to 2 years. Material required: 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

GRACEFUL GOWN

WW1215.—For bridge, dinner, or informal dance, here is a graceful style, cut on lovely lines. Note flowing sash. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard for sash. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Free Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated below, centre, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Dept.," to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns as well:—

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE.—Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY.—Box 3601EE, G.P.O., Sydney; if calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—C/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-111 Liverpool Street, Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

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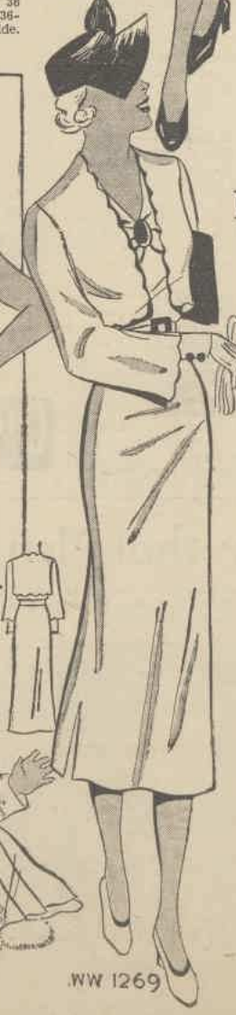
Pattern Coupon, 25/7/36.



FREE PATTERNS *for* SCHOOLGIRLS

AGED 12 TO 14 YEARS

PATTERNS for these three simple, attractively-smart frocks for the schoolgirl, complete in our three-in-one pattern, are free to every reader.

Frock No. 1, with pleated panel and topped with cute bow, takes 2½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard for pleated contrast panel.

Frock No. 2, with square collar and buttons down the bodice, takes 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide, ½ yard for collar and cuffs, and 2½ yards pleating.

Frock No. 3, coat style, requires 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard for collar.

TO obtain free patterns, fill in coupon above, and send as directed to our offices.

PLEASE NOTE:

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on free coupon.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613517

STOP SCOURING ... START SMOOTH CLEANING

YOU can't realise how bright pots and pans should keep, and how easy they are to clean, if you've been using harsh block cleansers or wire scourers. No need now to put up with cleansers that dull and scratch surfaces. Vim—specially made to clean *smoothly* without scratching—is here! Vim's fine, regular, soap-coated particles are made to bring away the dirt but protect the surface.

'SMOOTH-CLEAN' IT WITH VIM

MADE BY LEVERS—THE MAKERS OF LUX AND RINSO

MEDICATED WITH INGREDIENTS OF VICKS VAPORUB

Modern successor to old-fashioned cough syrups ... more convenient ... less expensive ... lingers longer in the throat.

SAVED FROM DRINK

Our free booklet gives scores of instances of successful treatment with "DRINKO," the new, tasteless treatment for drink addicts. If you are troubled, call or write for free confidential advice. Dept. WW, HOME WELFARE PTY., 233 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

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BETTY'S "*Racey*" NARRATIVES!

Giving the "System" a Canter at Canterbury

By BETTY GEE

They say that on the Turf, and under, all men are equal. I don't know whether that applies to women, too, but what I will assert is that one must descend to the level of the others and adopt the go-getting tactics if you want money for the early spring sales.

WELL, I make no apologies, because if I hadn't used them at Canterbury on Saturday I would have gone home penniless.

You've got to have the front of a Knight-at-Arms to find out winners on the racecourse, believe me; besides, I had my brand new system to work on.

I didn't bet on the Hurdle, but if I hadn't deliberately "fronted" Jos. Kingsley, who owns and trains Crunatus, in the first Maiden Handicap, I should have been £6 the poorer.

I didn't know a thing, but when Laurie Chapman whispered, "If you can find out about Crunatus you can go in with your head down." Well, I thought it might as well be my head as anybody else's if it meant a winner. So I saw Jos. coming, passed the time of the day pleasantly, and he said, "Mine's got a good chance," and that was all I needed.

I gathered my skirts and hastened in for £6 to £1.

Recipe for Winners

Listen to my new system. Oh no, not for a new biscuit savory, or a new knit-stitch, but for backing horses.

I mustn't take less than 2½ to 1 in any race. That taboos so many suburban favorites, and much as I like Darby Munro, I had to desert him by rule of thumb on Pistol Shot. But I won on Golden Dream.

Anybody who didn't back Don Caesar for the Juvenile ought not to be allowed to the races without a clinic nurse to look after him—or her—because it stuck out like the new half-veils.

Luckily for my new system it wasn't short-priced, and I had a nice helping at £7 to £2, and it was a real thriller because Willie Cook only got it up to win by a head. But thank Heavens the books pay on that.

Went All Oriental

MY system crumpled up over a scarcy quarter of a point in the first of the Flying Welter. I knew Belgravia was a special, and not in the bargain basement.

But when I went to the ring I found it was 2 to 1, so I went all Oriental and backed Orient Orb (£7 to £2), and he had a lead as long as a ladder in your stocking only 10 yards from the post, but collapsed like a cloth pudding. And what do you think it was got up to win in the last stride? Belgravia, of course.

That shook my confidence in THE SYSTEM, but when I found out afterwards he had eased to 9 to 4 and would have been eligible under my rules, it let the system off. Still, I got called a frantic fool by myself. Systems take more looking after than the Dionne Quins.

It was because I recognised this I backed Serlodi in the Handicap. I saw Jack Roles, Tatt's committeeman, make a pounce like a cat when a fellow bookie called 3's Serlodi. He got £150 to £50. Don't you wish you could punt on a winner like that, girls?

Missed the Tip

BUT of course it shattered the market, and for a time it was 2's the field. But I was determined I would rather break the system than let it break me this time, so I waited over it like a 3-minute egg. Finally exotic Jack Shaw shouted 5 to 2, and I didn't stop to powder my nose, but grabbed £2 worth. It was never in doubt. Serlodi flounced past them at the turn, and came home like a model husband.

Because THE SYSTEM said I mustn't back New Tip with Darby Munro up again and under 2 to 1 once more, I should have taken a cup of tea while they got the second flying over. But who can do that without being reared on an iceberg? So, of course, I must forsick round in search of the next best, and chose Concilio with Bobbie Maxwell up because he's been winning everything about the place, and they say he's the quickest out of the barrier in Australia. So I had £12 to £2, and he did his part of it all right, and was in front at the straight, but down at the back before they got home.

Dickie said I was mad to back Concilio. He said it was as underdone as a cheap grill, but might win next time.

"Sing to Me Gipsy"

Well, I had to do something for the last. So I swallowed my pride and good breeding and followed Ossie Cullum, trainer of Gipsy Chief, about until he whispered down somebody's ear, and then followed that person to the ring and saw him back Gipsy Chief.

Now, apart from my partiality for this sort of thing, and the fact that "Sing to me Gipsy" was written especially for me, Willie Cook was on it. So I took £10 to £2.

Mr. Cook played cat-and-knitting-wool with the field to the straight, and then went on to win easily from Confab, and that was that.

Well girls, here's some special information, hot from the iceman and the greengrocer boy. Hands Up and Djojka are the names. Paste them in your chapeau for an early win.

JOCKEY ANDY KNOX upset Betty Gee's "system" when he was kicked by a horse at the post at Canterbury.

Our Book Offers

Here is Token CG8 in the "Australian Home Cookery" and "Australian Home Gardener" Book Offer.

TOKEN CG8

CUT OUT NOW AND KEEP IT CAREFULLY WITH YOUR VOUCHER.

TOKEN BB26

Here is Token BB26 in The Australian Women's Weekly

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CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

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TOKEN D43

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

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Experience proves that 'OVALTINE' is the Best Beverage for Children

THE happy, bonny children whose photographs appear on this page are typical of thousands whose parents have written, of their own accord, to express keen appreciation of the valuable health-giving properties of delicious 'Ovaltine.'

'Ovaltine' contains many valuable nutritive properties which are insufficiently provided by ordinary foods and beverages. It is exceptionally rich in the food elements which children must have to replace the energy they expend, and to maintain healthy growth.

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"Cyclax" Preparations Ground Floor

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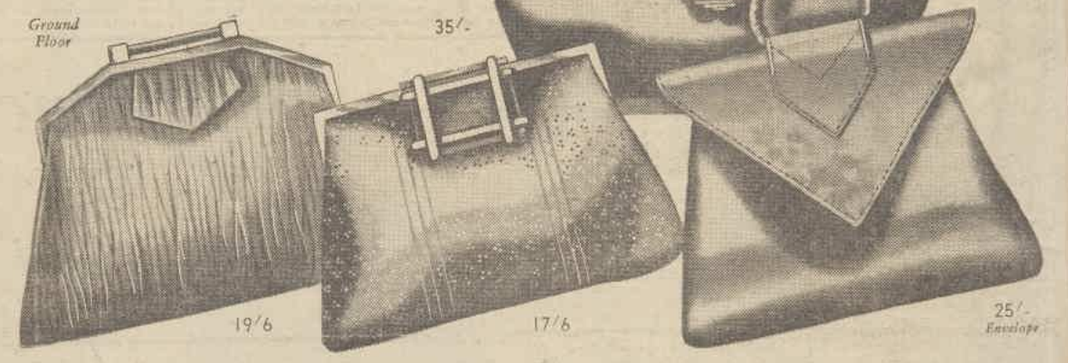

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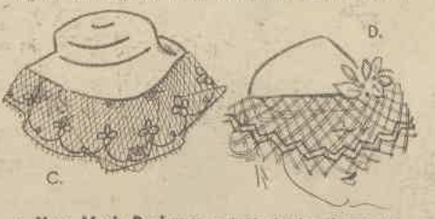

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THE HILLS of HATE

By . . .

EDWARD VIVIAN TIMMS

— A —

Complete Book-Length Novel

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JULY 25, 1936

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THE HILLS OF HATE

By EDWARD VIVIAN TIMMS

CHAPTER 1

THE great brown eaglehawk floating lazily in the brazen sky, looked down upon a strange scene. The stage was set for tragedy; and the stately bird swept round in ever narrowing circles as though reluctant to miss a single detail of the fierce fight being waged, below.

At a bend in the track which skirted the base of a mighty mountain range two men were battling with a ferocity that caused the solitary spectator to gulp in lung-burning draughts of stifling air as she wept and pleaded with them.

But the two men heard her not. Their fighting blood was boiling and seething; their hate-filled eyes glared madly at each other. Locked chest to chest, they struggled and stamped, each seeking fiercely to gain an advantage as they swayed to and fro.

The heat was intense, and the still atmosphere bathed the fighters in sweat that carried the blood of each in tiny streams from nose and mouth to bared chests from which the thin shirts had been early ripped away.

The woman crouched upon the seat of the buggy seemed almost on the verge of hysteria; one of the fighters was her husband, but, strange to say, her words were entirely addressed to the other who heeded them not at all. Her eyes, normally dark and merry, were now red with weeping and dilated with fear: apprehension, doubt, pride, regret, played swiftly over the beautiful face like lightning flickering across a summer cloud.

Suddenly she screamed and locked her hands tightly together the knuckles showing white under the pressure.

One of the men, straightening his powerful body, lashed out and brought a heavy fist crashing against the chin of his adversary. For a moment the sickening thud held the woman paralysed, then, as the stricken man sank to the ground, she leaped from the vehicle and threw herself upon the victor.

"Jim—Jim," she gasped, "don't kill him—Jim, don't! It was my fault—I am to blame!"

"Don't touch me, you faithless devil! Don't touch me, or I'll stretch you out beside him. Kill him? No, not now. He's bought you, and I'll let him live to punish you. He will punish you, as you will find out. He dazzled you with money, and for that you sold yourself to him."

"Jim Blake, I . . . ." The woman's voice trailed away into silence as she looked into the savage, burning eyes of the man, and, shrinking, she retreated slightly.

"Don't speak to me!" The words were a low snarl and the man took a step forward. "You're a living lie. To think that only a short month ago you swore that you loved me—me!" The words twisted into a harsh laugh: "but no. You sneaked off without even a word to the man you had promised to marry and sold yourself to this hound. An even bargain no doubt; his money for your beauty. Bah! Women like you would damn a man's soul for gold. Get back to your owner before I lose what manhood you've left me."

The stinging insult and coarse words forced the blood from the woman's face, leaving it white with horror. Above them the circling eagle whistled shrilly as if in derision at the foolish creatures who sweated and panted down there on the hot plain.

The woman did not reply, but turning, knelt by the side of the man who was her husband. Her hands trembled as though shaken by a fever, and the handkerchief with which she wiped the blood from his face left zigzag streaks from brow to chin.

Jim Blake walked slowly over to his horse which, head down and rump sagging, stood drowsing in the sun. He mounted and walked the beast back to where the woman was helping the now conscious man to his feet. The fire in the horseman's eyes had gone, leaving them cold and hard.

"Sam Ridgeway," he said, "many a man would have killed you for the trick you played on me this day. Only one thing stopped me. I found that she was not worth it."

"Blake," returned the other, bitterly, "I'll never forget this day . . ."

"I'll bet you won't, you cur," interrupted the horseman contemptuously, "and she won't either. Now hold your tongue and listen! This track you are following leads through my property, and in future is open to all but you and your woman. You take care to drive round my boundaries; the extra miles will serve as a reminder to both of you. Now go and take your bought-and-paid-for wife with you. I hope I never set eyes on either of you again."

BLAKE sat tight-lipped while Sam Ridgeway and his bride stepped into the buggy. He remained motionless until the vehicle was a black dot far out on the plains. Then he dismounted and sprawled full length on the hard-baked ground. Again his face was wet, but this time with tears.

Hours passed, and the sun sinking behind the Warrumbungle Ranges threw cool shadows over the prostrate man and brought to him a sense of time and locality.

"Come boy," throwing the reins over the patient beast's head, "we'll get home to the hut. By the time we get there it will be dark, an' cold, yes—an' lonely."

And so began the Blake-Ridgeway feud that increased in bitterness with the passing years, and men wondered why Blake when unaware of their presence, always dismounted at a certain spot on the track, and, with hat in hand stood dreamily gazing into the distance.

Jim Blake, some years after the beginning of the feud, married and settled down to raise cattle and a family. His property was the pick of the range and extended out on to the black soil of the Liverpool Plains. He confined his activities to cattle, and, possibly because his neighbor Sam Ridgeway ran sheep, hated the sight of wool and mutton.

THERE were three children in Blake's family, two sons and a daughter. The eldest was the boy Jim; a sturdy, straight-backed lad in whose clear light-blue eyes shone the spirit of his pioneer forbears. The one between was Milton; a lad of frail body and gentle disposition whom the father vowed should have been a girl like his sister Peggy. Milton was a great disappointment to Jim Blake, senior.

Peggy Blake, from the time she opened her eyes on this world, seemed to regard it as a vast playground; and her big hazel-brown eyes sparkled with mischief and the joy of living. The whole district, excepting the Ridgeways, was in love with Peggy; the women spoilt her, and with the men her slightest wish was law. Especially was this so when her short frocks began to lengthen and the angular child blossomed into early womanhood.

One would have thought that the boy Jim would naturally be the father's favorite, but this was not so. They were too much alike, these two, to be drawn close to each other. The boy had inherited that queer strain of hardness which the father developed a few years prior to his marriage. With the man this trait had been acquired, but the lad's blood held it from birth.

It must not be imagined that young Jim Blake was without a sunny corner in his disposition. He could join whole-heartedly with his boy companions, such as they were, in any fun or frolic that youngsters of the open lands draw from hill and plain; but there were times when the boy Jim seemed to change, swiftly and without warning, into a different personality. His companions early learned to recognise the signs and would draw away from the lad with the wintry eyes, and tight-lipped, stubborn mouth.

At eighteen years of age, Jim Blake stood full six feet, and the early years in the saddle had strengthened and toughened his frame, deepened his chest, and made his limbs like tempered steel.

Even at this early age he was a better horseman than his father, though there were few indeed who could show Jim Blake, senior, the way round in a saddle.

It was on the boy's eighteenth birthday that the strong wills of father and son met in a final clash. There were no hot words, no bitter recriminations, and, as usual, the object of their disagreement was trivial. But neither man nor boy would budge a fraction. Face to face they stood, quietly regarding each other with cold

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intentness, and with eyes strangely alike in their clear-blue hardness.

"Jim," said his father, "we cannot agree, you and me, and it's time a change was made. There can only be one boss on Twin Hills and that boss is me. I don't blame you, and I cannot altogether blame myself, but there is a shadow between us, lad, that only I can see.' You can ride, break horses, handle cattle and men well enough to let you make a start elsewhere. Take your pick of the horses and saddles and say 'good-bye' to your mother. I'll give you sufficient money to last until you get something to do."

"You are sending me away because I talk now and then to Helen Ridgeway, is that it?" asked the boy, quietly defiant.

"Jim, you've got my blood in you and you know my story. I would rather see you dead than tracking with that black-eyed girl of Sam Ridgeway's. Boy, she's the living image of her mother, and a Blake ought to treat her with less respect than anyone in the ranges. She's a——"

"Dad!" the boy's tall figure stiffened and his eyes widened. For a few seconds there was a strained silence between them.

"Very well, you young fool, I won't say it, but remember this. If ever you play round that girl she'll break you like a rotten stick. She'd hang you; the taint's in her blood. Bah! She's only a receipt for value received."

CHAPTER 2

THE tiny settlement of Bloodwood in the Warrumbungle Ranges had only one excuse for its existence. The mail was dropped there in the little hardwood post office presided over by the widow Noonan. Opposite her small dwelling and office, and separated from it by about a chain, was the Bloodwood Hotel. At least, so said the crude sign, above the wide verandah; but to the motley crowd that passed up and down the dusty black soil track in summer it was nothing more than a bush pub where lukewarm beer was drawn direct from the barrels by turning a wooden tap. A hotel where a cheque could be spent, and food, drink, and shelter provided during the process.

On one side of the Bloodwood Hotel was a small sawmill which only worked when its owner was driven to that sad necessity by an empty pocket.

On the other side was Ben Woods' combined store and blacksmith's shop. The smithy, with its crude forge and dilapidated bellows, was at the rear of the store, and Ben would oblige with shoes for either the horse or its rider. A simple soul was Ben, with an engaging smile that disarmed the suspicious. Ben's smile was his greatest asset, and had saved his pocket and his skin on many occasions.

A short distance from the store and on the same side of the street stood a spacious weatherboard structure with an atrocious floor. This was the "Hall" where the fortnightly dance and social was held. Nearly all the windows were broken; for the wire-netting guards afforded little or no protection against the catapults of small boys who whirled past on galloping ponies, taking swift shots at the windows as they rode.

From the township of Bloodwood tracks led away in all directions; some winding up and into the great hills at the back of the main track; others radiating over the plain like spokes from the hub of a waggon wheel. All these paths, roads, and bridle-tracks, had a definite objective for the surrounding country was now more closely settled than in the days when Jim Blake, and his one-time friend, Sam Ridgeway, selected big slices of territory and started the fight against drought, dingoes, fire, and thieving blacks.

The man leaning indolently over the verandah rail of the Bloodwood Hotel marked the change that had occurred during the ten years of his absence, and wondered at it. But the most remarkable thing of all, to him, was that nobody recognised him. Mother Noonan, whom he had teased and tormented as a lad, did not, and Bandy Smith who had just ridden past stared at him, but no gleam of recognition dawned in his close-set, sharp eyes; even "Peppermint" Jones, the proprietor of the hotel, who had worked for his father before Jim Blake left home, did not know him.

Jim wondered if his father and mother, his brother and sister, would remember him when he rode to Twin Hills the next day. Perhaps not. Ten years of hardship, war, and suffering, undoubtedly alters the physical features as well as the mental and moral fibre of a man. It must be so: how else could he move among former friends and yet be regarded as a stranger.

TEN years; and in all that time not one word had Jim Blake received from home. After leaving Twin Hills he had drifted across the border, obtained a job on a cattle-run, and then came the war. Jim enlisted in the Light Horse, and wrote to his mother telling her of his regiment, troop, and number. He received no reply. There followed long months of fighting, and then, falling wounded, he had been carried away a prisoner in the hands of the Turks. The weary years of captivity had branded indelibly upon him the marks of his torment. Physically he had improved in spite of semi-starvation, but the deep lines on brow and cheek, the premature grey in his hair, spoke eloquently of the sufferings he had undergone.

He had not troubled to cable his people at Twin Hills when on the eve of his departure from Europe. The memory of the unanswered letter still rankled, but in spite of himself he could not resist the call of home. As steel is attracted to a magnet so had he been drawn back to the ranges and plains he loved so well.

And here he was this sunny afternoon, standing on ground made almost sacred by longing and memory. His eyes ranged far out over the short, sweet pastures, to where a mob of sheep contentedly fed. Sheep: always sheep: fences and sheep. He thought of his father's intense hatred of them and wondered if the old man still grazed cattle, and if Ridgeway was still a neighbor; and the girl, Helen, what of her? Many a night when on the Paroo and the Warrego he had ridden guard on a mob of cattle; their dark outlines showing faintly under the glowing stars; the dim shapes of the sleeping drovers sprawled round the dying fires, and, as he rode, singing softly, he thought long and deeply of the beautiful girl and the barrier of hate that was between them. A youth in years but a man in stature, he had adored Helen Ridgeway with the fierce longing of early maturity. But that was past and gone. The long ten years had almost wiped her image from the mirror of his memory. Perhaps, after all, his father had been right in sending him away and so averting, possibly, a situation that would have been regarded by his family as worse than death itself.

A HOARSE yell of triumph, and the sound of thudding blows, brought the hotel back into focus again. Jim Blake walked quickly to the end of the verandah and glanced down to see the cause of the commotion. Peppermint Jones, his red face flushed and triumphant, had just broken the back of a large red-bellied black snake. The reptile, infiated with impotent fury, was writhing sullenly in a futile attempt to escape. Seeing the interested spectator, Peppermint hastened to explain.

"That's th' fourth this week, Mister; beauty, ain't he? I'll get 'em all before long at this rate." Peppermint lifted the snake on the end of the stick and hung it over the verandah rail, where it assumed the shape of a giant hairpin.

"So there are more where that one came from, eh?"

"Yairs, Mister, they've got nests under th' pub. I've tried to stop 'em but they burrer like rabbits. Th' old woman found one in th' bed th' other night; th' black fiend 'ad snuggled under th' blankets."

"What did Mrs. Jones do?" Blake inquired.

"Got th' gun an' blowed 'im inter pieces. But that's nothin', you ain't scared of snakes, are you, Mister?" Jones looked anxious, as if he regretted mentioning the playful habits of the hotel pets.

"No, they don't worry me. I've seen them before," Jim assured him indifferently.

"That's good, then. I thought y' might be scared like, not knowin' when you'll step on one of th' darn noosances. But y' get used to 'em. You c'n smell 'em even if it's too dark to see 'em. Come an' 'ave a drink —I'll shout. I alwus 'ave one on th' bar when I get one of them snakes. But it's gettin' darn expensive lately."

Peppermint led the way into the saloon, and as Jim Blake followed he marvelled that this man who had ridden knee to knee with him when he was a lad on Twin Hills, should fail to remember him.

IT was after the second round of drinks that curiosity, tinged with approval, began to gleam in Peppermint's shrewd eyes.

"By th' way, Mister, I didn't catch yer name," he said, glancing critically over his companion's giant form.

"I did not mention it." Jim hesitated, and peered intently at the bottom of the glass.

"Ever bin in this country afore?"

"Many years ago. It has altered considerably."

"Yairs, an' that's a fact." Peppermint lounged back against the counter and hooked both thumbs in his belt. "Th'

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counfry's goin' to th' dogs, an' most of th' old-timers 'ave left th' district. Of th' old 'ands th' only ones left is th' Blakes an' th' Ridgeways, an' they's bitter enemies——" Peppermint paused while the glasses at Jim's request were refilled. "It's a darn shame th' way some get on as don't deserve to, an' others go to pieces when they should be sittin' back comfortable like."

"Yes?" The low voice betrayed no hint of the premonition of evil that chilled the blood of the listener.

"YAIRS. Take them two fambly's—th' Blakes an' th' Ridgeways. I worked fer th' Blakes fer years an' a finer fambly never lived, an' yet they're broke up to hell an' nearly busted, while old Sam Ridgeway an' that flash girl of his darn near run the district now. Sam made 'is money outer wool; some of it, that is——"

"But what happened to this Blake family you mentioned," Jim interrupted, impatient at the rambling discourse.

"Well, everybody knows, so there's no 'arm in tellin' you. Th' trouble started when young Jim Blake went to th' war an' got killed——"

"Killed?" Jim stared at the man.

"Yairs; nothin' in that. Plenty young fellers from about 'ere got killed in that war, besides I seen th' notice th' military sent to 'is mother. Yairs, th' boy was killed all right; posted missin' at first, an' then they found what was left of 'im, an' one of 'is mates identified 'im—what's that?"

"Nothing; I didn't speak."

"Well, th' old lady never rightly got over that, an' when old Jim got smashed up she didn't last long after 'im."

"What happened to the father?"

"Now that was a darn funny thing. Old Jim Blake was as good a rider as you'll get anywhere, an' yet one day they found 'im 'angin' be th' stirrup, just as if 'is 'orse 'ad bolted an' dragged 'im through th' timber. Old Jim's 'ead was bashed in."

Blake wiped the sweat from his face.

"You said it was funny. Where does the funny part come in?"

"I DON'T mean laughin' funny; just queer funny. I was workin' fer 'im at th' time, an' when they brought 'im 'ome I noticed that th' saddle an' withers was spattered with blood. There was none on the legs of th' nag. I didn't say nothin' at th' time, but a man that's dragged be th' stirrups don't splash blood on th' saddle."

"And the mother died soon after?"

"Yairs, she did. She was a dear old lady; one of them quiet, gentle little women that makes life worth livin'. Th' boy that's tryin' to run th' property now is a good deal like 'is mother; but I don't think th' lad will 'old on much longer."

"Why?"

"Old Sam wants th' property, alwus did, an' between you an' me 'e's alwus badgerin' th' boy, tryin' to force 'im to sell, an' alwus slingin' orf about 'is sister. Them two unfortunates is 'avin' a terrible rough spin."

"Why does Ridgeway refer to the sister? Is there a reason?"

"There's a regular mystery about that little girl. You see, she's got a baby livin' with 'er, an' some says that it ain't 'er's, an' some reckons it is. No one seems to know, an' a lot of folks say that if it wasn't 'er's, well, she just naturally wouldn't 'ave it there. Ain't it awful? An' she's as sweet a girl as ever breathed."

"Who was the man?"

"Eh?"

"The man! The father of that girl's child?"

"I dunno. When I do find 'im I'll blow th' snake wide open. But it's all part of th' feud, I reckon. Old Sam would think nothin' of payin' someone to trap Peggy; Ridgeway ain't 'uman where them Blakes is concerned."

"What about Ridgeway's daughter? Does she hate the Blakes, too?"

"I reckon so. She must. One night at a darnce in th' 'all I 'eard 'er 'an another woman laughin' about it."

"About what?"

"About th' Blake girl's trouble. I 'eard 'er say it served th' little fool right. Great Gumsticks! I darn near clouted 'er one fer that."

"Is she married?"

"No, not yet. She must think there's no one about 'ere good enough fer 'er. She's a flash piece, I can tell you. Black Joe Cummins, who looks after th' property fer Ridgeway, is alwus trackin' round after 'er, but th' dark-eyed beauty don't want 'im, I reckon."

"Who is Black Joe Cummins?"

"A no-good 'alf-caste. Very shrewd, though, an' strong enough to whip most any man about these parts. A real tough feller that most people is glad to avoid."

"Who is this driving into town? He seems in a hurry."

PEPPERMINT leaned forward and squinted at the approaching vehicle. It was swaying from side to side, and the ponies were flecked with foam.

"Great Gumsticks! That's young Milton Blake that I was tellin' you about. Them 'orses 'as bin goin' some. Anyhow, ain't it a terrible time them Blakes is 'avin'?"

"Terrible? It's—it's——" The huge form of the man quivered, and he turned abruptly away so that the other might not read in his eyes the agony of his thoughts. With a muttered excuse to Peppermint, Blake went out on to the verandah and gazed at the oncoming figure of his brother through a mist of tears. What a sickening tragedy life had been for him and his. Death and disgrace; and that dark-eyed woman had laughed; poor little Peggy. He remembered her as a happy laughing child, and now, hardly on the threshold of life she was a broken and disillusioned woman. The feud—curse the Ridgeways! That was no accident that caused his father's death. Peppermint Jones was right. If a man is dragged to his death by a bolting horse, the saddle would remain clean. Blood to be on the pigskin and on the horse's withers, meant that the man had been bleeding profusely before losing his balance and falling to the ground. If Peppermint's opinion of old Sam Ridgeway was correct, then a man who could chuckle over the sorrow of a defenceless girl would think nothing of setting a trap for a man whom he hated.

As Milton Blake drove past the hotel, Jim's vision cleared. He saw his brother give a quick glance at him and then away again. The big man shuddered; Milton had the air of one who is ashamed.

When the buggy had pulled up in front of Ben Woods' store, Jim Blake descended the hotel steps and walked slowly in that direction. He had taken only a few paces when he became aware of fast travelling horses on the track behind him. He stepped aside quickly, to see two men flash by in their vehicle, drawn by a pair of splendid greys. They also stopped at Ben Woods' store and Jim Blake's eyes narrowed as he recognised one of them. Old Sam Ridgeway had changed little with the passing years; a trifle more weather-beaten and shrivelled, perhaps, but still Sam Ridgeway in expression and bearing. The other was a big, powerful man with dark smouldering eyes and gleaming white teeth. His hair was the color of jet and plastered close to the head. Jim, after the first searching look, easily recognised him from Peppermint's description. It could be no other than Black Joe Cummins, Ridgeway's right-hand man. An ugly pair was Jim's swift estimate, and more than a match for soft-natured, easy-going Milton. They also entered the store.

AS Jim Blake stepped in through the door, voices were already raised in argument. Milton had drawn back, one arm half raised as though to protect himself from the menacing attitude of Black Joe. This was not the first time that his henchman had dealt with the weakling who represented the remnant of the Blake family. Milton was protesting against something, a note of fear in the defiant tone.

"I won't do it Ridgeway. I've told you before. You are wasting your time trying to get me to sell Twin Hills. If ever I do sell, you can rest assured it will not be to you. I'd starve first."

"And your sister; would she starve too, and the kid?"

"You leave my sister out of the talk, you black dog!"

"Black dog, eh? I'll twist your neck for that, you weakling. Black dog, eh?" Cummins took a step forward.

"Yes. A white-livered cur who bullies everyone weaker than himself." Milton hurled the insult at the big man, well knowing what the result would be.

Into the eyes of Jim Blake there leapt a gleam of pure joy. Physically weak his brother might be, but the lad was a Blake at heart, and the knowledge helped to lift some of the despair from his soul.

Black Joe clenched his fists. His face was twisted with fury.

"I'll break your back for those words"; he snarled, "by th' time I'm finished with you, you won't have much use for Twin Hills or your sister either, th' baggage!"

"SUPPOSE you try the other Blake for a change," came a cold level voice from the doorway, and at the sound of it the group froze. Old Sam Ridgeway was the first to move. He spun round as though on a pivot. One long, wild look he gave and then recoiled involuntarily. His thoughts leapt back over the years to a certain spot where two men fought with the ferocity of mad dogs. Again the heat of a summer sun beat down upon him, and in his ears rang the despairing cry of a woman as she pleaded with the fighters. But it could not be. Jim Blake was dead. Yet those eyes—would he ever forget those clear blue eyes, hard as agates, that flashed the message of an indomitable will. Sam Ridgeway suddenly realised that he was getting old. His

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knees trembled with the shock of this resurrection. Jim Blake! Sam shivered.

Black Joe seemed incapable of movement. He stared foolishly at the giant form that slowly approached him. Blake? His mind groped for an explanation. What Blake? There were no other Blakes. Who——

"Ridgeway, you stand pat or I'll snap your withered neck." Jim Blake faced Cummins. "You mentioned my sister, I think."

THE onlookers gasped as Blake's arm shot out with the speed of lightning. All the pent-up fury in the man's heart was behind the blow, and it lifted Black Joe, big man though he was, off his feet and laid him unconscious among Ben's collection of hardware.

"Ridgeway," Jim turned to the cowering old schemer. "You have made a mistake. The Blakes are not down and out. Wait—" Blake turned to Ben Woods who was standing open-eyed and breathless. "Ben, a sheet of paper and a pen, quick!"

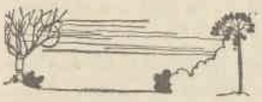
Pen and paper appeared with magical speed. The huge man pushed them towards his brother Milton, and said, "Milt, write or print these words in big letters:

'I hereby apologise on behalf of myself and my family, for all the mischievous and untrue statements that we, from time to time, have made about the Blake family.'"

"That will do. Now Ridgeway, sign that apology, or I'll thrash you with your own buggy whip."

Ridgeway glared wild-eyed at the dominating figure before him, and signed in a silence so profound that Black Joe's stertorous breathing sounded like distant thunder.

"Now you may go, Ridgeway, but listen carefully first. This paper will be tacked on the front of the Bloodwood Hotel and I'll kill the man who pulls it down. Understand? I think you do. Furthermore, if you or those employed by you, by word or deed annoy my sister, Peggy, I'll make him think that hell is an ice-house compared to his present surroundings."



CHAPTER 3

TEN miles west from Bloodwood, the buggy containing Jim Blake and his brother Milton, stopped on the summit of the mountain track. All about them the hills rolled and billowed like giant tidal waves that leaped skywards in tumbled chaos. Ahead, the road dipped and curved and twisted down until it reached a valley that ran between two conical hills almost identical in contour, color, and elevation. In the clear atmosphere of the mountain range, the Twin Hills seemed within the mile, but Jim Blake, who sat gazing wistfully down upon them, knew that another four miles must be travelled before arriving at the homestead which could be seen close by the silver thread of a tiny creek.

The old familiar scene; the well-remembered timber; bloodwood, ironbark, apple, box, pine, yellow jacket and peppermint; the red sandy loam of the ridges darkening here and there to patches of chocolate, and separated at intervals by stripe of raw sand; the sweet eucalypt-scented air; the delicate blending of colors, from the orange-red of the sunset to the deep purple of approaching night, and, floating up from somewhere down in the gullies, the musical, deep-toned tinkle of a bell.

Jim Blake was home; and the big man bared his head in silent reverence as thoughts of past association with loved ones came thronging through his mind.

"It's good to be back again, Milt," he said, simply.

"It's more than good to have you home again, Jim." Milton's eyes were shining. "Even now I can scarcely believe that I am not dreaming. Your return was so unexpected and timely, that, for the moment, I could not credit my senses. I thought you were a wraith. But you're solid enough, as Black Joe found to his cost. However, we'd better be moving, Jim; it will be dark before we get to the homestead and Peggy will be worrying."

THE eager ponies took the down grade at a trot, impatient to arrive at the cosy homestead. The sun had set and a slight breeze held a hint of frost as it turned the breath of man and beast into little clouds of vapor. The leaves and branches that, here and there, overhung the track, seemed to whisper a shy welcome to Jim as they brushed against cheek and shoulder.

Down they went, the muffled rhythm of the hoofs beating an accompaniment to the scraping of the brake blocks which Milton had lightly applied to steady the swaying buggy. The shadows of the night enveloped them long before the twinkling lights of the homestead appeared in the curtain of black velvet ahead. Above, the stars gleamed in a brilliant galaxy, throwing down the faint light that adds bewitching magic to the bush night.

To the mind of Jim Blake came those lines of Paterson. He quoted aloud:

"And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended,
And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars."

"Where did you hear that, Jim?" asked his brother.

"I've forgotten when and where, Milt; but those words, so full of descriptive power, have been a comfort to me time and time again during the years of my absence. When exposed to the freezing gales that sweep over the Turkish hills from the Black Sea, one appreciated the poetry that warmed one's blood by bringing thoughts of free, sunny Australia."

Away on the far side of the valley a powerful pencil of light swung into view, wavered momentarily in a wide arc, and then pointed straight along the track.

"Hullo! Who is this?"

"That's Helen Ridgeway's car. There is a dance at the hall to-night, and she's going over, I suppose."

"IS she? How long have that crowd been using Twin Hills as a public highway? Stop the buggy, Milt—no, don't pull over to the side! The road belongs to us. If I remember aright, Dad closed the track to the Ridgeways; did you give your permission for them to use it?"

"No, Jim, I didn't"; Milton's tone was apologetic, "but I—there's been so many things happen to worry Peggy and me that I didn't bother to stop them. That girl in the car wouldn't listen to me in any case: she's got the temper of the devil."

"Is that so? Well, we'll see if it's any worse than mine. Milt, I'm a good bit proud of you for the way you've stuck things out here, but you've had too much on your hands. Now that I'm back to help you, there'll be no more riding roughshod over the Blakes or their property. Helen Ridgeway will either turn back or she will pay for the privilege of using the track."

MILTON glanced sharply at the big fellow beside him.

"You—you won't hurt her, Jim?" came hesitatingly.

"Hurt her? Good Lord no! If anything is hurt it will be her pride, and that, from what I've heard, can stand a fall."

"But she might have company with her."

"So much the worse for them. Company or no company, that car is only going through on one condition."

One hundred yards away the beams of light threw the ponies and the buggy into a ghostly outline that brought a shrieking roar of warning from the car.

"I'd better jump out and hold the ponies' heads. They're not used to such a blinding light at night." Milton tied the reins to the brake and, jumping out, gripped the bit rings.

"Swing them across the track Milt. It will help block the car if they try to swerve round us."

But the car stopped some ten paces from the buggy, and a clear, rich voice hailed them.

"Milton Blake, you are blocking the track. Pull to one side, please, and allow us to pass."

IT took Jim Blake only a few seconds to reach the side of the car on which the driver sat. But even that short space of time was sufficient to give the occupants a glimpse of his great figure. A gasp of astonishment came from the girl at the wheel. Jim addressed her directly.

"Are you Miss Ridgeway?" he asked.

"I am," came the reply. "What do you want, and why are you detaining us in this manner?"

"You have made a slight mistake this evening, Miss Ridgeway." Jim's eyes could now see her face clearly as the light from the dashboard lamp fell upon it, and he chuckled when the first signs of anger began to glow in the large dark eyes.

"A mistake? I do not understand you. I think you are impertinent to behave in this fashion." Helen Ridgeway turned half-round and stared into the eyes of the man standing beside her.

"Is that so?" Jim Blake's usual query held a hard note. "That's a matter of opinion; but allow me to point out to you that you are trespassing. This road is the property of the Blake family, and, therefore, is closed to yours except in an urgent time of sickness."

"Indeed," came the biting reply, "you seem to be greatly interested in the Blakes, for some reason. Who are you?"

"Then you do not recognise me? We have met before, Miss Ridgeway. I am Jim Blake. Yes, my dark-eyed Helen, you may gape, but the age of miracles is not

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past. Oblige me by turning your machine round and leaving this property."

"I will not, you big brute. I'm going through if I have to smash that buggy. How dare you try to humiliate me in this manner, you beast! Stand aside!"

Helen Ridgeway pressed the self-starter, for the engine had stopped.

"If you move forward an inch, I'll lift you from the car. I assure you I mean it, and, furthermore, if you do not reverse the car before I count ten, I'll take you in my arms and kiss you. Those red lips look very tempting, and it's a long time since I——"

"You certainly are a Blake, you coward!"

"I'm counting."

"Only a Blake would speak to a woman like——"

"Eight——"

"Oh!" Helen Ridgeway gave a frightened gasp as she looked into the level eyes of the man.

"Nine——"

Crash! Into reverse went the gears, and as the car started to back, Jim Blake gave the final count.

"Ten!" Jim Blake's lips twitched, and then a broad grin appeared. A voice almost sobbing with anger came back to him. The car was now reversed.

"Jim Blake, you are the most hateful man I ever met. You are a loathsome bully. The district shall hear of this outrage."

"That is the unfortunate part about it, Miss Ridgeway; don't you think so?"

"Oh—you beast!"

THE car lurched forward, the front wheels wobbling suspiciously for a few yards, then, gathering speed, it roared back over the track, raising a dust that hung suspended for long minutes afterwards.

But the face of Milton Blake was serious.

"Rather rough on a woman, wasn't it, Jim?" he asked as the other stepped into the buggy.

"Yes, Milt. It was. But after what I heard to-day, I couldn't help it. I was talking to Peppermint and he told me about Peggy—no, he didn't know who I was, and he also told me how one night at a dance he overheard Helen Ridgeway and some other cat discussing Peggy—and Helen Ridgeway laughed. Yes, laughed!"

"Well, she needn't have. The laughs and the sneers don't hurt Peggy," growled Milton.

"Why?" Something in the younger man's tone impelled the query.

"Because the kid is not even half a Blake. In fact, it does not belong to Peggy."

"Milton, is that true? You're not lying to me?" Milton winced under his brother's grip.

"Don't be silly, Jim. You've been away a long time, and evidently have forgotten that I don't tell lies."

"I beg your pardon, son. But it came rather suddenly. What is all this mystery about Peggy and the—the——"

"I reckon Peggy will tell you, Jim. There are very few women like her, and she can well ignore the cheap insults of the mud-slingers. And there will be no more of that when folks learn what happened to Black Joe Cummins. That's a thing I've longed to do, but I reckon I wasn't built for it."

"You've got more nerve than I have, son. I heard you stand up to that sweep, thinking all the time of what was coming to you. It was as good as I've seen."

Milton knew that the giant beside him had the heart of a lion, and he thrilled with pleasure at the words that fell from his brother's lips.

"I DON'T know, Jim. I reckon I was scared sick," he admitted.

"Good again," grunted the huge man. "If you had said otherwise I would know you for a liar. I've felt that way often over there; even if I do stand six feet five, and weigh in at sixteen stone. There were times when I wished to God I was the size of a matchbox. When I'd go over the top it seemed to me that every damn rifle and machine-gun the Turks possessed were pointed in my direction. But then—" he grinned—"I reckon every other fellow thought the same thing."

The ponies automatically swung away from the main track and headed for the homestead, now only fifty yards away. From somewhere in the darkness came the deep-throated baying of hounds. A door opened and there appeared, framed in the opening the slight figure of a girl who peered anxiously into the darkness.

"There's Peggy. She worries if I'm late," muttered Milton. Then he called to her. "It's all right, sis; I've brought a friend home to supper."

"He's welcome," came the clear reply. "But what happened to Helen Ridgeway? I saw the car go tearing back over the track."

"I'll tell you at the table. Where's Blue? Oh—there you are, Blue. Just have a look at that near-side pony, will you? Shoe must be pinching, I think."

"Will you be wantin' th' ponies again t'night, Milt?" asked the man.

"No; turn them out. Come on, Jim!"

BUT Jim Blake was already leading the way, and Milton followed, laughing softly. Peggy Blake looked inquiringly at the tremendous man who was approaching her, and, as is the custom in the country, held out her hand in welcome. But, to her amazement and dismay, found herself swiftly enveloped by a pair of powerful arms, lifted from the floor, and, before she could prevent it, kissed heartily on cheek and lips. She struggled wildly in a futile attempt to break away, and her hazel-brown eyes flashed fire and fury at the man in whose arms she was so helpless.

"How dare you!" she panted. "Put me down at once. Milton, what does this mean?"

"It's all right, sis," laughed her brother, "that man has got as much right to kiss you as I have. Give him one yourself."

"But—but—" stammered the flushed and bewildered girl, "I—I don't understand, who is he?"

"That man," drawled Milton, with irritating slowness, "is the head of the family, and the owner of Twin Hills."

"Oh—you're mad! Do put me down," another furious struggle.

"Fact, sis. That's Jim Blake. Your brother and mine."

"What—?" It was little more than a whisper. The struggling had ceased at the magic of the name. Peggy searched the steel-blue eyes and smiling face long and earnestly. Suspicion, doubt, and then a wild belief shone on the girl's face. Suddenly she clung to the big man, crying softly.

"Jim—oh, Jim! And we thought you dead."

Jim Blake lowered the girl gently to the floor, but one great arm remained round her shoulders.

"There—there! Don't cry, sister. I'm just a big blundering ass. I shouldn't have frightened you like I did, little girl. But you don't know how hungry I've been for a sight of those hazel eyes of yours. There now; forgive me, Peggy. Why—I declare! You're hugging me now."

And so, between laughter and tears, the three sat down to celebrate the reunion.

CHAPTER 4

MILTON BLAKE, after Jim had related the outline of his adventures, settled down to speak of the present condition of affairs at Twin Hills. Things were bad, and although the cattle market was no longer what it had been, Milton gave his brother to understand that much of their failure was due to interference, cleverly concealed, and cunningly executed.

Although no evidence existed, he was satisfied that Ridgeway, who was a bitter and implacable enemy, was behind, if not the actual instigator of many things that had occurred to the detriment of the Blake property and herds.

An ugly glint crept into the eyes of the listening man when Milton told of wells, which, for no apparent reason, caved in during the night and cut off the water supply of numerous cattle; of valuable stock shot down by a marksman using a high-powered rifle; of fences cut over near the quicksands, thus opening a death-trap for wandering stock.

"Even those who work for us have been threatened and intimidated," he said, bitterly.

"Is that so? And who does the threatening?" asked Jim.

"Ridgeway's crowd. But it's done so as not to let people think it's directed against Peggy or me. Black Joe and some of his cronies generally pick on our men in town; either at Peppermint's or at a dance. They make it personal, and force a fight in which our fellows generally get the worst of it. 'Blue' Hoskins and 'Splinter' Purvis, the two men working for us now, are two they couldn't scare.

"Blue will fight with his shadow. It's his one pastime; and as for Splinter, well, Splinter is not a fighting man, but they let him severely alone. He carries with him a clasp-knife the size of a small corn hook, and keeps it as keen as a razor. There's one man over at Deep Wells (that's what Ridgeway calls his place) who'll carry the mark of Splinter's knife to his grave. He told Black Joe straight that if any of his crowd annoyed him, he'd cut strips out of them. Both Hoskins and Purvis are intensely loyal to Peggy and me, and time and

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again they have done things for us that money could not repay. They enabled us to hold on to Twin Hills when things looked blackest. If at times you find them argumentative or sarcastic, you can take it from me that they have earned the right to air their opinions."

"H'm——. How many men has Ridgeway got working for him?"

"Nine or ten; and nearly all picked by Black Joe, I reckon."

"Ridgeway has prospered, I believe."

"Yes, that's so. He's built a small mansion over there. Billiard-room, dance-room, hot water and septic tank, electric light and telephone, motor garage, and tennis court. Most of the entertaining, however, is done by his daughter Helen, who has all the young bucks in the district trailing after her."

"She is popular?"

"Yes, I think so, Jim."

"And how about our Peggy?" Jim reached over and with no visible effort lifted her on to his knee.

"I—I don't think so, Jim." Peggy answered the question with just the faintest echo of a sigh. "I'm afraid some people have formed a—a wrong opinion about me, and, having formed that opinion, would doubtless think I was lying if I were to tell them the truth. But I'll tell you, and perhaps you will understand. It will not take long to tell. One wild, wet night, about three years ago, Milton and I were sitting talking in front of the logs, when there came a timid knock at the door, barely loud enough to be heard above the storm. Milton opened the door and, to our amazement, a woman staggered in, drenched and exhausted. It—it was——"

"I DON'T want to know, Peggy," came gently from the big man.

"Jim—you're a dear! Well, she was an old playmate of mine; you wouldn't remember her, although she and I practically grew up together. I was the only woman that, in her hour of need, she could turn to for help and comfort. Dimples—we called her Dimples—was born the next day, and as the poor mother was frantic with fear, I—well, I promised to care for it and to keep her secret. Naturally, I asked Milton first, but that brother of ours, Jim, is softer-hearted than most women. Oh, you needn't wriggle and look uncomfortable, Milt. You spoil that child terribly, and you know it. That is the story, Jim. Do you think we did wrong?"

"Peggy, on the way home Milton said there were very few women like you, but sister, he failed to do you justice. Peggy, your heart must be pure gold. What you have done is something that few women in this world would dare to do, even if they felt like it. I'm not a preacher, but I'll say this. To take another woman's burden on your innocent shoulders is an act of wonderful sympathy and courage and true charity."

"I reckon you're right, Jim. Peggy's a brick, and the kid's a wonder. She'll twist you round her chubby little finger. You won't have a mind of your own when Dimples is about," said Milton.

"Is that so?" said Jim. "Well, I can see she's got you running and I suppose I'll be the same. I always did like kids; you never know what they're going to say next. I suppose she's old enough to put tacks on the chair, and use your best razor to cut sticks with?"

"For goodness sake, Jim," Peggy looked anxious. "Don't leave your horrid old razors where the child can get at them; or your studs; or your——"

Jim Blake gave a hearty laugh and drew the girl to him.

"Don't worry your pretty head, sister. I'll keep an eye on Milt, and take lessons from him."

"I'd better go and get your room ready, Jim. Yes, you can have your old quarters again, but——" looking at his great form. "I think the bed will be too small for you now. Gracious! How you have grown, Jim, you're enormous! I've never seen a man as big."

"BIG and awkward, Sis," he grinned at her.

"Big, yes; but awkward, no!" grunted Milton. "Don't you believe him, Peggy; he's as swift as a cat and just as supple. I reckon there's a surprise in store for the 'Nark.'"

"And who or what is the Nark?" Jim looked inquiringly at his brother.

"The Nark is the one horse that Splinter can't ride. He's a fine, big, upstanding chestnut; but then he's also a snake-headed outlaw."

"Milton, you should get rid of that brute. He's a dangerous pest and I'm terrified that Dimples, one of these days, may wander close to him. Why don't you shoot him?"

"I don't know, Sis. I suppose I should, but somehow I don't like shooting a horse. The trouble is that he doesn't know any better. If he was taught now——" Milton gazed into the fire that leaped in the wide hearth. "I remember hearing Dad say, when I was a kid, that Jim here could 'ride any horse that had four legs and a belly.'"

"Don't you try to ride him, Jim!" cried Peggy, vehemently. "The Nark is not a horse. He's just a piece of flesh with a hide on it. Splinter is a horseman, and yet I've seen him tossed and then chased for his life by that red fury. He's a mad, hairy nightmare, and ought to be shot!"

"Anyhow," Jim smothered a yawn, "there's no harm done in looking him over. I like horses. They're like women and kids; you're never sure what's going to happen next."

"And what do you know of women, brother Jim?" Peggy's eyes danced mischievously.

"Not very much, Sis. Dashed little, in fact. But they—oh, well—there's women and women, I reckon."

"A very lucid and comprehensive study of the sex, Jim Blake, big and strong though you are, I believe you would be like putty in the hands of the right one. What say, brother?" Peggy laughed at the comical expression on the big fellow's face.

"You little witch. I thought you were going to fix my bed for me—begone! Think there's a chance of rain, Milt?"

"Maybe, Jim," chuckled Milton. "Peggy will tell you; she'll give you a lucid and compre—what is it?"

"By the way, Milt; you told Peggy that I was the owner of Twin Hills. What did you mean?"

"Just that, Jim. Mother left Peggy and me some money, and also the stock to be divided and sold if we wished. But the property was to be yours if you returned within ten years. In spite of everything, mother would never believe that you were dead. Twin Hills has a clear title; it's freehold. If you did not return within the time specified, it became Peggy's and mine by the terms of the will. I reckon we're both glad, Jim, that it will not come to us. Mother said the wish was Dad's, and although he was a bit hard on you at times, I can see that he was mighty proud of you. He'd never show it, but that was his way."

"I've often thought of what he said to me the day I left home——"

"What was that, Jim?"

"He said, 'Lad, I don't blame you, and I don't blame myself. There is a shadow between us that only I can see.' Wonder if he meant Helen Ridgeway's mother?"

"I wonder? Do you think a man can love two women, Jim?"

"Don't ask me, Milt. I wouldn't say no or yes; but if he did I'd think he'd have a little more thought for one than for the other."

"I reckon that must have been it, then, and I'm sure mother knew it, although I never heard her say. Dad was a good man to mother, and did all in his power to make a good husband, and yet at times there were tears in Mum's eyes. Something was missing between them."

"You think Dad still loved Helen's mother?"

"Sure of it, Jim; and I think he realised it and hated himself for it. But there! You can't alter what is in the heart, I reckon. Nature, especially human nature, is a queer thing. Those words of Browning's must have been written for mother:

"'Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!'

"She had them marked in the book. There'd been tears dropped on that page, too."

"Your bed is ready, Jim." Peggy came across the room. "Now do be quiet, you two men; Dimples shows signs of waking. I'm off now; good night." Peggy blew kisses to both of them and went to bed.

"I'm going, too. Good night, Milt." Jim crept cautiously towards his room on the tip of his toes. A creaking floor-board sent a guilty look to his face. He looked like a tight-rope walker in difficulties, and Milton grinned hugely as he watched his gigantic brother crossing the floor so gingerly.

"The kid's a marvel," he muttered, and blew out the lamp.

CHAPTER 5

HELEN RIDGEWAY was furious. She and her father were seated at breakfast. Before her on the table was a sheet of paper. It was the Ridgeway apology.

"Father, I never thought you would do such a thing. If you do not care about yourself, you might at least think of me."

Sam Ridgeway wriggled, scowled, and looked uncomfortable. He had realised, when it was too late, that he would have to face the wrath and contempt of his daughter. He remained sullenly silent.

"You have made us the laughing-stock

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of the ranges through this act of cowardice."

"Helen!"

"You have! Everyone at the dance last night was whispering and chuckling about it. At first I thought people were joking; but, unfortunately, it was too true. I went to the hotel myself and when I saw the beastly thing exhibited in a position of prominence I thought I should sink down in the dust for shame of it. That devil of a man must have been laughing at the thought of it, even while he was insulting me——"

"Insulted you? How on earth—where—"

"HE met us on the track last night as we were going over to Bloodwood, and he—he made me turn back——" Helen flushed as her father's keen eyes searched her face. "He threatened to take me in his arms and kiss me; in front of the others, too."

Sam Ridgeway said nothing, but his hand trembled as he lifted the cup to his lips, and his eyes gleamed malevolently.

"But I'm going to take that paper back and throw it in his face." Her eyes flashed the anger that surged in her heart, and her lips, usually so red, were almost bloodless. "You can do as you like!" she flung at him, "But even if I am a woman I'll show Jim Blake that there is one who is not afraid of him." She rose from the table, and picked up the offending piece of paper.

"I—I think I'd better come with——" Sam hesitated, and fidgeted in his chair.

"Don't! You might have to sign another," she retorted, bitterly.

Her father glared after her retreating form. He was fully conscious that his proud and imperious daughter regarded him as if little or no consequence. Where the mother would have quailed and shrunk from him, this girl merely laughed. She was a complete enigma to him, and the only way in which she resembled the woman who had been his wife was in her full, dark beauty.

He pushed the dishes away from in front of him, and rested both elbows on the table. Presently his daughter descended the stairs, clad in an exquisitely-cut riding-habit. Sam looked at her with pride; she certainly was a beauty. He sounded a note of warning.

"Helen, remember that Jim Blake is a different kind of man to his brother, Milton. You won't be able to step on his neck as easy as you might think. Girl, you be careful that he doesn't put some further indignity on you. He's capable of it if you rouse him."

"We shall see," was the short reply.

SAM RIDGEWAY reversed the empty eggshell that was in front of him, and, picking up a spoon, smashed it to fragments.

"Damn!" he whispered viciously.

The pony Helen was riding snorted with surprise as a sharp spur struck at its side. The wiry animal swerved quickly and lengthened its stride. The girl was burning with impatience to cover the miles between the two homesteads, and, for some unaccountable reason, her pony appeared to be in a particularly lazy mood. Again the pony felt the spur, and, becoming rebellious, pig-rooted, and lashed out with both hind legs. But the girl was an accomplished horsewoman and instead of being thrown from the saddle, she gripped the heavy riding-whip tightly in her gauntleted hand, and brought it smartly on the pony's flank. The beast winced and quivered at the unexpected treatment, for usually his mistress was wont to coax and gentle him. He responded at once, for the combined attack of whip and spur was too much even for his stubborn equine nature; but his ears flattened and a wicked look gleamed from his eye as the miles slipped past under the nimble hoofs.

Three mountain spurs, with the valleys between, had to be crossed before coming to the Blake boundary, and a little exclamation of relief burst from Helen's lips as she reined in at the gate which was the only break in the fence for miles.

She had ridden with thoughts concentrated, and with eyes on the track, otherwise she would have seen, across on the Blake territory, the motionless forms of horse and rider waiting by the track that again led up into the hills.

As the girl leaned across her pony's withers to open the gate the man dismounted and waited for her to cross the distance between them. It was Jim Blake, and a mild surprise showed in the man's blue eyes as he critically examined the unexpected visitor. There was no doubt that he recognised her; the whimsical smile that played about the stern mouth proved it.

"Jim Blake, there's a storm brewing. The beautiful Helen looks angry; in fact, she is angry; and, furthermore, she is on Blake territory. Yes, we shall have thunder and lightning all right. She looks all worked up and her mount's in a sweat. Queer that I should ride in this direction this morning."

Then the girl saw him and her head went up haughtily as she eased the pony to a walk.

"Morning, Helen," he called cheerfully, "you seem to be in a hurry. Is anyone ill?"

"I AM Miss Ridgeway to you, Jim Blake, and——"

"Oh, come now, Helen; don't put on side. Have you forgotten how we used to ride miles for a kiss?"

"Listen to me!" she snapped icily. "I came looking for you, and when I tell you what I think of you you won't feel so frivolous—you damned bully!"

"Don't swear, Helen. Those pretty lips were meant for kisses, not cuss words. Besides, you're not at home now, you know." His slow gaze travelled over her from head to heels, and his smiling regard brought a hot flush to Helen Ridgeway's face. "How is your father this fine morning; and Black Joe?"

"You are a cruel, cowardly sneak to hit a man without warning——"

"Of course I am," he agreed, still smiling lazily. "Black Joe is a pet of yours, isn't he?"

"Jim Blake——" Helen Ridgeway was gradually becoming white with fury at the big man's careless unconcern. She swayed unsteadily in the saddle and by accident the spur again touched the pony's side. It gave one bound, and threw the unsuspecting girl to the ground. For a brief moment it stood trembling; then with a toss of its heels, and a mad plunge sideways, it raced away down the track; flew over the four-bar gate, and made for home at the top of its speed.

With a leap, Jim Blake was at the girl's side. A quick glance showed him that she had not been hurt by the fall. He lifted her to her feet, while she looked about in a dazed manner.

"I—I fell——" she muttered, unbelievingly.

"You did!" he grinned at her. "And great was the fall thereof."

"Shut up!" She wrenched away from his steadying arm, and stood staring after the vanishing pony.

"Well—he's gone, and I'll have to walk home. But before I go, let me return this to you."

"Ah——" Jim Blake, at the sight of the paper extended to him, was transformed from the lounging, easy-going man of the moment before, into quite a different being. The smile had gone from eyes and mouth, leaving them grim and hard. To the watching girl it seemed as though a mask had been snatched away, and the cold devilry of his features chilled her. Instinctively she retreated a step, and the movement brought a sneer to his lips.

"WHERE did you get that paper, you black-eyed vixen? Answer me."

"I saw it at the hotel and tore it down. What do you mean by trying to humiliate my father and me in this——"

"Hold your tongue and listen to me! Sit down on that log."

"I won't!" she blazed at him. "And I won't listen to you. I came to tell you that although you bullied father, you shall never intimidate me——"

"Sit down!"

"I won't—let me go! Oh—I wish I were a man!" She was placed, none too gently, upon the log, in spite of a furious resistance.

"If you don't sit down I'll hold you down! I want to talk to you, Helen Ridgeway, and I want you to listen. Let me tell you this: When I want anything particularly, I get it or others get trouble."

"Beastful words, Jim Blake. Your type likes to impress helpless women, and is not above striking men who are unprepared."

"IMPRESS you — you range cat! I despise you too much even to think of you as a woman. As for striking an unsuspecting man, well, you are welcome to your opinion. It's not worth arguing about. Now then. I told Sam, cunning old schemer that he is, that I would kill the man who took that notice down, but at the time I never thought of you. I forgot the lovely Helen. However, by now the paper has served its purpose. That is obvious, otherwise you would not have known where to find it. But you are not going unpunished for your behaviour to-day. You Ridgeways have got to learn that you can no longer wipe your feet on the Blake family or property."

"Oh—you're mad! I'm going home."

"You're not, my beauty! You are coming with me!" he replied grimly, and for the first time uneasiness showed in the girl's dark eyes. "Unless you apologise for the choice selection of epithets which you have so generously thrown at me."

"No—you beast! I loathe and detest you! You're not a man, you're an animal!"

"Is that so? Well, we are a good pair, and being animals we'll spend the night together out on the range."

"You devil! You wouldn't dare! You—" Helen Ridgeway glanced wildly about her

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as if looking for someone to whom she might appeal. Fear of this big man now lurked in her every word and gesture.

"It's useless looking for assistance," he told her, grimly. "And as they will come searching for you when your pony gets home, we'll leave here at once."

"You—you're not human—" she gasped falteringly.

"So you have already told me. I'm an animal. I must be, as I have your word for it. That being so, and you being with me (you came of your own free will remember) I must find a comfortable spot for you to spend a pleasant evening. Come now!" Jim Blake lifted her in his arms and carried her to his horse. The strong leathers creaked under the extra weight.

"LET me go—put me down at once!" The panting words were accompanied by frantic but futile struggling, for the arms about her were like steel bands.

"I'll put you down when I've taken you to a place I know of. Of course if you apologise—" There was a moment's hesitation; then she spoke.

"No—I—can't. I mean I won't!"

"Very well then; you've made your choice. I'm going to blindfold you so that you will not recognise the way we go. Sit still!" One arm held her, while the other, aided by the man's teeth, tied a large colored handkerchief across her eyes. Helen Ridgeway shivered and gave a little moan. This Blake was a man of iron determination, and she realised that she had, to a certain extent, judged him by his brother Milton. But he was a despicable coward who used his great strength to impose his will upon a helpless woman. Tears of shame and mortification welled into her eyes, and some of them rolled beneath the handkerchief. Quickly she raised a hand to brush them away, but the deep growl in her captor's voice almost paralysed her and fear flooded her heart.

"Leave that bandage alone," he gritted. "You've had your way so far. Now I'll have mine, and you'll provide the amusement. Women of your type are all the same; they think men are like footballs to be kicked here and there at their pleasure."

"You—you'll regret this, Jim Blake." She stammered weakly.

"Not I." And at the brutal laugh that accompanied the words, she trembled. "Don't you scream," he warned her. "I'll soon stop that."

ON and on they went, the horse turning and twisting in circles, so it seemed to the blindfolded girl who had quickly lost all sense of direction. Hours passed; years; it seemed as if the jog-trot of Blake's horse would continue through eternity. But at last she felt his arm tighten about her, and the animal stopped.

"We're here!" The exultant note deepened her despair, and she felt weak and helpless. Where was she? Somewhere deep in the tortuous tangle of hills and gullies; somewhere hidden away in the heart of the range. For the first time in her life, Helen Ridgeway lost moral as well as physical courage. Her heart beat painfully and her teeth bit on her lip to prevent the wild shriek that threatened to break forth.

"Now listen, girl! We've arrived, and you'll spend a better night than you imagine. But it depends on yourself, for I've decided to give you one last chance. You can please yourself. If you choose to be stubborn—well then—will you apologise?"

A brief silence, and then a meek little voice answered.

"Yes—I apologise."

"Say—'Jim Blake, I apologise for the unjust and hurtful words that I have spoken to you.'"

"I—I won't—I—yes I will," and the words were hurriedly repeated.

"Thank you." She heard him give a chuckle, a most hateful chuckle, and then he lowered her gently to the ground.

"Now take that handkerchief off and give it back to me," he commanded, but the harshness had gone from the voice. She did so and stood blinking, blinded temporarily by the brilliant sunlight.

"But, now that I've apologised to you are you going to leave me—" Helen suddenly gasped in amazement, for what she saw before her, left her almost speechless.

"Why—you—you've brought me home—"

"Of course I have. Did you think I would let you walk home?" The big man on horseback grinned exasperatingly.

"But I thought—I——"

"Is that so?" What an irritating drawl he had.

"Jim Blake, you're—you're a——"

"Now don't forget you've just apologised; well good-bye Helen, and thank you for an interesting morning. Remember me to Sam." Jim Blake rode away chuckling mightily, and leaving a wide-eyed enemy staring thoughtfully after him.

SAM RIDGEWAY glanced up quickly as his daughter entered the room. An eager light flashed in the shrewd eyes.

"Well, did you see Blake?" he asked.

"I did!" Helen removed the gauntlets and tossed them aside.

"And did he apologise to you for his actions?"

"He did—not!"

"Well, speak out. What happened?" her father demanded impatiently.

"I apologised to Jim Blake."

"You—what?" Sam gripped the arms of the chair, and half rose from the seat.

"I apologised to Jim Blake and expressed regret at the words I had used to him." Helen did not look at the bewildered man who flopped down in the chair. She poured herself a drink from the cooler and left the room.

"Well—I'll—be—burned! Yes, I will! What the—why—why?" he roared after her, but the slamming of her door was her only answer.

Helen locked the door, and stepped swiftly across the room to where a large oval mirror permitted her to gaze upon a full-length reflection of herself.

"Range cat—" she murmured, and the lips of the reflected likeness seemed to whisper back to her. "Range cat. He doesn't look upon you as a woman. You are just a black-eyed vixen. He played with you—fooled you—treated you as he would an overgrown child. Obtained his apology, and rode away laughing."

"Well, I told him what I thought of him. He is an animal."

"An animal?" mocked the lips in the mirror. "Perhaps; but he's a splendid animal, and even though he frightened the soul in you, you did not fail to notice the breadth of shoulder and depth of chest; you did not fail to feel the play of the muscles that rippled under the thin shirt as he held you to him."

"Bah! What am I saying, fool that I am?" Helen turned impatiently away from her glass. "I detest him far more than he does me, and I'll let him see it, too. It's your turn to-day, Jim Blake; but mine will come."

CHAPTER 6.

"WELL, it served her right." Jim Blake addressed the words to a solemn-looking kookaburra, as his horse ambled past a down-curving branch of a bloodwood tree. Jacky's unwinking eyes followed the man for a few yards, and then the bird lifted its head, and, opening its formidable beak, sent out a peal of discordant laughter.

"Exactly!" agreed the man. "But who are you laughing at, Jack, me or her? No answer? You birds remind me of a judge on the bench. You both sit with that unruffled wise look in your eyes, but, of the two, Jacky, I believe you are the more human. You can laugh, even at some poor worm that has committed the crime of being found out. Am I a worm, you feathered puzzle, just because I liked the feel of that girl in my arms? And because I regretted having to put her down again? Anyhow, worm or not, I must be getting soft in the head. That spitfire would claw the eyes out of me if she had the chance; yes, Jim Blake, she'd cut your heart out and serve it up to that hungry dingo—old Sam."

Jim Blake rode leisurely down and across a boulder-strewn gully that acted as a channel for the rushing waters of the mountain storms. He recognised the spot, for, when a lad he had caught a platypus at the edge of a small shallow pool higher up the ravine.

"Wonder if that pool is still there, and if Helen remembers the day she——"

Something whizzed past his ear with an angry whining scream that brought him up rigid in the saddle. An incredulous look dawned in his eyes.

"A sniper—a dashed sniper!" he ejaculated. "Well, by gee, what next? If that wasn't a bullet I've never been a soldier, Sam Ridgeway, you scheming dog, you'd commit——"

Whe-e-e-e—Zing-g. Another leaden messenger of death sang past him, and, clipping a piece of basalt, richocheted and thudded against the trunk of an ironbark.

"That's enough," he grunted, and sank the spurs into the horse's flank. But the unfortunate beast was not quick enough. The third shot caught it fairly through the brain, and the convulsive leap of the stricken brute almost threw the man from the saddle. He jumped clear as the horse reared back and crashed lifeless to the ground, and sprinted for the protection of an uprooted tree which had been undermined by the swirling waters of numerous storms. Crouched behind this shelter, he gazed over the trunk and across the flat to the other side. The shots were coming

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from a ridge, and a fourth bullet ploughed the dead bark, leaving a jagged furrow in the wood a few feet from his head.

"Eight hundred yards, easy; and it's me they want. This will be the fellow Milt was telling me about. He's got Satan's nerve, and he'll want it, too, if I can get out of this alive."

His eyes examined the mark cut by the previous shot.

"Using service cartridges; must be; it would take cordite to cut that jag at such a range. The shooting is too accurate and heavy for a sporting rifle. Damn his hide, whoever he is."

He picked up a stick and placed his hat upon it. Then he leaned the stick against the log so that the hat would appear to be on the head of a man who was peeping across the log. This done, he wriggled some yards to where a limb forked upwards, and, raising himself, peered through. But he could see nothing to indicate who or where the man with the rifle was.

"He's a murderous swine—the coward! And rifle or no rifle, he's not going to have things all his own way. This is the intimidation Milt spoke of. It would be effective with lots of people, but this time he's made a mistake. I've been shot at before. I don't like it a little bit, but the novelty has worn off, and it doesn't impress me at all."

JIM BLAKE took stock of his position. He realised that it would be impossible for him to remain where he was for any length of time. The assassin on the other ridge was probably mounted, and could quickly work his way round and get him from the top of the gully. No more lead had come whistling since the hat had been set up for a target, and he knew that his assailant would not be fool enough to remain in ambush indefinitely, for Milton and the stockmen might chance to ride that way. Jim reached for his hat and decided to risk it. With a quick run he dashed across the open strip of ground, and dodged into the timber; then, halting behind a great red gum, listened. But no bullet came searching for him, no sound of galloping hoofs reached his ears, and he decided after a few minutes' thought, that the man had gone.

"Chanced a few shots at long range, and then cleared out," he growled. The great muscles of his neck and shoulders corded and bunched as a black rage swept over him. The deliberate and coldblooded attempt at murder filled him with fury.

"Jim Blake, you'll ride with a rifle slung to your saddle after this, and God help the Ridgeway crew if I catch them sniping on Twin Hills again. It's high time the Blakes gave more and took less in this private war. It's too one-sided. If that girl comes prancing about here again, I'll—I'll spank her, good and hard. Confound the Ridgeways! The pair of them."

The three-mile tramp to the homestead did not improve Jim's temper for the sun was hot and the country rough. He marvelled, as he strode along, that such a thing could happen in these so-called enlightened times. Seventy years ago, a bullet sped from a concealed rifle would have been accepted as a sign of the prevailing and understood conditions; when every man depended upon himself to furnish the necessary protection for his family and belongings. But in the year of wireless telegraphy and motor cars, and an efficient police patrol, one hardly expected that any man in his senses would commit such an act of folly.

But then, he reflected, neither the Blakes nor the Ridgeways would dream of enlisting the police to aid them. The fight, such as it was, was strictly between themselves, and neither side, for very shame's sake, would employ the forces of the law to help or to protect. But this latest outrage, this attempted assassination was something quite unlooked for. If one party descended to such a low level, then the other must grapple with it in the only possible way; it must retaliate in kind, or go under.

But Jim knew that it would be impossible for him or his to adopt such cowardly tactics. The thought of shooting an unarmed and unsuspecting man made him feel sick.

HE gave a grunt of relief at the sight of the homestead, now close at hand, and lengthened his stride. He was ravenous with hunger, and as he caught the faint odor of roasting meat, thoughts of a huge, juicy joint temporarily banished the black mood caused by the shooting.

His brother Milton, who was talking to a tall, thin horseman near the stockyards, stared at him as he came striding towards them.

"Why, where's your horse, Jim? Had a spill?"

"Yes, Milt, a regular buster. Tell you about it later."

"H'm—all right. Meet 'Splinter' Purvis, the clasp-knife expert," said Milton. "This is my brother Jim, Splint."

Purvis looked at the giant from narrowed eyes, and extended his hand. Jim was surprised at the strength of the grip. Splinter belied his looks.

"Glad to meet y', Jim." Splinter grinned with easy familiarity. "Milt here, was tellin' me about you an' how you upset th' Ridgeway apple-cart. Have y' met Blue yet?"

"No," was the smiling reply. "Why?"

"Oh, Blue wants to look you over, to see if you're a better man than he is." Purvis gave the information so dryly that Jim laughed with genuine amusement.

"Is that so? Well that's a thing that can always be discussed. But why pick on me?"

"Oh, he ain't pickin' on you. It's his way of makin' friends."

"Well, it's original. Have we got visitors, Milt?" nodding towards a buggy from which a pair of horses had recently been unhitched.

"Yes, Jean Allister. She is going to stay the night with us. Remember her?"

"No, I don't think so. Let me see; the Allisters live over to the north, don't they?"

"YES, about nineteen miles from here. Allister is a sheepman; grows a bit of wheat as well. Plenty of cash, but very tight with it."

"There's Dimples! I promised the kid this morning that I'd play 'horses' with her. She's going to ride me, bareback. Reckon I'd better get it over." Jim strode off in search of the child whose shrill laughter he had just heard. Milton turned to the stockman.

"The kid's bossing him round already, Splint. He fished out two great hunks of chocolate this morning, and gave it to her. Peggy nearly had a fit when she found the kid in Jim's room, smothered in chocolate from head to foot. Me spoil her? H'm—I reckon Jim will just about ruin Miss Dimples."

But Jim Blake had to postpone the buck-jumping contest with Dimples, for as he entered the large living-room, Peggy announced that dinner was waiting.

"You're just in time, Jim; you must have smelt it." Peggy turned towards the visitor. "This is Jean Allister, Jim; and Jean, this is little Jim."

Jean Allister smiled up at the man who towered above her, as she shook hands with him.

"The whole district is talking about you, Jim, and everyone is glad that you are alive and well. Peggy and Milton must have been overjoyed at your return. I should have liked to see you pick Peggy up and kiss her, as she tells me you did. It was a wonderful surprise."

"I am delighted to be back, Miss Jean, and later I'll be glad to renew old friendships."

JEAN ALLISTER was a tall well-built girl, and, Jim decided, the possessor of the nicest hair and eyes he had yet seen. A very attractive girl, he thought, and, judging from the steady grey eyes, a sensible one. Jim liked Jean Allister the moment he saw her, and, looking at the girl, one gained the impression that the attraction was mutual. Another thing that Jim noted and appreciated was, that while Jean Allister conversed easily and interestingly, she did not once depend on scandal to fill any conversational breach. This fine, healthy-looking girl was certainly no gossip, and Jim was mildly surprised at himself for being glad at the fact.

As the meal progressed, Jim found himself making mental comparison between this bright companionable girl, and the dark-eyed Helen. But beyond the fact that they were both alluring specimens of opposite types, their seemed to be nothing in common between them. Jean Allister was a lovely blonde, and Helen a beautiful brunette, and the difference in temperament and character was as distinct as their respective complexions. They were contrasts.

When the dinner was over, Jim drew Milton aside.

"Milt, I'm going over to the Ridgeways this afternoon to have a talk with Sam. I couldn't tell you before, but the horse I was riding this morning was shot under me, and the snake that got him tried to get me also, and damn near did."

"Tried to shoot you, Jim?" There was a look of horror on the younger man's face.

"Yes. Pumped four shots at me, and one of them got the back. The saddle and bridle are still on him."

"Where did the shooting take place?"

"Over in box-tree gully. That narrow washout near——"

"I know. I'll ride over and get the gear. The murdering devil! God—but they never tried anything like this before. You'd better take a rifle, Jim. They might come at you again."

"I hope they do." The deep voice held a grim note. "Get me a mount with a fair turn of speed; something up to my weight. I'll take a look at the guns."

Half an hour later, Jim Blake was swaying to the canter of his horse. He passed the scene of the morning's episode, and

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glanced pitifully at the unfortunate brute lying stiff in the rigid grip of death. Even as he rode by, the crows, black scavengers of range and plain, lifted red beaks and debated with harsh cries whether it was safe to continue the feast. Jim knew that, in a little while, the dingoes, crows, ants, and other creatures of the wild, would leave only the bones to whiten under the action of wind and sun. And that was the fate intended for him. The diabolical cruelty of the thing made his mouth set straight and hard. He put spurs to his horse and quickly left the gully with its victim of man's cruelty and passion far behind.

CHAPTER 7

JIM BLAKE rode slowly up to the picket fence that surrounded the imposing home of the Ridgeways. Two men on horseback scowled blackly at him as he dismounted and tied his mount securely in the shade of a large pepper-tree. He returned the look with a cold direct glare that conveyed his opinion of them much plainer than any words could do.

It was Helen who opened the door in answer to his imperious summons, and the surprise in her eyes changed swiftly to apprehension as she glanced at the forbidding face of the man.

"Jim Blake! What do you want here? Don't you know that Deep Wells is forbidden territory to you? You have an awful nerve to come here like this!"

"Is Sam in?" he demanded, looking past her.

"Yes, but not to you," was the haughty reply.

"Listen girl! You tell your black-hearted parent that I wish to speak to him instantly."

Helen flamed red at the contemptuous tone.

"You get out of here, Jim Blake, or I'll call the men and have them throw you out."

"You haven't enough men to do it," came the level reply. "But enough of this nonsense. I didn't come here to argue with a spoilt, empty-headed woman. Go in and tell Sam!"

"It's no good insulting me, as it only proves what an uncouth hound you are—"

A voice from inside the house interrupted her.

"Who is that, Helen?" It was Sam Ridgeway.

"It's me!" growled Blake, and he stepped in past the dumbfounded Helen.

"Who's 'me'—well I'll be burned! Yes I will! What the heck are you doing in my house?" Sam's voice changed from a tone of irritable inquiry to a roar of surprised rage.

"So you're surprised to see me alive, Sam?" Blake drawled cuttingly as he walked calmly up to the infuriated man. "I don't wonder at it; but the fellow only succeeded in shooting my horse. Still, with a little more practice at long ranges he'll do well. The last shot clipped the log within three feet of my head. Not bad for eight hundred, was it Sam?"

"Are you saying that someone tried to shoot you?" asked Helen.

"YES, my gentle dark-eyed pet, that's just what I am saying; and I'm here to know why. That's the reward I get for assisting you this morning, and the horse that carried you home gets killed for its trouble. Of course, I should have known better. I shall in future."

Helen threw a startled look at her father, who, standing open-mouthed, seemed deprived of the power of speech.

"Are you insinuating that we tried to shoot you?" she asked, and then shrank from the ugly menace that leapt into the cold blue eyes.

"Did you say, 'insinuate'?" The words seemed to crackle. "But I wish you'd clear out of this. Hasn't that old reprobate got a tongue? Funny, isn't it, how quick it can wag sometimes. Damn you, Ridgeway! Why did you try to have me shot down like a wild dog?"

"It's not true—I know nothing about it! You are here to bully us and to create a disturbance." Sam glared at the man before him.

"Ridgeway, even your wild-cat daughter here knows that the Blakes are not liars.

The crows are feeding on the slain animal at this moment, and the bullet marks are on log and tree. It was bad enough to cut fences, shoot our stock, put explosives down our wells, and so on; but murder is the last resort of a coward, and is generally punished with a rope."

"Father, tell him you know nothing about it; that you——" Helen's agitated appeal was cut short by Sam himself.

"Blake, come into my room and we'll thrash this out. You have accused me of a terrible thing, and it is too serious to dismiss offhand."

"All right. I came to hear what you had to say about it; but I'll know in a moment if you are lying to me, Ridgeway." Blake turned to Helen who made to follow them. "Must you come, too? Can't you see when you're not wanted?"

HELEN did not reply, but attempted to wither the insolent intruder with a contemptuous stare. It was a failure. Jim Blake merely laughed, and turned his back upon her.

"My heavens—but you are an uncouth and ill-bred brute, Jim Blake. What would you think of a man who forced his way into your house and insulted your sister, as you have done to me?"

"There is a difference; but, naturally, Helen, you cannot see it. I'm here to inquire why a Blake was shot at by one of your men; not to give you an exhibition of fancy manners. I told you once before that I don't consider you a woman; you're too heartless. When a creature like you can laugh at the fall of one of your own sex, you deserve to be whipped!"

"How dare you speak to me like that! I don't understand in the least what you are referring to."

"My sister, Peggy. I was told by one who heard you, but your sneers were as groundless as they were cheap. The child is not my sister's. Oh, I'm not trying to convince you; I'm merely stating a fact. Now I'll talk to Sam."

"Your informant has made a mistake, but he or she is merely on the same low level as yourself," Helen remarked coldly, and turned on her heel and walked away.

"Sit down!" Ridgway indicated a chair.

"No, I'll stand." Blake eyed the other grimly.

"Suit yourself; it seems a habit of yours. Now, what's all this rot about someone trying to shoot you?"

"I've told you. I gave your daughter a lift home this morning. Her horse had bolted. On my way back I was ambushed and shot at. My horse was killed.

"And you think me responsible?"

"I do! Who else but you, or those employed by you would do such a thing? You had a motive, in fact a twofold motive. To pay for your humiliation of yesterday, and to remove the greatest obstacle to your acquiring of Twin Hills."

"Listen, Blake!" Sam's eyes narrowed. "I had nothing to do with the attempt to shoot you. I hate you and your family, and I don't mind telling you so; but I don't hate you bad enough to have you murdered. All I want is to be rid of you as a neighbor. I've offered your brother money for the place, but just because it's me, he won't take it."

"And because he wouldn't, you planned to force him off by dirty underhand tricks."

"I don't admit it."

"IT isn't necessary; the facts speak for themselves. Now, I want you to clearly understand this, Ridgeway. If I find that you are still plotting to annoy me and to injure what's on my property, I'll hit back so hard that you will think you've been kicked in the belly by a mule. But I'll give my word that you and yours will not be touched, if you give no provocation. Now—shut up! For once I'll take your word about the shooting. I have to, as I didn't see or catch the man; but, you can tell your bunch that if I do catch any of them sniping on Twin Hills, I'll peg him out on a bull-ant's nest; and that's a damn sight worse than any bullet."

"What will you take for Twin Hills."

"Confound you! It's not for sale."

"Will you open the track across your country to us?"

"No!"

"Then get to hell out of this!" Sam fairly hissed the words at the man before him. "And if you insult my daughter again, I'll have you smothered in tar. Get out of my sight!"

Sam Ridgeway started to his feet, but sat hastily down again when a heavy finger wagged in his face.

"Then tell that beautiful feline to sheath her claws. I don't willingly speak harshly to a man, let alone a woman, but she has only herself to blame for anything I have said. She is a spiteful fury, and made the mistake of thinking that I would let her scratch me."

"But you started it!" Ridgeway's voice was shrill with anger. "You threatened to maul and kiss her the first night you met her. Do you think she'll stand that, you fool?"

"She may have to yet. Some of the things she said to me that night were almost unprintable. Personally, I never wish to see or speak to her again. So long as she keeps to herself she will be all right, but if she starts on me again, I'll stop her."

Ridgeway was livid with rage, and as

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Blake walked to the door, he could distinctly hear him grinding his teeth.

"Don't forget about those bull ants, Sam; and ease up on the molars. You'll wear them out. Be a good boy."

THE long spurs jingled musically as Jim Blake strode from the house. His temper was ruffled because of his failure to ascertain who it was that used the rifle, and as he mounted and swung the horse round, he was forced to admit that things were not improved by his visit to Deep Wells. And Jim regretted this even though it irritated him. Furthermore, he was secretly ashamed that he had to growl at an old man and a girl as he had just done. But then he could not remain passive while another used him as a target.

Half a mile from the house, the track led over a rise and down to a gate. Jim Blake had to pass through this gate, unless his horse jumped the fence, so when he topped the ridge and looked down to see two men on horseback guarding the gate, he guessed that there was another interview to be concluded before he passed through. Jim recognised the men; they were the pair who had scowled at him as he dismounted under the pepper-tree. Unconsciously the big man filled his lungs with air, and a grin chased away the gloomy look from his face. When fifty yards away, he saw them draw close together and the one on the bay said something to the other on the black. A nod of the head was the answer.

"These birds mean business," Jim assured himself. "Well, perhaps there will be more than just a windy argument. That's better than browbeating an old man and a girl."

Without appearing to notice either of them, Jim rode in between and proceeded to unfasten the gate. He was drawing back the bar when one of them spoke to him.

"Miss Ridgeway wants t' see y'. Let that gate alone; y' can't go through." The speaker was a pugnacious, thick-set man, whose nose had been slammed level with his face. Red bristles, and deep-set eyes glittering above a strong square jaw, a hard cruel mouth, and thick ears completed the ensemble.

"Is that so? Why not—flat face?"

The man called flat face glared sullenly at the huge fellow who sat grinning at him.

"'Cause we got orders t' stop y'. Miss Ridgeway ses y're not t' go through that gate till she sees y', an' y're not goin' through."

"WELL, stop me, flat face, and be quick about it!" Jim leant forward towards the gate again, and, as if that was the signal agreed upon, both men swung their horses close and grappled. But their speed was not the speed of the blue-eyed giant in the centre. He straightened in the saddle as quickly as though his back contained steel springs. A pair of long powerful arms shot out, and gripped the men by their necks, then, with a mighty heave, he sent them hurtling out of the saddle. With a wild yell and a blow from his hat, he started their horses away at a gallop. Before the half-stunned men were on their feet, Blake was through the gate and away. His laugh, and the advice that followed it, came floating back to them.

"Flat face, you and your mate should take a day off and practise jumping at each other. Get more speed, and think quicker, if you can. Give my regrets to Miss Ridgeway, and whatever explanation suits you."

As his horse ambled along, Jim chuckled to himself at the discomfiture of the flat-faced rider and his companion. Only one thing prevented him from having the matter out with them, and that was because they were only acting under instructions. In trying to stop him they were obeying orders issued by the self-willed girl, who, by the force of her personality, dominated all the men of Deep Wells, her father included. Had the men used a little tact and conveyed their message in the form of a request instead of a command, Blake would have waited, for he was curious as to what Helen might say to him. But the words, "y' can't go through," were not to be swallowed by a man of Jim Blake's calibre. Indeed, they acted as a spur, and the command filled him with a determination to go through that gate even if a dozen flat-faced, red-bristled men guarded it. But what could the dark-eyed Helen want with him? Perhaps she had intended another stinging outburst, and had arranged for the two men to be witnesses while she berated and belittled him. Jim thought it more than likely, and was glad that "flat face" had given him an excuse to ride on.

"The charming Helen left orders to stop me," he grinned. "Well, that's not too bad. In fact, she improves every hour. I guarantee those fellows will feel the lash of her tongue when she finds that her little scheme has collapsed. Helen hates to be disappointed."

His surmise proved correct, for Helen Ridgeway was at that moment telling her men, in no uncertain terms, what she thought of them.

"Do you mean to say, Jordan, that one man pulled the pair of you from your saddles, as if you were sacks of straw?"

JORDAN was the man whom Blake had facetiously named flat face.

"We did our best, Miss Ridgeway, an' it's no good gettin' sore at me an' Johnno. That feller Blake 'as got more strength in one arm, than we've got in two. We didn't fall outer th' saddles fer fun. I'm no dub, an' Johnno ain't neither, but th' feller y' sent us to stop ain't a man, 'e's a gorilla."

"But surely, Jordan, you are exaggerating. He must have caught you by surprise. He can't be stronger than both of you. Of course, in his rage——"

"Blake wasn't in no temper; 'e was grinnin' an' laughin'. If ever y' want 'im 'eld when 'e's in a temper, don't send two men, send six an' see that each feller's got a club. After what I seen t'day, I deckon Black Joe got orf lucky. Yairs, darn lucky."

"He evidently frightened you badly. I thought you were men. My mistake! Well, get back and catch your horses; I'll go after Jim Blake myself. Goliath will have to be humbled, or life here will become intolerable."

Helen ignored the sulky looks of Jordan and Johnno, and put spurs to the pony. It shot away at a gallop that sent little balls of dust spurting up from beneath the steel-shod hoofs.

Jim Blake turned his head swiftly when the drumming of the pony's hoofs came to his ears. Checking his horse, a thought shot through his mind. With a light spur he leaned forward in the saddle.

"Come, boy, we'll make her ride for it. She'll think all the cuss words in the country, even if she doesn't say them, when she finds that she can't get any closer."

Instead of following the track that led to his own property, Blake pulled the horse away at an angle, so that the chase would be on Deep Wells country. This evidently puzzled the girl, for she drew rein and checked the pace. Blake glanced over his shoulder and then did likewise, a distance of thirty yards between them. Thinking that the man ahead was waiting for her, Helen sent her pony forward at greater speed, and the dark eyebrows met in a frown as she saw the horseman touch his mount with the spur and go leaping away.

"What does the idiot think he's doing?" she muttered angrily. She again slackened pace, and so did Blake.

"Jim Blake, I'm beginning to think that you are queer in the head, and that silly grin you wear is nailed on. Whatever do you think you're doing?"

AS if in answer, a deep-throated laugh set her ears tingling. The girl's pretty mouth set to a hard line, and the pony grunted at the sting of her tiny spur.

For half a mile they rode at top speed. Once or twice Jim Blake looked over his shoulder and doubted whether his horse, handicapped by his weight, could maintain the lead. The little pony, splendidly ridden, was stretched out in pursuit like a greyhound and, yard by yard, crept closer.

A glint of admiration shone in the man's blue eyes, but it was soon changed to a gleam of devilment. He knew from what Milton had told him, that his horse, although possessed of a fair turn of speed, excelled in stock work, and, as his brother had casually informed him, 'could wheel, and swing round on his tail!' Jim decided to test it.

The pony, urged determinedly on, drew closer and closer, until its head was level with the tail of the beast ahead. The girl thought that her moment of triumph had come, but, to her chagrin and amazement, the huge man suddenly leaned back in the saddle, and using knee and rein, swung the stock-horse almost right about. The pony shot past and covered twenty yards before the girl could pull him round. Another of those taunting laughs floated to the girl, who, crimson with temper, now realised that her enemy was merely playing with her. Hot tears sprang to her eyes, but were impatiently brushed away by the small hand that trembled with emotion.

"Oh—you devil!" she panted. "If—if I could only get near you." Helen stopped the pony, and, dismounting, threw the reins over his head.

Normally, Helen Ridgeway possessed a keen sense of humor, but at this moment it seemed to have vanished. Ordinarily, with another man teasing her, she would have laughed heartily at her futile attempts to catch him. But the day had been a long succession of insults, and she hated the man responsible for them so bitterly, that at the moment the girl would have given anything to be able to get even with him.

"CURSE you, Jim Blake! I believe I could almost kill you, you swaggering beast!" She half sobbed the words and stamped a neat foot in impotent rage.

The object of her wrath, discovering that she was no longer bent on pursuit, turned his horse and walked the beast in her direction. She watched his approach with flaming eyes, and the heavy whip she carried tapped restlessly against her leg.

Jim Blake slid from the saddle and smiled at her, for his little game had been thor-

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oughly enjoyed from the moment Jordan started it until now.

"Well, Helen, that was a fine race, and only for the trick I played at the finish, you would have caught me."

"Yes,—you pitiful hound! You're too funny with your tricks. Take that!"

Without warning, and as quickly as a snake strikes, she raised her whip and slashed him across the face with it. So savage was the stroke, that the skin broke and allowed the blood to trickle down the cheek. From brow to chin, a long, ugly streak appeared that spoke eloquently of bruised and broken flesh.

CHAPTER 8

"THANK you. If you were a man, I could retaliate, but you have the advantage. Doubtless you are quite aware of that." Jim Blake spoke quietly, but the even tones held a depth of contempt and disgust that the trembling Helen had never before encountered.

As is so often the way with impulsive people, Helen had no sooner struck the blow than she was filled with regret and self-loathing at the thing she had done. She stared at the man before her with wide, horrified eyes, wondering every swift moment if his self-control would break, and he would exact a terrible penalty. The plaited rawhide whip fell from nerveless fingers, and her flesh shrank and crept as though it was exposed to the chill of frost. Something seemed to gather in her throat, something that threatened to choke her. So swift had been the reaction, so sure the change from an insane gust of passion to the grip of cold remorse, that it left her swaying blindly on her feet, unnerved and helpless, unable, were it necessary, to raise a hand in self-defence. Instinctively, she knew that Blake would not put a hand upon her; but, had it been another, Black Joe Cummins for instance, she felt that disaster, swift and certain, would have been her fate.

Never before had Helen Ridgeway sensed that difference in men; that something deep down in the fibres of their being which makes of one a man, and of another a man-beast. But she saw it now in a blinding flash of shamed self-revelation, and realised that the man she had injured would regard her as more loathsome than the most hideous reptile, for she had struck, even as they would, treacherously.

"Oh—I—I'm sorry, Jim Blake," she whispered. But even to her own ears the words sounded as a hollow mockery; a weak and insincere attempt to have him believe.

"Sorry?" There was a cynical ring in Blake's voice. "Helen, you are incapable of feeling sorrow. It is I who am sorry for you. Your mind is so warped by passionate self-conceit, that it is unable to understand that quality. I shall certainly carry the mark of your sorrow for many a long day, and it will serve to remind me of the most vicious woman——"

"Please—please don't say it. I—I was not myself. I must have been mad to do such a cruel thing. God forgive me for having such a temper, for I cannot ask you to."

"Helen, I do not believe you, and your words are worse than your actions. You are a fit companion for the unwashed, cowardly crew you employ on Deep Wells, and Sam should be proud of his daughter. I pity any man that destiny may link you with, for you will surely break his heart, if he doesn't strangle you first. I have met many women, some good, some bad; but may I never have the misfortune to meet one like you again."

Jim Blake turned and walked quickly to where his horse was. He mounted, and without another look at Helen, rode rapidly away. Before the beast had covered fifty yards, he wheeled and galloped back to where the girl was standing.

"Get on your pony, and come with me," he commanded, coldly.

"Why," she quavered. "You—you wouldn't harm me?"

"If you had leprosy you couldn't be safer. I prefer your claws to your lips, any time."

SHE obeyed, and together they rode away.

"Helen, you have forgotten your whip. Shall I get it for you?"

"No—no!" A swift furtive glance at his face sent a shudder through her. She had indeed inflicted a wound that time would not conceal. Had she struck him across the eyes, the force of the blow would have blinded him.

They rode in silence. Not once did Blake look at the girl beside him. To her it seemed as if he was unconscious of her presence. She wondered where he was taking her and why.

They passed through the boundary, and Blake led away to the right. Already the sun was down behind the ranges, and long shadows stretched across valley and flat. Only on the jagged tops of the mountains did the pink light of day linger.

"You see that gully, Helen?"

"Yes," came the low reply.

"Well, look close to that fallen tree, and tell me what you see."

"Oh—it's the horse! Poor brute, I——"

"Exactly. I wanted you to see for yourself that I spoke the truth to-day. If you look at that beast, and then at me, you will understand why we Blakes regard your family as we do. Do you wonder at us? Or are you so proud of your detestable methods, that you are blind to all sense of decency and fair play? It is barely twenty-four hours since I enforced my father's wish, and prevented you from crossing Twin Hills, yet even in that short space of time you and those closely associated with you, have committed acts of violence and treachery such as would sicken the average person. Now you can return; and you had better ride fast, for I feel strongly tempted to take payment for these outrages—oh, not from you, you needn't look at me like that—but by returning and cutting loose with Sam and his mongrels. I hope that one day I shall meet the man who killed that horse."

Blake swung away from her, and started in the direction of his home. Helen sat in the saddle and watched him until he was lost to sight in the timber. Then, instead of making for Deep Wells, she turned and followed the man who had just left her.

She allowed the pony to amble along the track, seemingly unaware of time or locality. Her mind was a riot of conflicting thoughts, and in her heart was an overwhelming desire to atone by offering her word as a guarantee of future peace and goodwill. She knew now that Jim Blake was the type of man that could be trusted by man or woman, and to be regarded by him as something more unwholesome than a leper, more treacherous than a hidden snake, and as vicious as the wild range cats, sent a burning rush of shame through her veins. He looked upon her as something degraded; unclean; and a fit mate for Black Joe and his henchmen.

BUT why should he? Helen's head suddenly became erect. She knew that she was not immoral; her great failing was a violent temper, and she sincerely regretted her recent outburst and was willing to atone in any way possible; but beyond that her conduct had been above reproach. Her father denied being implicated in the attempt on Blake's life; it was a dastardly thing, certainly, and she could understand him being so incensed; but neither she nor her father would even think of such an awful thing. Why should she go slinking to Jim Blake, and by doing so tacitly admit a guilt of which she was innocent.

But Helen was sensible enough to see that the breach, already so wide, would expand and deepen if further acts of violence were employed. The girl admitted that the only crime the Blakes were guilty of was a stubborn refusal to sell their property to her father, and the closing of the short and convenient road to Bloodwood and beyond. But, after all, they were perfectly justified in doing both. However, although she was now willing to admit this, she knew that her father would never do so. Her family was certainly to blame that affairs had reached the present crisis, for the Blakes had been unnecessarily provoked. And yet Jim Blake, capable though he was of doing so, had refrained from any action that would cause her or her father to suffer. His manner had been overbearing, and his words outspoken and rough, but his powerful hand had not struck a blow in reprisal. Not even when she had cut him with the heavy rawhide whip. Why? Because she was a woman, and Blake was not the man to hurt women. It was true that he assaulted Cummins, but she realised that she had only heard one side of that story; that there was another she was now convinced.

Helen pulled the pony round, and, abandoning her intention of going to the Blake homestead, cantered swiftly in the direction of Deep Wells. There were certain things to be discussed with her father that would not brook delay. She could send a suitable apology to Jim Blake later, when her mind was calmer, and she could frame the required sentences.

Helen realised with a start, that it was quite dark. Her father would be anxious about her, for he would be sure to learn from Jordan that she had ridden after Jim Blake. However, she could not allow the pony to gallop, for the beast, eager to be home, might put its foot into a hole and bring her crashing to the ground. She checked the pace to an amble, and was instantly glad that she had done so, for there came to her ears, out of the darkness ahead, the reckless laugh of a man. She swung the pony off the track, and sheltered behind a thick group of saplings. The men were evidently satisfied that there was no one within miles of them, for their voices were not moderated, and as they drew

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nearer, came clearly to the ears of the listening woman.

IT was Jordan and Johnno. Were they searching for her? But their conversation quickly assured her of the contrary, for although they were discussing her, she was not the object of their ride in the dark.

"An' y' seen them ride away t'gether, Johnno?"

"Yairs. They didn't see me. I was most a mile away. She follered 'im inter th' gullies." Johnno gave a chuckle that made the face of the listening girl flame scarlet in the darkness.

"Wouldn't 'er old man swear if 'e knew them two was spoonin' in th' 'ills?"

"I bet Black Joe'd swear th' most," grunted Johnno. "Black Joe reckons she's fer 'im. Joe'll get 'er, you see. That feller is foolin' old Sam all ways at onct, by stirrin' up th' Blakes."

"Seems like Joe might become one of the fambly, if 'e can grab th' skirt; but I dunno; she's a nasty-tempered piece. Just like one of them dark-eyed dago women, that 'ud just as soon slip a knife in y' ribs, as look at yu'. Anyhow, I don't care a cuss; th' money Joe slips across is easy took."

"Yairs, you said it." Johnno agreed. The voices were becoming fainter as the men followed the track. "T'night now—Blake don't reckon—quicksand—left——"

In an instant Helen's mind was made up. She walked the pony back over the Twin Hills track, thankful that the beast had not betrayed her by neighing when the other horses passed her place of concealment. Satisfied that the two men had branched off, and were no longer ahead, she urged the pony to a canter, trusting to its eyes in the darkness. Evidently some further devilment was afoot; another scheme to injure the Blakes in some way. Quicksand? What did they mean by that? Helen knew where the treacherous sands were, but she could not imagine what connection they might have with the activities of Jordan and his companion. A wave of hot resentment swept over her as she recalled the remarks of the pair. To think they should imagine that——"

A branch, hanging low, hurt her shoulder as she swept by, but it was nothing to the pain that gnawed at her heart. That such a vile construction should be put upon her accompanying Jim Blake shocked her, and left her numb. If Jim Blake knew what the evil pair had said, she would quickly be avenged. But would she? Did he not regard her as being capable of almost anything?

Oh, what a blind passionate fool she had been to so kill his respect for her. She had imagined, in her madness, that it was in her power to humble him, but, instead, she had lowered herself to the dust.

AND Black Joe, that cunning schemer who desired her, and was plotting to tangle her in the net he was weaving, would find, as would the others, that they were no longer required at Deep Wells. Helen vowed that the moment she returnd home would see the end of the dangerous clique that her father fondly imagined were loyal to his interests. At present it was her duty to warn the Blakes that some new evil was being employed against them.

The Blake home was a large spacious structure, built of wood, and roofed with iron. On all four sides it was surrounded by wide cool verandahs, after the Queensland style. A dance was in progress, and as Helen approached, hidden by the darkness, she could see the great form of Jim Blake, dancing with a woman who evidently thought a great deal of her huge partner. Helen observed closely the look of pleasure and admiration that lingered on the fair face of the girl, and for some strange and unfathomable reason, suddenly decided that she disliked her.

The tall figure of a man suddenly appeared beside the pony. It was Purvis.

"Were y' wantin' t' see someone, Miss?" he asked, looking intently at her.

"Will you please tell Jim Blake that I should like to speak to him immediately? Say it is important and that I shall not detain him longer than to deliver a message."

"Certainly, Miss. Will you wait here?"

"Yes. Please hurry!"

Helen's heart beat faster as she saw Splinter interrupt the dance, with an apologetic air, and step aside with Blake. The dark eyes of the watching girl missed none of the expressions that flitted over the big man's face. But to her relief he gave a little nod, and said a few low whispered words to the fair-haired girl, and then stepped quickly over to where she was waiting.

"You wish to see me, Helen?"

"Yes. It is good of you to come. Jim Blake, especially as you knew who wished to speak to you."

"Haven't you been home since I last saw you?"

"NO, I—I haven't. I felt too miserable—but there, you won't believe that. While I was idling along the track in the darkness, I heard voices approaching. They were two of my father's men—"

"On Twin Hills?"

"Yes; I heard them say something about the quicksands, and also that you would not be expecting anything to happen to-night."

"What was their reason for thinking that, do you know?"

"I do—but I—I would rather not tell you."

"Indeed. I must admit that it was good of you to come here and warn us, and I thank you. But tell me why those men think they will not be interrupted."

"Because one of them saw us ride into the gully together, and they think that we are still there." Helen's voice was tinged with bitterness.

"Great Scott!" Blake started back in amazed anger. "Helen, surely you—you don't think that I tried to make others believe that—that——"

"No, Jim Blake, I do not. I know you better than that, now. But you see, they placed their own construction on what they saw."

"Tell me, Helen; why did you come here with this warning?" Jim eyed the girl curiously.

"Because I have realised that we Ridgeways have been to blame in what has passed. But I also found out to-night, as I played eavesdropper, that father has been wilfully deceived by Cummins, and others who are working with him, and that many of the things which have been done to hurt your family, were done without his knowledge."

"But, your father——"

"Has a great dislike for your family; wants the property; and is bitterly annoyed about the closing of the track. I do not say he is guiltless of everything that has happened, but I know now for certain that he is ignorant of many things."

"And yourself?"

"Jim Blake, I am very sorry for what I have done. I have been too proud to see, let alone to admit, that we have been in the wrong."

"Do you honestly mean that?" Blake stared at her incredulously.

"I do, and I promise you that this mean underhand work shall cease, just as soon as I can get father to discharge Black Joe and his satellites."

"ISN'T it strange how events twist and turn? Helen, that race of ours this afternoon has played an important part after all."

"Please don't refer to it. I hate myself when I think how I—I——"

"Forget it. It was the signing of the peace pact. It must have cost you something to come here and—oh well, to come here in a friendly spirit. We appreciate it, Helen, and I can speak for the others as well as myself."

"I must be going." Helen picked the reins up from the pony's neck.

"Will you have something to eat first? It's a long ride, and lonely."

"N—no thank you. I—I couldn't. I feel so ashamed, that the food would choke me!"

"Well, I'll be—I beg your pardon, Helen, but you certainly have changed. Wait a minute, will you?" She saw him stride quickly away and say something to Purvis, who vanished in the shadows. Blake returned.

"Splinter will ride back most of the way with you, Helen."

"Oh, no! I cannot allow——"

"That's all right. You certainly must have an escort, and you can trust Purvis any old time. Here he is. Will you shake hands?"

"Will I!" she echoed. "Will you?"

"Of course I will. There now. Helen, now that we are friends, the track is open to the Ridgeways."

"You will permit us to use the short cut?" Helen's eyes were glowing with surprised pleasure.

"CERTAINLY, Helen. The track is open to all who bear us goodwill."

"Your brother and sister will not object?"

"No. They, like me, will be glad to see the end of a nasty business. But you must excuse me now, Helen, as Blue and I are going to scout round and find out what is going on at the quicksands."

"Then you will forgive me for—for that?" Helen looked pleadingly at the man upon whom, a few short hours ago, she had vented her spite.

"Any man is likely to get his face scratched when riding through timber in the dark, and I'm no exception. But, joking aside, do you know what nearly happened to you after I received this souvenir?"

"No. Something dreadful without a doubt."

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"Well, I nearly took you in my arms and kissed you."

"But—but you said——"

"I did. I thought the lecture would be better for you. Good night, Helen."

"Good night, Jim Blake. I hope you get those men."

CHAPTER 9

"BLUE!"

"What?"

"Who is considered the best shot among the Deep Wells men?"

"Jordan."

"With a gun, or a rifle?"

"Both. Jordan used t' shoot f'r th' King's at Sydney some years ago. Never won th' big prizes, but got away with some of th' little ones, I heard." Hoskins gazed keenly at the giant shape riding beside him. It was too dark to see the features.

"Then he'd probably own a service rifle; possibly with a match barrel. Which one is Jordan?"

"Red-headed bird with a flat beak. He's got a rifle and keeps it cleaner than himself. Thinks more of that rifle of his than a woman does of her first kid."

"Clumsy fool!"

"Eh?"

"Just talking to myself. Habit of mine."

The conversation terminated as abruptly as it began, and the only sounds to be heard were the night cries of nocturnal creatures, the soft thudding of the horses' hoofs, and occasionally, the crunching of teeth on the steel bits.

It was well past midnight, and the two men were returning to the homestead after a futile search in the vicinity of the quicksands. Blake had come to the conclusion that Helen must have been mistaken, for although the men might have mentioned the quicksands in their talk, the fearsome death-trap for man and animal was not their objective.

"We've drawn a blank, Jim. I wonder where them fellers went to?"

"Through to Bloodwood, I dare say—Good Lord! What's that?"

Borne to them on the still night air came the deep muffled roar of an explosion. Blake's horse pricked its ears and gave a snort of surprised fear. Both men reined in instantly, and sat rigid in their saddles. Hoskins was the first to relax. He turned to his companion.

"'That'" he replied, sourly, "is trouble. Those two hounds have just busted in, or busted out, the side of that dam we've been weeks constructin'. We've been tricked, Jim. While we've been foolin' round th' sands, those swine have been pluggin' th' sod wall with dynamite. Oh hell! Ain't it th' limit?"

"You may be jumping to conclusions, Blue. For men to——"

"Don't fool yourself, Jim. It's th' dam all right. I'll bet th' wall's a goner. Come on an' we'll soon see."

"Quite useless now, whatever it is. If it is the dam wall, the men responsible for its destruction will have cleared out, long ago. Has this sort of thing been going on for long?"

"You mean blowin' in th' wells with explosives?"

"Yes."

"We've had two shafts caved in, an' now it's th' dam. We put in a lot of work buildin' that wall, an' she was just startin' to collect water from the gullies above, an' now—phut! She's upski! Damn their mean hides!"

HOSKINS spat the words out venomously as he thought of long sweating days under a broiling sun, when he, and Purvis, and Milton Blake, had toiled and labored with rocks, raplings, and sods, with which they had constructed the high wall that was to hold the precious water in the depression between two ridges.

"What do you mean by saying, 'we've been tricked'?" asked Jim as he felt for pipe and matches.

"Just that, I reckon—'ere, keep on y' feet, or I'll feed yu' th' spur, y' lazy, long-haired goat!—As I was sayin', Jim, I reckon you was sent to th' quicksands to get y' outer th' way. That Ridgeway woman, come to think of it, would hardly set y' on to her own men. Now would she? They're a pretty shrewd lot, th' Ridgeways, as we've got reason to know."

"I think Miss Ridgeway's warning was genuine, Blue, but evidently she was mistaken as to the intentions of those two men. We'll ride home and get some sleep."

"Huh!"

The grunt was very expressive, and Hoskins made it convey his intense distrust and disgust; also an angry impatience at the extraordinary manner with which his companion apparently viewed this latest outrage. Was this big fellow going to permit that black-eyed woman to lead him on a fool's dance? Blue's thin lips curled sardonically in the darkness. Blake certainly had a lot to learn in that direction.

"LISTEN, Jim, an' I'll give y' a few tips. You need 'em. I'm talkin' from experience, an' not just to hear th' sound of me own tongue. To begin with, don't forget this little fact; that both Sam, an' his sweet-tempered girl, want nothin' more in this world than to kick your brother an' sister, an' yourself orf Twin Hills. Don't you be fool enough to think that long years of spiteful hatred can be swept away in a few minutes by a smile on a pair of pretty lips. Nobody can change their nature so quick, least of all th' Ridgeways. If that cat smiles at you, you can bet you're th' cream. She comes 'ere t'night, I dunno why, an' I don't care, but she sends you an' me foolin' round th' sands an' all th' time her own crowd is putting it over us at th' dam. She must think you're a bit soft, Jim. If you're mug enough to foller, she'll lead y' a hell of a dance till she's through with y' an' then she'll jump on y' with both feet at once. You've seen what happened t'night, an' it should learn y' that th' word of a Ridgeway ain't no stronger than a busted spider-web. I reckon it was up t' me t' put y' wise. If y' don't take notice, well, it's your own affair, but she'll play with you an' then toss y' away like a sucked-out orange."

Jim Blake listened thoughtfully to his companion, and had to admit the truth that lay at the back of Blue's remarks. It did seem unnatural for Helen Ridgeway to turn against those who were her father's right-hand men, but, at the time, she had appeared sincere, and spoke and acted under the stress of powerful emotions. Another thought entered Jim Blake's mind. Perhaps Sam, with his usual cunning had used the girl, and caused her to unconsciously play a part in this latest act of vindictive malice. He was capable of it. And yet there was the girl's own explanation of her ride to Twin Hills. Her version was convincing, and it was quite possible that Black Joe Cummins was playing one hand for Ridgeway, and two for himself. This much, however, was evident. Helen Ridgeway was either a consummate actress, or she had at last awakened to a shocked understanding of the evil natures of the men by whom she was surrounded.

Jim Blake was glad to get to bed. He was tired, and disgusted with things in general; and although he had been home only a few hours, so much had happened in that short space of time, that to him it seemed an eternity.

IT was a woman's voice that awakened him, a woman's voice choked with suppressed sobbing that somehow held a wistful crooning note. Jim sat up in bed in amazement. His senses were as yet dulled with sleep and fatigue, and the low unusual sound of a woman's distress held him motionless in stupid wonder.

What could the trouble be? Who—? Then he remembered. It was Jean Allister who slept in the room next to his, and it was her voice that he had heard. There was a period of silence, then Jim heard the fretful murmuring of a child.

"Dimples—Oh, Dimples! Some day you must know——" The low voice broke again, and hushed the child to sleep.

"Jean Allister—Great God!" Jim lay back again, and stared with unseeing eyes at the faint light of dawn that battled with the shadows. He mentally cursed the thinness of the wall that had permitted him to hear the secret anguish of a woman's soul. Jean Allister! The tall, clear-eyed girl whose image had been before him in his dreams; the mother of Dimples.

Jim Blake dressed quietly, and then left the house.

The twin Hills were wrapped in a soft mantel of morning mist as he walked slowly towards the great stockyards. From a distance came the bawling of a calf and the low, anxious rumbling of its mother in reply. The thick vapor caused large drops of water to drip from bough and leaf, and objects only a little way off were distorted and magnified beyond all natural proportions. But the fog, chill and damp though it was, failed to diminish the song of the wild feathered creatures of the bush. Instinct told them that presently the sun's rays would pierce the grey blanket of moisture that shrouded the land, giving warmth and life to all living things.

But to Jim Blake, who, head down, and with thoughts confused and conflicting, wandered aimlessly here and there, the commonplace sounds of the day's beginning were unnoticed. The laugh of the kookaburra, the barking of dogs, neighing horses and bellowing cattle, the familiar medley of song, screech, and snarl, echoed unheard and unheeded. The shock of his discovery of the fact that Jean Allister, of all women, was the unfortunate who had sought protection and succor on that night of storm, left him strangely indifferent to external influences.

A horse and rider loomed monstrous in

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the fog as they approached him. It was Hoskins, and he appeared to be laboring under a spell of suppressed fury.

"That you, Jim?" he called, and on receiving no answer, pulled rein and slid from the saddle. When he saw that it was the man he had hailed, he gave another of those expressive grunts.

"Huh! You've seen it, too, eh?" he asked.

"Seen what?" came carelessly from Blake.

"Seen what? Why, dammit all, th' dam, of course!" Blue exploded. "Have y' f'gotten what happened last night?"

"The dam? Oh, yes, of course, the dam. It was last night, wasn't it?" The question was asked so absent-mindedly that Hoskins stared at him, scowled in a puzzled way, and then took a step nearer and peered intently at the big man. The angry light faded from the fierce blue eyes of the red-headed stockman.

"What's th' trouble, Jim? You're not y'self this mornin'. Tain't that black-eyed skirt, is it? Aw well—it's none of my bisness, I s'pose, but if y'd seen what they done to that wall we slogged so hard to build, y'd soon make up your mind about them Ridgeways. Yalra, pretty damn quick!"

THE intense bitterness underlying the words brought Blake abruptly to himself.

"Much damage done, Blue?"

"Damage? Huh!" Blue sneered, savagely sarcastic. "Not more than a kid 'ud do with a little tin bucket an' spade." Hoskins paused, shifted his weight to his other leg, then, unable to restrain his anger any longer, burst out.

"Hell an' splinters, man! I c'ud drive a mob of fat steers through th' hole they've blown in it. An' what are we goin' t' do about it? Fix it up so's they can blow it t' blazes agen? I tell y' what I'm goin' t' do, Jim Blake. I'm goin' over t' Deep Wells t' knock pickhandles outer th' fellers what done it. I didn't lose buckets of sweat over that job just for some funny feller t' come an' play Aunt Sally with it. Hell, no!"

"Do you know the man who did it?"

"It don't matter. Far as we're concerned, they all did it. Black eyes, an' that old cow Ridgeway as well."

There came the call of the breakfast bell, and Hoskins frowned in the direction of the sound.

"Breakfast—huh! I don't feel like eatin' after what I saw. I'd a damn sight sooner pick a bone with Black Joe. An' as for old Sam, I'd like t' ride him with spurs on."

"Come and get something to eat, Blue, and then you and I can go over the the dam. And, listen to me. I know how you feel about what has happened, but this goes. No man rides to Deep Wells without being sent by me. Get that? I promised Sam yesterday that I'd have two eyes for a tooth, and that also goes. But first, I want to see the damage, myself."

"If we do go over, Jim, leave that red-headed feller t' me, will y'?"

"Why?" The faint beginning of a grin twisted Jim's lips.

"Can't stand that flame-colored bird! He's got a dial like a sunburnt sunset. It upsets me every time I look at it. Huh! Blast th' lot of 'em!"

Blake laughed softly as the pugnacious, red-headed Hoskins climbed easily into his saddle, and rode over to his quarters.

"Blue's got as many points as a porcupine," he muttered. "Who'd think that a red-topped cyclone like him had the voice of an angel. When he sings he could bring tears to the eyes of the sphinx. But I'll bet he won't sing to flat face when they meet. I wonder why Blue hates Jordan so bitterly? Perhaps he objects to a man with a face like that growing red hair. However, Hoskins, and the gentle Splinter Purvis, have certainly kept Ridgeway on the right side of the boundary fence. I won't forget that."

Blake, as he walked towards the house, was thankful for the diversion caused by the advent of Hoskins. The fiery little rider acted as a tonic to his nerves, and Blake was glad that he could now face Jean Allister without betraying the fact that he knew.

They were already seated, as Jim entered the long dining-room. He grinned cheerfully in response to some good-natured banter, and took his place at the head of the table. Jim had been to his room first, and Dimples, whose high chair was next to Peggy, shrieked with delight at the sight of a huge cake of chocolate which he placed on the table before him. Dimples instantly demanded it, but Peggy settled the question by taking possession of the chocolate, and throwing out dark hints in which castor oil held great prominence. A ripple of laughter went round the table as the child shuddered at the awful threat, and instantly became quiet.

"And you, brother Jim, take notice," Peggy turned to him in mock anger. "If you spoil Dimples like this at meal-times, you'll get two doses of castor oil."

Again Dimples' eyebrows went up in horror. That her big new uncle should be scolded by aunty Peggy, who was only half his size, and, in addition, threatened with that terrible stuff, castor oil, made her regard her foster mother with silent awe.

UNDER pretence of making up for lost time, Jim allowed the others to furnish the major part of the conversation, contenting himself with a word now and then as the occasion demanded. His keen eyes, however, subjected Jean Allister to a veiled though searching scrutiny. Consequently, he noticed things which yesterday had escaped him, and which, in the light of this morning's dramatic revelation, he now fully understood. The girl, for she was little more, could not wholly conceal the gleam of mother love that shone from her grey eyes whenever she glanced at the child, and the lines at the corners of Jim's eyes and mouth deepened as he thought of the pain and the shame that were locked in Jean Allister's heart.

He started somewhat guiltily as she turned and spoke to him.

"I was wondering whether you would return in time to say good-bye to me. Milton said he saw you leave the house early this morning, and that you seemed to be worried."

"Yes," chimed in Peggy. "Whatever made you so restless?"

"Didn't you girls hear the explosion, last night?" Jim parried quickly.

"Explosion? No!" they answered in chorus.

"Yes. Our dam received attention from Ridgeway's men last night. The damage, I believe, is considerable."

"What a dastardly thing to do!" exclaimed Jean. Peggy said nothing, but her eyes never left her brother's face.

"Looks as if you were a bit previous, opening the track to that bunch, Jim," said Milton.

"I hardly know what to think. There is something very queer going on under the surface, and if what Helen Ridgeway said is true, then old Sam, schemer and sly dog though he is, is not entirely to blame."

"DON'T tell me Sam Ridgeway isn't behind it," burst out Peggy. "Is it likely that he would tell Helen all that lies at the back of his evil mind? And another thing: even supposing that he did not actually engineer it, do you think that he will shed tears of sorrow and sympathy on our behalf? Not likely, brother Jim. Old Sam will laugh like Satan himself when he hears about it, if he doesn't know already."

"Peggy is right," agreed Milton. "Sam will be mighty pleased, in any case. You can take it from us, Jim, that if there is one man in this district we do know, it is that cunning old fox Ridgeway. We have reason to."

"Here's Splinter with your buggy, Jean." Peggy peered through the window, and was quick to see a saddle-horse hitched to a near cross bar of the vehicle. "Are you going part of the way with Jean, Milton?" she asked.

"Yes. I thought I'd go with Jean as far as Bloodwood. Nineteen miles is a bit lonely for a girl to drive by herself." Milton fidgeted uneasily, then with face somewhat flushed rose quickly and left the room.

Jean Allister also appeared anxious to be going, and Jim Blake, whose perception was unusually alert this morning, saw that she looked anything but displeased at the idea of Milton riding beside her in the buggy. He turned to Peggy as Jean left them.

"Jean Allister seems rather fond of Milton, sis?"

"She is, Jim."

"And Milton?"

"Oh, Milt simply worships the ground that she walks on. Why do you ask, Jim? You are not falling in love with Jean yourself, are you?" Peggy laughed teasingly at him.

"I—me fall in love? Well I—don't be silly, Peggy. I've only been home a day or two. Falling in love is not a habit of mine. It never was, and it seems as if it never will be."

CHAPTER 10

TWO papers lay unopened on the table before Sam Ridgeway. They were the "Stock and Market Report," and the "Farmer and Settler." Usually, Ridgeway began the day by glancing at the latest market rates, and other items of interest, vital to the sheepman and wheat-grower. But this morning, he ignored the two journals and concentrated his attention upon a type-written sheet of paper. It was from his agent.

Ridgeway scanned it eagerly, and then

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burst forth with a thin cackle of triumph that made his daughter regard him with wide-eyed surprise.

"Got them!" he shrilled, and again rocked from side to side in the intensity of a great satisfaction.

"What is it you have got now? You seem very pleased about it. Have you been spending more money on pure-bred stock?"

"STOCK? He—he! Yes, and property with them. Oh, what luck! I'll be burned if it ain't. Yes, I will! Now we'll see if that impudent bully doesn't alter his tune, and quickly, too. I've got them. Yes, I have. Got them where I want them!"

"May I ask who——"

"The Blakes, dang them! Twin Hills is pretty heavily mortgaged——"

"Well?"

"Ain't it? I hold the mortgage." Sam grinned slyly at her.

"You hold a mortgage on Twin Hills?" Helen rose from her chair, scarcely able to believe that she had heard correctly.

"Same thing. I put up the money and pull the strings, and, believe me girl, when the time comes I'll pull them hard—hard enough to jerk the Blakes off that place, anyhow."

Helen sat down again and sombrely regarded her cunning parent as she tried to analyse her own feelings in regard to this matter. A short week ago she would have been quite indifferent to what might have happened to the Blakes or their property, but swiftly moving events had altered her outlook on the relations between the two families, and had enabled her to view things in their true perspective. Having determined to speak to her father on this subject, she was glad that he had given her an opening. It was her nature that she should go straight to the point, and openly and fearlessly disclose her views on the situation. This trait in the girl's character was one that always mystified her close-natured parent, sometimes causing him to be thrown into spasms of almost uncontrollable fury that shattered itself upon the barrier of her cool, almost contemptuous determination.

"How much have you lent through your agent?"

"More than they can scrape together in a hurry, I reckon."

"When do they have to meet the demand?"

"In about three months time. Anyhow, what are you askin' questions for?"

The suspicious nature of the man began to assert itself.

"Isn't it natural that I should be interested? But you needn't tell me any more, for to be frank with you I don't approve of your methods or your object."

HELEN regarded him steadily, and, as the flush of anger mounted to the sunken, leatherlike face, braced herself to meet the blast of weak anger which she knew would surely follow.

"You don't approve—why, you burn me, what's it got to do with you, miss? D'ye know, girl, that I've waited nearly thirty years for something like this? Waited, schemed, and dreamed, and now, Satan's boots! My own daughter has the nerve to tell me she don't approve. I hold the Blakes, and old Jim's property in my fist, and for what that dog did to me, I'll squeeze them like I would a lemon. Aye, I'll squeeze until the pips fly out."

"Father, at times I think you are inhuman. After all, what have the Blake children got to do with the quarrel between you and their father?"

"Eh, what's that? Why, damme, have you lost your senses? Haven't we been compelled for years to travel all them extra miles to the settlement? Ain't the family responsible for that, I ask you?"

"I don't know that they are to blame, even for that, when both you and the rascals you employ have done so much to injure them. You didn't know, of course, that yesterday Jim Blake gave his permission for us to use the track. He could make a concession after all that has happened, but you only dream of sending matters from bad to worse. If you would only relent in your cruel purpose, there could be peace between our families."

"Relent! Peace! Oh, my God, how you rave, girl." Sam shot up to his feet almost purple with vindictive rage. "What do I care if that pup lets us use the track? Before long I'll ride free over the length and breadth of the place. Let me have no more of this foolery. I'll have Twin Hills in spite of hell and high water. Relent. Peace. Bah! I never heard the like of it."

Ridgeway, white with rage, glared at Helen, who stared back at him in amazement. Her dark, expressive eyes were beginning to smoulder, for the hot blood of the girl was quick to resent her father's words and tone.

"Father, please do not speak to me like that. Your words are not only profane, they are disgusting, and I do not appreciate being shouted at, even by you. Backing a mean and selfish desire with a loud, coarse argument does not appeal to me. In fact, I think the whole thing is most hateful. I honestly thought that the Ridgeways, father and daughter, were above such cowardly tactics."

THIS was almost too much for Sam, and for a moment it seemed as though he would strike the girl. By an effort he regained some control over himself.

"You go too far, Helen," he growled hoarsely. "Get out of my sight before you provoke me further. Go to—go to Bendigo."

But it was Sam who left the room. Grabbing his papers and the letter he stamped away and banged the door after him. His muttering snarl died away with his footsteps.

"I thought I knew my parent, but after that I doubt it. It almost seems as if father lives only to be revenged upon the children of his old-time enemy." Helen spoke aloud, and was unaware of the fact. "The thing has become a mania with him, and heaven only knows how it will all end. But what can I do? Oh, what a mean and paltry act it would be for father to use his money to gratify such base motives. Surely he will not do it. He must not do it, if only for my sake. The shame of such a thing would kill me."

"Kill you, Helen? Not it!" assured a deep, suave voice from the open window. The girl spun round and stared into the dark, mocking face of Black Joe Cummins. That he had been eavesdropping, and had heard the conversation between them, was obvious to Helen.

"So you played the spy, did you, Mr. Cummins?"

But the scorn underlying the words, and the disdainful curl of the lip had no effect on Black Joe. He leaned in through the window, and returned the words with such a calculating look in his eyes that Helen shuddered involuntarily.

"If you wish to speak to my father you will find him somewhere outside, and please remember that in future I do not wish you to address me. I regard you as something unclean."

"Oh, do you? Because I'm a half-caste, eh?" His eyes glittered evilly, and their black, unwinking stare reminded Helen of the magnetic gaze of a reptile.

"No, Cummins, that is not the reason. That you are a half-caste is due to circumstances over which you had no control. It is because of what you are as a man."

A savage scowl transformed the sullen cast of features into something almost satanic, but he had no opportunity of replying for Helen turned quickly and left the room.

"I HONESTLY believe that I am scared of Cummins," she murmured. "When he looks at me, I sense all the devilry of his black ancestors. I meant to ask father to get rid of him and the others, but, in his present frame of mind, he wouldn't listen to me. I'm sure of that."

She closed and locked the door of her room, and, drawing up an easy chair, sank into its soft depths to ponder over the problem that had arisen. For the first time she found herself drawing comparisons, and trying to analyse and weigh men and their motives and conduct. Her vivid imagination clearly pictured the principals in the family drama. First, there was her father; tall, weather-beaten and grizzled, from whose cunning, close-set eyes there gleamed a hatred for the Blakes, deep-rooted, and intense. Thin almost to the point of emaciation, weakened bodily, and, as the girl was beginning to fear, mentally, it appeared that his declining days would be spent in feverish pursuit of an unworthy revenge.

Behind her father, and urging him on was the half-caste, Cummins. Helen's eyes narrowed in dislike even as she thought of him, for she was guided mainly by instinct, and her woman's intuition told her that Black Joe was a menace. A man who, with the inexhaustible patience of the aboriginal, could smile and wait. The blood of the degenerate white man, and of the vicious gin who was his mother, created in a son worthy of them both all the evil passions and impulses that flame in the worst types of both races. However, he was a clever sheepman, skilled in the management of stock and general agricultural work, and, as such, was invaluable to Ridgeway, who left most of the practical details of the property to his care and supervision. Had affairs been left at this stage, Cummins would still be merely one of those employed by her father; but the girl shrewdly suspected her parent of using Black Joe as an instrument in his vendetta, until now the man had begun to scheme and plot for his own benefit, and was solidly entrenching himself behind his employer's fear of exposure. This confidence in his security had of late been made manifest by the familiar manner in which the man treated the daughter of the house. The use of her christian name had become a matter of daily occurrence, much to her annoyance and disgust. Other little things,

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trivial, but significant, showed that Cummins was striving to place himself on terms of intimacy with her. Naturally, Helen resented this, and more than once had complained hotly to her father; but Sam had merely waved her away, advising her to be a little more sensible, and not to allow herself to be frightened by sheer imagination. Was he going to lose a valuable man like Cummins simply because of a stupid girl's foolish fancy? No, he'd be burned if he would!

THE black-visaged Cummins faded from the mental screen, and Helen's thoughts switched to a different type of manhood. One who, at the mere thought of him, brought the color to her face and gave to the large, dark eyes a wistful, pensive light. From back across the years came memories; when she, a wild slip of a girl, had been almost the daily companion of the tall, sturdy lad with the piercing blue eyes. Forgotten incidents came rushing to her mind; of their forbidden meetings; journeys over hill and through gullies in search of fun and excitement; of birds trapped, and bees' nests robbed; of pony races down the long level flats, with only the wild things to see the eager-eyed girl with the wind-blown hair striving to beat a laughing, teasing lad in a hot neck-to-neck race; of many things that seemed to belong to another existence in another world.

The years of separation had brought each to the pinnacle of physical perfection, for they had both developed into splendid examples of their respective sexes. But that same interval of time had placed a barrier between them. It had erased that early friendship as surely as chalk-marks on a slate are obliterated when a wet sponge is passed across it. They had been drawn into opposite camps by the strange warfare waged by the two families. He who had been her laughing boy chum had dramatically re-appeared after having been thought dead, but, in the reshuffle by fate, they were now enemies.

Helen thought long and deeply over the grotesque happenings of the past few days. That she and Jim Blake, of all men, should once again be brought face to face, not with the old-time camaraderie, but with the hot blood of each clashing in what was, after all, the quarrel of their fathers, gave food for disquieting thought. The events of yesterday and the long sleepless hours of the night had convinced her that she was the one who had deliberately widened the breach between them. What had made her act so madly? Why should she be the one to mangle their old-time fondness? Was it the unconscious repelling of the masculine by the feminine? Was it, after all, the hidden instinct of sex that had shaped her conduct towards him, keeping him at arms length, and twisting a naturally hasty temperament into that of a tigress? Perhaps. They had been thrown together so unexpectedly that she had not been able to adjust herself to the new environment, and the result was that she had done everything possible to make him hate and despise her.

A flood of anger against her father's childish spite rose in Helen's heart. If he would only abandon his mad schemes against the Blakes, better relations could be established. But that, she was now convinced, old Sam would never do.

Helen, with a gesture of impatience, rose and crossed the room. Opening the wide windows, she leaned against the frame and allowed her gaze to travel swiftly across the undulating plain to where the range flung knife-edge ridges into the clouds.

FOUNTAINS, with their foothills, valleys, and water-washed gullies, offer to those born and bred within the shadows of their peaks a sense of companionship and comfort. Their immutability seems to impart a feeling of rest and security to those whose blood has been purified by the fresh, keen winds laden with health-giving properties that sweep over crag and ravine.

Helen Ridgeway loved the hills that ran down to their boundary line, and sometimes was filled with awe when she thought how those same peaks, old and solemn, were scarred by prehistoric storms long before the mighty Himalayas began to tower to the skies. Of how, in the dawn of an early world, the fern and creeper-clad slopes trembled to the tread of gigantic creatures that lived in the steamy forests of the dim past.

With the passing of aeons of time, nature had wiped from existence those primitive forms of life and vegetation, and modern man, the self-styled lord of creation, because of the comparative superiority of his reasoning powers, struts arrogantly hither and thither, unconscious that he, too, is merely a phase in the ever-changing scheme of creation.

Time has brought to men civilisation, with its many problems, its shallow, if perhaps necessary, conventions and customs, but time has changed very little the primal instincts that have been passed down to man through the ages. Whereas in the beginning man killed with his hands, stole openly and at every opportunity, lived and died in a welter of strife and terror, modern man does exactly the same things, but mainly in what may be termed the conventional manner. But man still kills and steals. Instead of the hands, an automatic gun is used to destroy life with, and what is known as the law is used by crafty men for the purpose of theft. Modern society tolerates the action because it is regarded as protection or shrewd business. There are still individuals who copy their progenitors by disregarding the (to them) inconvenient cloak of the law, and openly endeavor to take by craft or force the property of others. But such crude methods irritate suave modern society, and are punished accordingly.

The method being employed by Sam Ridgeway to gain possession of Twin Hills was just plain theft, but it was legal, and Sam would be regarded by many as a keen, hard-headed business man; one who was capable of putting over a clever and profitable deal.

HELEN knew this, and it sickened her to think that her own father would descend to such an unworthy action.

A movement on the distant hillside attracted her attention. Two horsemen, tiny dots as yet, moved side by side as they rode in the direction of Deep Wells. Helen waited and watched until the men were within half a mile of the house. She noticed that, although they were cantering leisurely, there was a quiet resolution in the manner of their approach.

"Jim Blake and a companion. The little red-headed man, I think," she muttered. "What now, I wonder?"

Helen hastened to her mirror and gave herself a quick, satisfied survey, then turned and left the room.

CHAPTER 11

AS the two men dismounted and tied their horses securely to the white picket fence that surrounded the large house, Hoskins winked at his huge companion and grinned with an air of vast self-satisfaction.

"There's old Sam on th' verandah, Jim, an' of course that feller Cummins. Neither of 'em looks a bit pleased to see us. Ever notice how Sam grinds his teeth when he's a bit peevish? Just like a kid. And Black Joe is pretty near cross-eyed tryin' t' look at th' two of us at onct."

Cummins said something to Ridgeway in a voice too low for the approaching men to hear, and made as if to turn and leave, but Sam testily told him to wait. Blake smiled grimly as he noticed the sullen acquiescence of the half-caste. Evidently Cummins was not yet master at Deep Wells.

"Good day, Sam." Blake ignored Black Joe.

"What brings you here again, Blake?" demanded Ridgeway.

"This to begin with. Did you send your men to their devil's work last night, or did they act without your knowledge?"

"Talk plain, Blake. I don't get you."

"Our dam was blown in last night with explosives." Blake eyed the other keenly, but Ridgeway had his guard up, and his face betrayed nothing.

"That was very careless of you, Blake. You shouldn't leave a little thing like a dam lying around in that fashion." Evidently the information tickled Sam, for he grinned sourly, showing that the night's work in no way displeased him.

"Don't get funny about it, Sam; my nerves won't stand it. If you provoke me I might stand you on your head, or bend you over your verandah rail and tie you there."

Blue Hoskins caught Black Joe's eye and winked impudently. Cummins scowled angrily, whereupon Hoskins winked again. The half-caste snorted, and centred his attention upon the others. Inwardly he was raging, but his previous encounter with the giant standing near put an effective curb on him.

Before Ridgeway could reply to Blake's threat, the French doors opening on the verandah were flung open, and Helen, looking charmingly fresh and alluring, greeted the men from Twin Hills. With sparkling eyes and sunny smile she held out her hand, first to Blake and then to the amazed and dumbfounded Hoskins.

"Good morning, Jim Blake; it is good of you and Hoskins to drop in unexpectedly like this. I'm sure both father and I appreciate it. Cummins, we won't detain you, and you might tell Jordan that I shall not require the pony this morning. Thank you." Helen smiled again as Black Joe, flushing under his swarthy skin, turned awkwardly and left them.

"Please come inside, Father; you spoke of a new brand of cigars which you pronounced excellent. Do come in immediately, it is getting quite warm here, and I have something to tell you both."

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Blake's eyes filled with admiration, and he thanked the girl with a smile. She was fulfilling her promise of yesterday, and endeavoring to do what she could to create an atmosphere of goodwill.

SAM, however, was uncompromisingly hostile.

"Helen, are you mad? Inviting these—these men inside my house, and offering them my cigars? My God, what next? I can see myself hobnobbing with them. Yes, I can—I don't think. Why, only a minute ago, this—this man threatened to stand me on my head, and . . ."

"Father, that is purely a personal matter between you and Jim Blake. Having no opinion on the matter, I cannot be expected to come in as an interested party. Don't gape like that—it isn't done before guests. Yes, this way, and through that door."

Blake was laughing softly to himself as he followed the handsome girl into the room, but Blue Hoskins and old Sam were so bewildered that when they cannoned in an attempt to go through the doorway together neither knew whether to curse or to apologise. They just grunted and let it go at that.

Sam opened fire at once.

"See here, girl, what's the game?"

"Game? You are mistaken, father, I assure you. This is not a game. It is a Ridgeway showing our guests that we can recognise our mistakes, and to prove that we are not a pair of absolute outsiders, apologise for them. The time has come for both sides to make an attempt to wipe out the past, with its suspicion and distrust. If we continue in the ways of the past few years we shall descend to the level of the savages that we pretend to despise. The existing relations between our two families are already a byword, and the present state of affairs is certainly to our discredit. Let me speak plainly, now that I have begun, for between ourselves there is no necessity to gloss over matters. If my apparent reversal of opinion is surprising, let me say at once that yesterday my eyes were opened. Only a few short hours ago I was ignorant of many things, but now I have proof that certain people, and they are not present in this room, are using the existing conditions to further their own cunning schemes. They delight in seeing the relations between our families strained to the limit, and they are subtly trying to send things from bad to worse. These people, I am ashamed to say, are connected with Deep Wells . . ."

"Helen, what in thunder are you raving about now? Satan's boots! D'ye think I'm going to sit here and listen to this twaddle? Damme, what's it coming to. My daughter crawling to the Blakes, and talking soft like a Salvation Army woman. Bah! You make me sick!"

"INDEED." Helen regarded her sneering parent calmly. "You would have felt extremely ill if a trooper had ridden to this house to-day and arrested you for murder."

"Murder? What in the name of . . ."

"Yes, murder! It is an ugly word and covers an ugly deed. Instead of sitting here, as we are now, we might have been the principals in a sordid crime that would have turned every man's hand against us. You have forgotten, father, that Jim Blake was very nearly assassinated yesterday. I, myself, saw the horse that was shot under him, and it wasn't a very pretty sight."

"But you fool-headed girl, I had nothing to do with that. I didn't know anything about it." Sam was becoming exasperated.

"Father, just consider calmly for a moment. Do you think that any sensible jury would believe you, when everyone living in these parts knows what is going on? Let me put it briefly and plainly to you. Jim Blake arrives home unexpectedly, and finds, rightly or wrongly, that the Ridgeways are harassing the remnant of the family. Certain remarks are passed concerning his sister which, naturally, he resents. He forces you to sign an apology, and witnesses could be produced to attest to the state of your mind when you signed that paper. The following day Blake is murdered. Of course you didn't do it, but perhaps you can now see that someone striking from the dark would make you the scapegoat."

THE blood drained from Ridgeway's face, and he sat white and silent. This aspect of the case had not presented itself to him.

"So you see, father, that I am right in saying that the present policy of hatred and malice between the Blakes and ourselves must be wiped out and a fresh start made. Whatever your quarrel with Jim Blake's father was, it is finished now that he is gone. I will not be a party, knowingly or otherwise, to any further attempt to injure the children of your old-time enemy, and in saying this I confess to thoughts and actions in the past which I would give anything to be able to recall and make amends for. I have not been blameless, but as some slight excuse I'll say that what I said and did was the result of ignorance and prejudice. Now, father, what do you say?"

Ridgeway's eyes gleamed with fright and baffled hate. That he deeply resented the attitude adopted by his beautiful and straightforward daughter was perfectly obvious. But Sam, however heartily he hated the Blake family, was shrewd enough to sense the warning underlying the girl's words. He had received a genuine shock when he realised that Helen spoke the truth, and that only by a piece of good fortune was he a free man at this moment. The thought that Blake might have been killed did not worry him overmuch, but the thought that Samuel Ridgeway might have been arrested and charged with the murder of his neighbor made him squirm. He would have to be very careful in the future if his plans were not to miscarry.

"What do I say?" he asked harshly. Then nodding at Blake. "What does he say?"

"I can only say how much I appreciate Miss Ridgeway's plea for future amicable relations. At no time have we Blakes wished to throw fuel to the flames. But you will pardon me, Helen, if I appear doubtful of your good intentions, and ask what guarantee of good faith will you give. If as you say certain men are getting beyond your control . . ."

"I did not say that, Jim Blake," she corrected swiftly. "My father still controls Deep Wells and the men who work on it."

"Is that so? But how will you prove it? On behalf of the Blakes I'll allow all here to use the short cut to Bloodwood as an earnest of good faith. What will you do?"

Helen looked at her father, who shifted uneasily in his chair.

"You're doing the yapping," he said sourly. "Why ask me?"

"Well I . . .I don't know what we can do. You don't cross our property, or . . ."

Blue Hoskins had sat silently listening to all that had been said. Here was his opportunity.

"Rebuild th' wall of our dam. Your fellers blowed it up; let them put it back again," he challenged.

"What?" thundered old Sam. "Rebuild your dam? I'll be burned if . . ."

"Father is just going to say 'I'll be burned if that isn't a good idea.' Thank you for the suggestion, Hoskins. We will reconstruct your dam, and furthermore, the work shall start instantly. Will that satisfy you?" Helen turned to Jim Blake.

"Perfectly. If you will do that, it should convince even Hoskins here, eh, Blue?"

"Huh!" Blue was non-committal, but the tone implied that, if Ridgeway rebuilt the dam, then the age of miracles was not past, and anything was possible.

But old Sam was proving obstinate.

"See here, girl; don't it strike you that as soon as folks know what we have done we'll be the laughing-stock of the mountains, aye, and far beyond. They'll say that old Sam has thrown in his bundle, and that his girl is sweet on young Blake. Burn me, but we'll look fools all right."

HELEN flushed vividly as she replied.

"If one of your men had shot a tiny bit straighter, father, we would have looked worse than fools in the eyes of men. Whether innocent or guilty we would have been spurned on every hand. Cursed wherever men meet and talk for cold-blooded fiends. But, apart from that, haven't you sense enough to see that public opinion is all against us? If one of our number shoots at an unarmed man, and another, under cover of darkness, uses explosives to destroy other people's property, can you wonder at it? No man about here is sure that he or his, sooner or later, will not be the object of our unwelcome attentions."

"But, Helen, you're only imagining all these things."

"Imagining? Did I not see Jim Blake's horse lying where the coward's bullet had dropped him? Are not these men here at this moment to protest against the wilful destruction of their dam? Don't I know for a fact that the beauties you employ laugh at you behind your back? They regard you as a fool; blinded by your ambition and desires."

"Helen, you're mad! How can you know what you say?" her father demanded.

"Simply because I heard them say so . . ."

"Satan's boots! You heard my men laughing at me?" Sam could hardly believe his ears.

"I did. They regard you as a pawn, shifted here and there by Black Joe Cummins. Now you know!"

"Girl, is that the truth?" Ridgeway barked at her.

"Father!" Helen flushed indignantly.

But Ridgeway knew it was the truth, and the knowledge infuriated him. He leaped to his feet and stamped this way and that, muttering inarticulately. The two men from Twin Hills watched him curiously and had hard work to keep from smiling. Helen had turned the tables on her parent

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with a vengeance, and they waited impatiently to hear what he would say.

"By God! The mongrels would double-cross me, would they? We'll see! Yes, we will! But I might have known it! Anyhow! I'll start right in and show them that I'm boss on this run. Damme! The nerve of it! Cummins playing hell, and me taking the blame! Satan's boots—what next?"

"Father . . ."

"What d'ye want now?" Ridgeway roared the words at her as he swung around.

"Don't you think it would be advisable to get rid of Cummins? He's a dangerous brute!"

"Dangerous? Not him. Burn me, but he'll stop and learn to do just what he's told and no more. I'll keep 'em all on, if only to show 'em who's boss. I don't like that fool idea of yours, Helen, about building that dam, and I'll bet Joe and the others will like it less. But they'll build it, and perhaps it'll learn them not to interfere with things that don't concern them."

"Oh, father! That is good of you!" Helen burst out impetuously, but Sam checked her savagely.

"Good of me, is it? Don't talk bunkum! I'm a plain damn fool, and you're another. But have it your way; I'll not get any rest if you don't. There'll be no more of this sort of thing, Blake, but don't thank me, and the sonner you clear out the better I'll be pleased. I'll tell Joe to get busy right now, and you'd better have one of your men at the dam to see that they do it right."

"Good! I'll be there myself." Blake assured him, and Sam, without another word or look, left the room.

THERE was a period of silence, then Blake rose and confronted the girl.

"Thank you, Helen," he said simply. "That was splendid of you. Your intervention has begun the healing of a very sore wound, and for what you have done you have gained the gratitude of the Blakes and their loyal friends. Isn't that so, Blue?"

"Y' said it better'n I could, Jim. I'm still a bit dazzled. You see, Miss, Jim an' me, when we come here this mornin', expected t' find roarin' lions. Y' certainly got a wonderful way with y', an' I'm sorry if I've looked a bit cross-eyed at y' at times."

Helen's eyes flashed with pleasure, and the dark, beautiful face flushed with a genuine embarrassment. She knew that both Jim Blake and his red-headed friend were men of strong character, each in his own way, and utterly sincere, and she thrilled with a touch of pride because she had won back their respect and regard.

"Oh, I'm glad!" she exclaimed. "But now that it's over and done with let us discuss something more cheerful. Wait! It's a lovely morning. I'll get my pony, and I'll ride back with you as far as the boundary, if I may."

"Now that's a great suggestion." Blake grinned delightedly, and into Hoskins' blue eyes there crept a knowing twinkle.

"I reckon you'll have t' excuse me, Miss. I'm goin' t' raise th' dust gettin' back t' Twin Hills. If I don't warn Splinter about your fellers goin' t' start on th' dam, an' he catches sight of them, things is likely t' bust loose agen. Not that Splinter is quarrelsome, Miss," he hastened to assure her. "But he's a cold-blooded feller what carries a small scythe tucked away in his pants, an' he might think it's up t' him t' use it."

Hoskins awkwardly took the small hand extended to him, and shook it warmly. Then with the devil peeping out of his blue eyes, turned to his huge friend.

"I really don't know as I ought t' leave y', Jim. Y're only a little feller, an' y' might get nervous. D'ye think y' can look after th' lady?"

"Think? Why, you imitation sunset, I'll guarantee to do so. Didn't I hear you say something about raising the dust in your frantic haste to get back home?"

"Perhaps we shall catch up with him before he gets there, Jim," laughed Helen.

"P'raps," grinned the volcanic Blue, "an' then, p'raps not."

CHAPTER 12

EXCITEMENT ran high in Bloodwood, for lately strange and incredible rumors had swept through the district with the speed of fire in dry wind-blown grasses. Men hurried to the hotel, and their wives and daughters hurried to the little weatherboard post office to discuss them. For a week past Peppermint Jones on one side of the street and Mother Noonan on the other had been the centre of eager, questioning groups, all seeking confirmation of the amazing news.

Comparatively speaking, Bloodwood hummed with life; and from the dusty main track came the clip-clop of shod and unshod hoofs. Horsemen, singly, or in twos and threes, passed up and down. Vehicles of all ages and descriptions, from the automobile and the swift, sporting sulky to the slow, sedate buggy crammed with parcels and children, and drawn by a half-draught horse, flashed swiftly or crawled leisurely in and out of the township. This, for Bloodwood, was unusual for the sleepy cluster of buildings was not the business centre of this rich and progressive district. Ben Woods and Peppermint Jones, the only citizens eligible for a Chamber of Commerce, rose to the occasion and proceeded in their respective ways to make the most of the boom.

The chief centre of attraction, however, was the Hall. It resounded to the sounds of hammering and of laughter. Young men and women, some carrying lengths of gaily-colored decorative material, others with hammers, saws, and packets of nails and tacks, proceeded to transform the drab interior into a blaze of color. Gaiety and a sense of anticipation were the predominating factors behind this unusual preparation, for Helen Ridgeway was giving a dance, and the whole neighborhood determined to attend because the Blakes would be there.

Gossip had piled sensation upon sensation. The fight that had raged for years between the Blakes and the Ridgeways had suddenly and unaccountably terminated, and this, coupled with the surprising reappearance of Jim Blake, provided material for the wildest speculation.

"I knowed 'im th' minit I seed 'im," said Peppermint Jones, who was never tired of relating how the tall, powerful stranger had fallen like a thunderbolt upon the men who were bullying Milton Blake, "but I didin't let on—not me. I reckoned then that old Sam 'ud get it in th' neck. Great gumsticks! Y' should 'ave seen th' wallop Jim handed t' Black Joe—an' then, sufferin' snakes! Ridgeway writes out a apology which Jim tacks on t' th' door-post. I was fair dumbfoozled, danged if I weren't."

"Is it a fact that Ridgeway's men blew up Blake's dam, and that old Sam made them rebuild it?" someone inquired.

"'Ere, pass them glasses back. Yairs, that's th' gospel; an' th' funny thing is that after that, Jim Blake an' old Sam musta made it up, fer Blake lets 'im use th' short cut, an' that's somethin' 'is dad would never a done. It's a fair bamboozler, ain't it?"

"Blake must have Ridgeway scared stiff," remarked another in the little audience. "Black Joe used to be reckoned the best man about here, but Jim's busted that notion. Ben Woods tells me that Jim's grown into a regular giant, and a feller like Joe is only a light lunch for him. I wished I'd seen Blake clout him."

Mother Noonan, the postmistress, was a woman well on in middle life, short, fat and breathless. When she spoke a double chin wagged aggressively, as though to punctuate the wheezy sentences.

"My dears," she would lean forward confidentially, her voice dropping to a husky whisper, that could be heard half across the street. "It's as plain as the nose on your faces, and you know I don't mean anything by that." A slight pause for breath. "But dear Helen is head over heels in love with Jim Blake." Another pause while the circle of ladies gasped, tittered and smiled knowingly at each other. "That's the reason why there ain't going to be any more quarrelling."

"Oh, Mrs. Noonan—are you sure?" came almost in chorus.

"Quite sure, my dears. Quite positively sure. I heard." Another wheezy struggle for breath. "But, mind you—this is a secret——"

"Oh, of course, Mrs. Noonan."

"That she goes out riding—alone with him!" Another titter from those admitted to the secret. "And sometimes they are in the hills for hours—for hours, my dears."

"OH—isn't she daring? But Helen always was independent." The speaker looked envious.

"That's just what I said to Henry," chipped in a tired-looking little woman. "But Henry never could see things. 'Don't be a fool, woman,' he snaps, 'you blessed women are all th' same. You can't see a girl talkin' to a man but what you reckon she wants 'im,' yes, that's just like Henry." A sigh, and the silence.

"When is the dance, Mrs. Noonan?"

"To-morrow night, my dears. Dancing from eight until two in the morning, and what do you think?" A pause. "Dear Helen is bringing an orchestra from town, yes, out here to Bloodwood."

"An orchestra? Mrs. Noonan. Oh, how perfectly lovely." The envious young lady clasped her hands in ecstasy. Perhaps she had a vision of herself being borne along, supported by a strong manly arm, to the dreamy lilt of a beautiful waltz.

"Well, my Annie will not be there," snapped a vinegary person, whose sharp

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nose was wrinkled with displeasure. "I never heard of such goings-on."

There was no reply to this outburst, possibly because the others did not think that the absence of Annie would cause a breakdown of the coming jollification.

"I suppose the people in the orchestra will stay the rest of the night in the hotel. It is to be hoped that Peppermint chases those pet snakes of his out of the beds first. My Land! I wouldn't sleep in that place for a fortune. Just fancy putting your bare feet on a cold, squirmy snake. Ugh!"

"Look, my dears, isn't that three of Ridgeway's men getting off their horses at the hotel?" Mother Noonan was a little short-sighted.

"Yes, Mrs. Noonan, it's Joe Cummins and Jordan, and what's the other man's name?"

"I wonder what Mr. Cummins thinks about Helen and Jim Blake. You know, my dears, Mr. Cummins is very fond of Sam's daughter, but lately, I understand, he's been very much in the background."

"I wouldn't trust Black Joe with my Annie. I don't think that man is respectable." The vinegary person's nose seemed to have acquired a permanent wrinkle.

"And what terrible eyes he has—bold and black, and they seem to look right into your mind and read your very thoughts. He would be a terrible lover." The ecstatic young thing shivered slightly, but quite failed to deceive the other hawk-eyed members of the group.

"If any girl is mad enough to even allow that man to try to make love to her, well—it serves her right!" The vinegary person tossed her head defiantly, and moved away. The other women also went their various ways. With what they had learned from Mother Noonan, added to the men's repetition of Peppermint's version, they would be sure to spend a pleasant evening piecing-up the different garbled accounts heard during the day.

AT sundown, the following day, a steady stream of people, some on horseback, some in horse-drawn vehicles, and a few in automobiles, began to pour into Bloodwood, and the drowsy little settlement began to take on a gala appearance. Nearly all types of people whose life's work is on the land, were represented this particular evening. Those who battle with nature, and gain their reward from broad acres, have little time for pleasure. Rarely do they put aside their work to make a journey solely for enjoyment; but, when they do, they put their whole heart into the affair.

Bloodwood echoed to the cheery greetings of neighbors who had not met for months, and hearty natural laughter provided the bass for the shrill treble of the whistles and shouts of youngsters.

The hall, decorated with festoons of flowers, shrubs, and bright-colored streamers, was brilliantly illuminated by the time the orchestra rolled up in their motor-car. The spirit of carnival was abroad in Bloodwood's one dusty street, and the confused murmur of voices held an undertone of merriment.

Country people are not outwardly curious; but, nevertheless, they generally manage to see all that is going on without appearing unduly interested. Consequently, when Helen Ridgeway arrived in her car, accompanied by the two Blakes, Jim and Milton, everyone was instantly aware of it, although the gossiping groups of men and women did not in the slightest degree show it. Perhaps their seeming indifference was a little overdone, but, only the lynx-eyed would have noticed it.

Jim Blake sensed it, and a whimsical smile played round the straight mouth, as he descended from the car. Helen, who was driving, put the machine at the rear of the hall, and then joined a group of ladies who were laughing and chatting near the entrance.

The Blakes were instantly surrounded by men, and the big fellow thought his hand would be wrung from the wrist. Congratulations on his return home were showered upon him, and some good-natured banter, by men who had been lads with him, about travel having stunted his growth, created a ripple of laughter at the fair giant's expense.

The fair sex, too, were not to be denied in adding to the welcome, and Jim found himself surrounded by alternate groups of men and women, the majority of whom were known to him personally. Those with whom he was not acquainted were speedily introduced, and it was obvious to those who had known him as a lad that Jim Blake still retained that magnetic quality which is usually spoken of as personality.

Naturally, there was a small minority who envied him his popularity, but their sneers were received very coldly, and, finding little or no encouragement for their spleen, subsided.

Jim Blake, looking around for his brother Milton, suddenly espied him talking to a tall, fair girl, whom he recognised at once as Jean Allister. He immediately strode over to them, and shook hands warmly with her.

"Is Milton going to keep you all to himself this evening, Jean?"

"I hope so," grinned Milton, before the girl could reply.

"Indeed he is not," Jean retorted, and Jim was puzzled at the meaning look which passed between them. He laughed, and moved away, and instantly felt a touch on the arm. It was Hoskins.

"Why, Blue, I though you weren't coming. Is Purvis staying at home?"

"No, Jim. Splinter come with me an' Peggy."

"Peggy? So she altered her mind. I'm glad, for it's high time she faced these gossips, and removed a wrong impression. And where's the kiddie?"

"Peggy left her with Mrs. Jones, she——"

HERE, an unexpected interruption occurred. A little, spare-framed man, dressed in sombre ecclesiastical garments, approached them, and in quiet tones asked if they could direct him to Mr. Milton Blake.

"Milt? He's about somewhere, but may I be of service to you? I'm his brother, Jim Blake."

"Perhaps so, Mr. Blake. Will you inform your brother that as I unfortunately have to return early, I should like to conclude the ceremony as quickly as possible."

"Ceremony, sir? What ceremony?" Blake looked his surprise.

"Your brother is being married this evening. Didn't you know?" The clergyman stared at him.

"Married! Milt to be married to-night? Ye Gods! What a surprise packet! The sly young dog. I'll bet Peggy knew; of course, that's why Sis came along this evening. Did you know, Blue?"

"I'll be—beg pardon, parson, I nearly said somethin'. Me know? Not on y' life, Jim."

The clergyman was looking slightly bewildered, and Blake hastened to explain.

"Sir, I have just returned home after a long absence, so you must not wonder at my seeming ignorance. Milton knew that we should all be here this evening, and evidently planned to give us a very agreeable surprise. Who is to be his bride?"

"A very charming young widow——"

"Young widow? What the—yes, go on."

"Her name is Mrs. Sutherland. Her late husband, a very gallant gentleman, was killed in France. Now, Mr. Blake, if you will find your brother for me, I shall be greatly obliged."

The little man moved on, leaving Blake and Hoskins staring vacantly at each other.

"Mrs. Sutherland? Have you seen the lady, Blue?"

"NEVER heard of her, Jim, I thought——" Blue closed his lips firmly, and refused to say what he thought.

"Anyhow, we shall soon see for ourselves. Milt can't keep this Mrs. Sutherland in the background forever. Go and find him, Blue, and round up Peggy and the others, if it's necessary. I'll go in and explain to Miss Ridgeway, so that she will understand the sudden exodus of the Blakes."

The orchestra was just tuning up as Jim ran up the few steps and entered the hall, and when he approached Helen they became a target for a battery of eyes.

"Excuse me, Helen, but may I speak to you for a moment?"

"Certainly, Jim." Helen turned slightly away from her companions. "What is it?"

"Something quite out of the ordinary has cropped up, and makes it necessary for the Blake family to be absent from the first part of your entertainment, at least."

"Gracious! Is anything wrong?" Helen looked alarmed, and a little disappointed.

"I'm not in a position to judge, but my brother, Milton, is going to be married, almost immediately up at the hotel. He kept it a secret, and I only found out a few minutes ago."

"But, Jim, that's splendid! Who is the lucky girl?"

"There you have me, Helen. The clergyman informed me she was a young widow——"

"Oh!"

"Yes, a Mrs. Sutherland whose husband was killed overseas.

"This is exciting." Helen's dark eyes shone with interest. "So your brother is springing a surprise on you. Oh! I have it! Jim, suppose I inform the crowd and we all go up and see the ceremony. There will be plenty of time for dancing afterwards. What do you say? If the ladies present knew that there was a wedding within one hundred yards of us, and that they had been kept in ignorance they would never forgive me. Shall I?"

"Great! It will be one on Milton." Blake, grinning hugely, turned and made his way through the wondering guests.

The big man quickly covered the ground between the hall and the hotel. Peggy, with Milton and the two men, was waiting for him. Jean Allister was there also, and Blake marvelled that the girl whom Peggy

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had said was in love with Milton could be so cheerful. Talking to her were an elderly man and a woman, and, although it was years since Blake had seen them he recognised Mr. and Mrs. Allister.

"Milt, you rascal," he boomed. "Congratulations, and tons of luck and good wishes for the future. But where is the charming Mrs. Sutherland?"

A ripple of laughter went round the room and, Peggy, with dancing eyes, pointed dramatically.

"There she is brother Jim. I think you have met the lady."

"Jean Allister!" Blake ejaculated foolishly.

"Yes, Jim, I am Mrs. Sutherland. John and I were married three weeks before he sailed for the front. I kept it a secret, foolishly because I knew that both father and mother would not approve of the marriage. Even Peggy did not know until just recently. It was the first time that I had ever done anything without the knowledge of my parents, and, after receiving word that John was killed, thoughts of the future terrified me and induced me to practise many deceptions. Consequently Dimples was born without their knowledge, much to my own personal regret."

"Well—well!" Blake's voice softened. "Jean, I never dreamed that before the evening was over I'd have two sisters. Milton is more than lucky. I trust that you will be very happy."

"Thank you, Jim. We are just having a quiet little wedding, as we both thought it would be best."

"Are you?" A subdued roar from the hall brought a twinkle to the blue eyes." I'm not so sure of that. You see, I happened to mention the matter in the hall, and it sounds as if they were all coming."

They did. Rapidly the volume of sound increased, the excited chatter of voices rose above the scuffle of hurrying feet, and when the little clergyman rose to commence the ceremony, the passages, doorways, windows, and verandahs were thronged by a laughing jostling crowd. The little man in black waited for a few minutes, then quietly held up his hand. A hush fell over the assembly and the service commenced.

THE closing of the Benediction was the signal for a roar of congratulation. As it was impossible for everyone crammed in the narrow spaces to shake hands with the bride and groom, hands, handkerchiefs, and hats were waved frantically. There was a sudden movement at the doorway, and before most of those present realised it, Milton and his wife were being gently but firmly escorted from the hotel to where a sulky was waiting in the road. The shafts were held by a dozen willing hands, and when the newly-married pair were seated in the vehicle, the team of men pulled it in the direction of the hall, to the accompaniment of rousing cheers.

Then Bloodwood started in to enjoy itself, and in the excitement no one seemed to notice the absence of Black Joe Cummins, and the pugnacious, redheaded Jordan.

It is unfortunate that the Blakes could not have received a warning while the fun was at its height, for their enemies, under cover of darkness, and knowing that they had a night on which they could work uninterruptedly, were engaged in a diabolical scheme, which before many days were past would result in the death of perhaps hundreds of valuable cattle carrying the Blake brand.

Under the dim starlight a watcher conveniently placed, would have seen two men on horseback slowly driving before them a cross-bred steer that wearily stumbled along a track which led to the paddocks of the main herd. Head dejectedly down, with froth dripping from a swollen tongue, the beast ambled shakily among dark shapes that arose sullenly, snorting with anger at the arrival of the stranger.

The two horsemen pulled rein and watched the steer until it melted into the gloom; then without a word they wheeled round and rode away.

CHAPTER 13

SPLINTER PURVIS and his mate, Blue Hoskins, were seated in the big heavy spring-cart, and as they crawled along, bumping over holes, stones, and small logs they startled the birds and the lizards with occasional bursts of melody. Both were in a good humor for the day was fine, with a slight breeze that promised to take the sting out of the sun's rays, and the job they were about to commence was to their liking.

The advisability of splitting timber and erecting new yards and crushes in the draughting paddock had long been debated, and Jim Blake having settled the question, Splinter and Blue had loaded the cart with all the gear necessary for the work.

There was a month's toil before them, for the yards and crushes were to be very solidly constructed of heavy split slabs, deeply embedded in the ground so as to take the impact of a bumping, surging mob of cattle without giving way, and sufficiently high to prevent stock from jumping out.

The leaves of odd saplings swished and scraped along the side of the old cart, innocent of any trace of paint, as Hoskins guided the outfit and avoided the worst obstacles in their twisting course. Blue had fallen into a day-dream, and Splinter carefully wiped his mouth-organ and placed it in his shirt pocket. The impromptu sing-song was finished.

A jolt, more severe than usual, nearly threw Purvis off the rough plank seat. He snorted disgustedly.

"Wake up, Blue, or give me th' leather. Don't let Baldy do all th' thinkin'. This cart ain't a mechanical toy on a tin track."

"Don't get peevish, Splint; I've bin thinkin'."

"Yairs? Well that just proves it." Splinter turned his head and calmly surveyed the scenery.

"Proves what?" demanded Blue suspiciously.

"That y' never could do two things at onct. If you're goin' t' drive, drive. If you're goin' t' start thinkin', gimme th' reins an' I'll see that th' cart don't capsize. Th' way y' do y' thinkin' is too darn jerky fer me."

"Huh! Thought y' claimed t' be th' best rider in th' west. A little bump like that's nothin', y' long drawn-out length of ironbark."

"There's no claimin' about it. I am." There was nothing boastful in the way it was said. Purvis spoke as though he was merely stating a simple fact.

"THEN dry up. That slap on th' pants y' got from th' plank won't make y' saddle-sore, will it? Fergit it. There's worse things happen in th' bush than just gettin' y' spine jarred."

"Go on!" Splinter sneered sarcastically. "Seein' I never been in th' bush, 'cept all me life, you s'prise me. But go on, spit it out, I c'n see you're fairly achin' t' spin some yarn."

"'Tain't a yarn; it's gospel. I never see a maul an' wedges but what it reminds me of a feller I onct worked with. It was before I come t' this district, an' him an' me was out on a fencin' contract, out at th' back of hell an' nowhere. Onct a fortnight one of us 'ud ride fer supplies, an' it took days t' get t' th' town an' back. Well, it come my turn t' ride, an' when I got back after bein' delayed longer than usual there was no sign of my mate. I hollered and yelled an' rode round, an' at last I found him—stone dead, he was, with his hand chopped orf at th' wrist."

"Chopped orf? Hell, who did that?" Splinter's eyes widened.

"Done it himself. While I was away, he'd bin openin' up a log fer posts, an' one of th' wedges musta slipped deep inter th' crack in th' log. He was fishin' fer it with his left hand, when th' wedges at th' end of th' log musta jumped out like they do sometimes. Well, th' log closes up on his hand, an' no amount of pullin' 'ud set it free. Th' maul an' th' other wedges was out of th' poor devil's reach. I reckon he musta knelt by that log fer days waitin' fer me t' get back until he couldn't stand th' heat an' th' thirst any longer, an' then he carved through th' wrist with his knife. I seen th' hand stickin' in th' log. Shock, weakness, an' loss of blood finished him."

"But wouldn't th' wedge he was fishin' fer keep th' log from closin'?"

"Th' log had a pipe in it, an' when she closed, th' wedge just sunk in th' muck. Water an' th' ants had made it too rotten. Stiffness, wasn't it?"

"Yairs, tough luck. I reckon that feller . . ." Purvis did not complete the sentence, but turned his head and sniffed the wind. "D'ye smell anythin', Blue?"

Blue pulled the reins, and Baldy stopped in an instant.

"Seems like there's a dead steer about somewhere, Splint; we'd better look round a bit."

Just then the wind changed direction a little.

"Sufferin' billygoats! No one steer could make all that smell. Let's cast round a bit, an' pretty damn quick."

BOTH men jumped off the cart, and, separating, cast round in different directions. Hoskins poked here and there among the timber, while Purvis made for a low ridge about one hundred yards away. As the tall, thin stockman strode along he spat frequently, for the air was heavy with the stench of dead cattle. A wire fence, following the crest of the ridge, divided one paddock from the other, and when Purvis reached the fence

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and looked down and across, his eyes widened in amazement.

"My Gawd!" he ejaculated wildly. Then turning swiftly he placed two fingers in his mouth and whistled piercingly. Hoskins quickly joined him and stared in consternation, too. This was the reason.

FROM where the two men were standing they could look down upon a small level flat from which branched gullies like fingers from the palm of a hand. Here and there a bunch of steers fed slowly along. But it was at the other steers the stockmen were staring, and these were stretched on their backs and sides, with legs straight and stiff, and their bellies swollen to enormous proportions. They looked like small elephants. The hides were stretched to the limit, and in some instances beyond it.

The men counted twenty shapes that only a few days ago were fine, healthy young cattle. Both Purvis and Hoskins were certain that there would be more sprawled about in the various gullies, and both of them knew why.

"Blackleg!" growled Hoskins. "Now, how th' hell did blackleg get among this bunch?"

"Don't ask me, Blue," replied Purvis sourly. "I reckon you'd better get back t' th' homestead an' tell Blake about it. I'll use Baldy t' sneak timber with an' start th' fires. We'll be a week or more burnin', watchin', an' cullin' out, fer some of them what's grazin' now will be stiff by t'morrer. Blackleg's a holy terrer when it gets in among a mob."

Purvis had not exaggerated when he implied that the cattle disease known as blackleg was something that all cattlemen dread and are constantly on the alert to detect, for it takes very little time, once it has obtained a hold among a herd of cattle, to spread death and infection. The cause of an outbreak is sometimes a mystery, but generally is due to contact with some beast already suffering from it. Death quickly follows infection, and the stricken animal will instantly pass on the scourge unless the carcase is burnt to ashes. Even then the healthy stock must be removed to another paddock, for the germs are picked up from the grass and water over which the carrier has passed. Inoculation, segregation, and fire are the only weapons which can be used to fight the invading blackleg bacilli, and as these are not always effective, cattlemen sometimes suffer considerable losses through the dread disease.

Purvis shrugged his narrow shoulders in a resigned manner, for the task was going to be an unpleasant one, and one calculated to make the stomach of even the hardiest bushman squirm when his nostrils caught the stench of putrifying flesh.

BUT the fires had to be kindled without delay, so he unhitched the horse from the cart and, selecting the necessary chains with which to drag the logs, moved to a patch of timber.

The gelding, Baldy, was inclined to be fractious as the stockman led him up to the first beast, and Purvis had to be content with thinking all he would like to say, for the atmosphere was such that he preferred to keep a shut mouth. But when he was well to windward again Purvis explained carefully to Baldy that he was a lurid descendant of a mongrel-breed of bill lizards.

When Jim Blake and Hoskins galloped up, Splinter had started the fourth fire, and the flames were soon licking in and out of the huge pile. The big man looked his concern, for the Blake family could not spare the money represented by the dead cattle. It was a loss that would be felt, for the cash was urgently required.

"Got any idea of the full amount of the loss, Splinter?" he asked quickly.

"Not exactly, Jim. I haven't had time to look. I reckon, of course, there's bound t' be more steers go yet. But I think I've found out somethin'."

"What's that?" snapped Blue.

"I was speakin' t' Jim, carrot-head, not t' you." Splinter glared at his friend. "An' I was goin' t' say there's a steer over there dead that never carried th' JB brand, an' I'll take my oath I never seen it before."

"Let's see it, Splint," replied Blake. "Perhaps it brought this cursed blackleg with it. There was no sign of the disease a week ago, for I looked over this bunch myself."

Purvis worked out a careful line of approach, and stopped beside a tawny-colored hide.

"THERE! That steer never belonged here. It's a stray, an' as you said, Jim, the damn thing prob'ly brought th' blackleg."

"It's a cross-bred Jersey! We've got no Jersey steers, have we, Blue?" Blake peered hard at what might once have been a brand.

"I reckon not!" Blue snorted indignantly. "The JB cattle is cattle, not goats!"

"Jerseys ain't goats," defended Purvis. "They's darn good cows."

"Yairs? You try an' sell 'em to a butcher." Blue's lips curled.

"Only a darn fool like you, copper-top, would try an' sell good cows t' a butcher."

"That's the cause of our loss, undoubtedly," cut in Blake. "But how could it wander in among our cattle? These steers were completely fenced off. They're a culled mob. If one stray got in, a hundred others would follow."

"Y' don't reckon it was run in, do y', Jim?" asked Blue, while Splinter eyed the steer with renewed interest.

"Well, I didn't see it done," Blake replied somewhat dryly, "but it looks like it to me. Here's a picked lot of steers, shut off securely from any others, suddenly attacked with the blackleg, and among them is a stray crossbred that none of us has ever seen before. Did this particular steer fly in? If so, why did it pick on the primest bunch on Twin Hills?"

"It does look fishy, don't it?" murmured Blue.

"Yairs—an' smells worse. Let's get outer this!" growled Purvis. "We've got no time t' waste on this job."

At that moment the three men became aware of a horseman approaching them, and although he was yet some way off, they recognised him instantly.

"Black Joe! Now, what does that feller want round here?" Hoskins demanded pugnaciously.

"Soon see," replied Splinter laconically. "P'r'aps Joe's got kindhearted all of a sudden an' is comin t' help clean up this mess."

Blake said nothing, but he watched the man keenly as he rode up to them.

"G'day!" Cummins greeted them, and appeared not to notice his chilly reception. "I was ridin' along an' I saw th' fires. Wondered if anythin' was wrong, so I rode over. Looks like blackleg, eh?"

"Cummins, you've got wonderful eyesight," sneered Blue, who was standing by his horse. "It is blackleg. Did y' think it was th' measles?"

The turbulent, red-headed Hoskins was flaunting a chip on each shoulder, but the half-caste, for reasons of his own, calmly ignored him. This naturally incensed the red-thatched one, and brought a fighting glint to the blue eyes.

"The disease was brought among our cattle by that cross-bred Jersey there." Blake looked Cummins full in the eyes. "And we are going to find the man who drove that steer in. If we had him here now, we'd throw him on to one of those fires."

Black Joe's face was inscrutable as he nodded in sympathetic understanding.

"Don't blame you for feelin' sore. Anyone would. A man that would do a thing like that would do anythin'. It's a good thing the row between you and Ridgeway is patched up or you might be thinkin' that we did it."

"You're right there, Joe, quite right," drawled Purvis. "We might be thinkin' just that. Funny thing y' mentioned it."

Just for a moment Blake thought he detected a flicker in the half-caste's eyes. It was so swift, however, that he could not be certain.

"Won't th' brand tell you where th' steer came from?" Cummins asked blandly.

"Th' brand's bin blotched—burnt over. P'raps you c'n read it, Joe? Th' fellers reckon you're pretty good at th' brand-fixin' game yourself." There was no mistaking the insinuation underlying Blue's words and tone, but Cummins refused to be drawn.

"If you men can't read it, it's no use me tryin'," he parried. "Well, I'll ride on, as I can't do no good here. Looks as if you'll lose a good sized bunch. Stiff luck, ain't it?"

When Cummins was well out of sight and hearing, he burst into a gust of laughter, and for the remainder of his journey appeared immensely satisfied with himself.

THE coming summer promised to be one of exceptional heat. During the last three days the sun had steadily drained the coolness from earth and wind, and at the end of the third day, cattle and sheep were seeking the shade cast by tree, scrub, and water-tanks; but feed was plentiful and owners regarded the situation with equanimity.

Helen Ridgeway, daintily attired in cool white muslin, was reclining on the cane lounge placed on the wide shaded verandah. From where she was she could gaze across to her beloved hills, which were now shimmering in the dancing heat haze that enveloped the entire district.

Her eyes were focussed on a certain strip of country which she knew to be part of Twin Hills. From different points in this sector, thin wisps of smoke were ascending. This puzzled the girl, for she knew that the smoke was not due to any chance outbreak of fire. The regular intervals separating the columns proved that, and she wondered what Blake and his men could be doing to be burning off in such a peculiar way. But it was too late to change her dress and ride over, for that glowing copper-colored disk, the sun, would soon be dropping behind the jagged peaks in the west.

Footsteps, approaching from the side of the house, brought her from her present recumbent position to her feet. Helen recognised the walk of the half-caste, Cum-

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mins. Had it been anyone else, the girl would not have troubled to move, for she had been very comfortable, but she realised that Cummins was the type of man who readily sees a motive underlying any innocent feminine gesture, and she did not wish him to think she was one with whom liberties could be taken. Lately, her intense dislike for the man had deepened, and she was always glad to be out of range of his keen black eyes; eyes that, when they looked at her, were alive with unspoken thoughts. It seemed to her that since the return of Jim Blake, Cummins had been persistently hovering near her. Any excuse, however flimsy, was used by him to gain speech with her, and in spite of the frigid reserve with which she surrounded herself while in his presence, the girl could not entirely avoid coming in contact with him.

As the man drew near to her he openly showed his admiration, and his gaze became bold and significant. Helen was quite used to be admired, for men everywhere paid tribute to her remarkable beauty, but there was something in Black Joe's ardent manner that filled her with revulsion.

"Well, Cummins, what is it?" she asked quietly as the half-caste confronted her.

Cummins permitted himself a grin that showed a splendid set of white regular teeth.

"I have just returned from Bloodwood, Helen, and discovering that the Blake cattle are dying like flies from blackleg, I thought you'd be interested to know."

"Blackleg?" Astonishment showed in the girl's eyes, and one small shapely hand closed round the verandah rail.

"Yes, Blake and his men are busy burning dead steers. He's unlucky, isn't he?" Seemingly by accident Black Joe's hand came to rest on Helen's. She drew away quickly.

"Cummins, you forget yourself! I've warned you before not to try and be familiar with me. I will not permit it." An angry light leaped into Helen Ridgeway's eyes.

"Now don't get nasty, Helen," Cummins leered at her. "What's a touch of the hand anyhow? It won't bite you. Helen——" Cummins paused and grinned insolently, "do you ever realise what a peach of a woman you are?—Wait! Don't run away; I want to ask you something. What about riding with me to Number Four Mill after the moon rises?"

"Go riding with you, Cummins? How dare you speak to me like that?——"

"Of course I shall speak to you like that, beauty. If you can go riding with Blake at night you can come with me—Oh! don't try to kid me, Helen. It might go down with some, but not with me—Listen? Why does a pretty woman like you go for lonely rides with a man? To catch butterflies? Bah! don't be a fool. I'm wise to you, Helen."

"Cummins, you are an evil-minded cur, and if you ever speak to me like that again, I'll appeal to at least one man who is capable of thrashing you soundly. Clear out of this, you detestable mongrel."

Tears of shame and fury sprang to the flashing dark eyes of the girl. She turned on her heel and walked swiftly to the open french doors.

"Well, if not to-night perhaps some other night, eh?" Cummins flung after her.

"Cummins, when father returns from Sydney, I'll put it to him straight. Either you or I will leave Deep Wells." Helen slammed the door after her to shut out the half-caste's mocking laughter.

But Black Joe was not to be so easily denied. The grin changed to a scowl as he strode after her and wrenched the doors open. Helen whirled and faced him.

"If you don't leave the house this minute I'll ride straight to Jim Blake for protection."

"To hell with Blake. You're always ready to run after that feller. S'pose you be nice to me for a change. Anyhow, if you don't care for a ride let's walk down to the willows; it will be cool down there. Nobody will see us if that's all you're worryin' about."

"Cummins, I'll promise you this, that if you are here in five minutes I'll throw boiling water over you. Your mind is on the same level as the beasts. Furthermore, you are full of an ugly conceit that makes you something to be scorned by all decent women. How your intelligence can be so warped as to even imagine that I should for a moment consider your insulting suggestion, is beyond me. I don't like you! I wouldn't trust you for the fraction of a second, Joe Cummins, because you haven't a bit of real manliness in you. Now get out of here!"

"All right, that's plain enough, I'll go."

Cummins stepped forward and thrust his face close to hers. His voice, husky with passion and rage dropped almost to a whisper. "But don't forget this, Helen. I don't care a snap of th' finger for Jim Blake or your father. I can fix them both any time. It's you I want, and I'll get you—yet."

Cummins gasped as a thin glass vase, full of water, struck him across the mouth. Helen had thrown it with force, and as it shattered with the impact, some of the pieces brought blood from the half-caste's lips. Helen ran to the door leading into the dining-room, and before the dazed rascal realised it, locked it behind her. Then she fled to the sanctuary of her own room.

Listening intently, she heard Cummins slam the french doors as he stepped out on to the verandah. He was talking to himself, but his voice was muffled and thick, and resembled an angry snarl. His heavy footsteps became fainter as he made his way to the quarters used by him, and Helen sighed with relief.

"What an audacious brute!" she whispered, and shivered at the recollection of his malignant features as they were thrust close to her face.

Helen whiled away the evening in a listless manner, for her thoughts would keep returning to her tormentor and his insinuations and threat. Never before had she been insulted so brutally, and the fact that her innocent excursions with the man she liked and respected should be so wickedly misunderstood brought a crimson stain to her face and neck.

"Why shouldn't she ride with Jim Blake if it pleased her to do so? He was a gentleman in the true sense of that widely-used word, and never by word, look, or gesture, caused her a moment's concern."

Helen Ridgeway was not a timorous woman; nevertheless when she retired for the night she took certain precautions, and one of them was to load her small-calibre sporting repeater, and stand it within easy reach of her bed. She reflected grimly that things had reached an ugly pass when it became necessary for the mistress of Deep Wells to sleep within reach of a gun. Whatever would her friends say if they knew? Helen shrugged her shoulders. She was determined to take care of herself, whether others laughed or not.

"Better be sure than sorry," she murmured determinedly. "I may be only a little idiot, but I'm sure I'll not sleep tonight, with that black beast prowling about outside. I wish father was back. I feel positively nervous when I think of that man Cummins—he's a devil!"

Helen slept fitfully for several hours. Her rest was broken by dreams, one of which frightened her horribly, and brought her wild-eyed to a sitting posture. She had imagined herself fleeing barefooted through a strange writhing forest, where the trees and vines had long arms that sent skinny hands clutching at her. Behind came the pound of pursuing feet. She felt exhausted but dared not stop lest the thing behind should catch her. She tried to scream, but all sound seemed to be choked in her throat. When she regained consciousness she was bathed in perspiration from head to foot, and shaking with fear.

The dream, although it left her trembling, had awakened her sufficiently to grasp the fact that someone was fumbling stealthily with the framework of her window. A faint click came to her ears and the girl knew that somehow the catch fastening the window had been forced back.

She intuitively guessed the identity of the would-be intruder, and though fear clutched at her heart, she slipped swiftly from bed and grasped the weapon which she had providentially loaded for such an emergency.

The crescent moon threw down a faint light that left the room in gloom, but enabled the girl, now thoroughly awake and filled with the fighting instinct of self-preservation, to trace the outline of a man's head and shoulders. Without a moment's hesitation she took a hasty aim and pressed the trigger. A startled oath told her that she had missed.

"Cummins, that was merely a warning. Do you want me to kill you? You low-down, treacherous snake?"

But the half-caste was in too great a hurry to depart for any reply to her question. He had not thought the woman would be armed and awake, and he cursed silently as he ran along the corrugated iron of the verandah. Sliding swiftly down one of the posts he disappeared in the dim moonlight.

Helen was tempted to send another bullet after the vague form of the running man, but the speed with which he vanished satisfied her that Black Joe had no wish to return and face an armed and furious woman.

Steps sounded outside her door, and one of the women servants who slept in the house quaveringly inquired if she was hurt.

"No, Annie," Helen steadied her voice. "I'm sorry if I frightened you. I thought you'd sleep too soundly to hear the rifle."

"What was you shooting at, Miss Ridgeway?" Annie's curiosity was evidently overcoming her fear.

"Only a large flying fox, Annie. I couldn't sleep myself and was tempted to take a shot at the creature but I'm afraid I missed the brute. Good night, Annie."

"Ugh! Them flyin' foxes is creepy things, ain't they miss? Well, good night

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miss, I 'opes you will be able to get to sleep."

When Helen descended to breakfast she was surprised to see her father seated at the table. She had not expected him to return until the next day.

"Why, father, when did you get home?" she inquired after she had kissed her parent.

"About an hour ago. I finished my business quicker than I thought I would and I spent the night at Bloodwood. But I'll be burned if I ever sleep in that place of Peppermint's again. It's alive with snakes; they peep at you from cracks and holes, and several times during the night I'll swear I smelt the damn things in my room."

"There's been a very troublesome black snake crawling around this house during the night also."

Sam noticed the emphasis in the girl's tone and looked up quickly.

"How d'ye mean, Helen?"

"Cummins saw fit to insult me yesterday, and then, thinking to take advantage of your absence, during the night he attempted to force his way into my room. Father, I have spoken to you before about Black Joe and you always side-step the subject, but after last night I am determined on one thing. Either that man leaves Deep Wells or I shall."

"Helen, what—what happened? Did Joe put his dirty hands on you?" Ridgeway stared wide-eyed at his daughter.

"No. When I saw him trying to get in through the window I put a shot close to his head. He didn't stop to argue. Anyhow it's for you to decide. If you think Cummins is more important to you than I am, say so, and I'll know what to do. But if that beast is here by this afternoon, then I go."

Ridgeway jumped to his feet and his face was purple with anger.

"Satan's boots! Where is that crossbred swine? Will he stop here? No, I'll be burned if he shall! I've put up with a lot from Joe, but if he thinks he can amuse himself with my girl, I'll cut his black heart out. Helen, I never thought he'd—he'd—Damn him! I'll fire him right now. I've had enough of Joe Cummins." Old Sam stamped out of the room in a royal rage, and his progress through to the rear of the house was marked by the doors which slammed behind him.

When the peppery old man had left the room Helen's expression softened. Deep down in her heart she knew her tough old parent was proud of her and loved her in his queer cross-grained fashion, but she had never fathomed his relation with the man she loathed, Black Joe Cummins. Why an explosive individual like old Sam should submit to the domineering half-caste was always a profound source of wonderment to her. But evidently her father realised at last that the half-caste had committed an unpardonable offence, and that he must get rid of the man without delay. Helen waited anxiously for her father to return, for she knew that Cummins would not hesitate to strike him down if he was in one of his vindictive moods. The loyalty of the other men was also doubtful. It seemed to her that Jordan and the rest of them always looked to Cummins for their orders.

Old Sam returned to the room much more quietly than he had left it. He looked perturbed, and in his hand he grasped a slip of paper.

"Joe's gone—cleared out!" he growled.

"Ah! that's a relief. It saves you the trouble of dismissing him and perhaps an awkward scene. Who told you he had gone?"

"Jordan handed me this note. Read it, you might as well."

HELEN took the paper extended to her and read:

"Sam Ridgeway, don't think I am going because I am scared of either you or your girl. You know why I am not afraid of you, and as for her, what I told her still holds good. She'll know what I mean and so will you."

"Perhaps it would have been a good thing if I had shot the insolent rascal. But I know who Black Joe is frightened of, scared stiff in fact, in spite of his boasting." Helen laughed a trifle harshly as she tossed the paper back to her father.

"Who's that?" old Sam demanded curiously.

"Jim Blake. He would strip the hide off that cur if I told him what happened here last night, and Cummins is quite aware of it."

"Oh!—well I'll be burned. Yes I will! H'm—H'h—" Ridgeway regarded his daughter steadily. Too steadily, in fact, for the girl seemed to find his wondering gaze somewhat disconcerting.

"Helen, it seems a lot can happen to a girl, that her father can be too thick-headed to take notice of."

"Father, what do you mean?" But Helen knew quite well what he meant. The color in her cheeks showed that plainly.

"Nothing, girl—just nothing, except that I forget sometimes that you're a woman now, and not a girl any more. So Joe's scared of Blake, is he? And mainly on your account, eh? Well that's damn interesting news. H'h——"

"Father, you looked worried when you learned that Cummins had left us. Can he do anything to harm you?"

"Now Helen, don't ask silly questions." Old Sam suddenly became testy. He fumbled and fidgeted with the paper left by Cummins, and then tore it into fragments. "You just forget all about Black Joe. He's gone, and I reckon the message he left was just bluff. I've got the notion that he won't come back, ever."

"Did you know that the blackleg is killing off the Blake cattle?"

"What's that?" Ridgeway sat bolt upright. "Blackleg among the JB cattle? Who told you?"

"Cummins did before he became personal yesterday. He seemed pleased about it in spite of his sympathetic words."

"Blackleg, eh? And Joe seemed pleased, eh? Wonder if he knows anything about it?"

CHAPTER 15

HOSKINS, in Bloodwood for the mail, was leaning his elbows lazily on the spirit-stained counter; but Peppermint was only using one elbow as a support, for his other arm, with the fist clenched was thumping the board to emphasise certain points in the torrent of words which tumbled from his lips.

"It's gospel. Blue, an' when I first 'eard that drunken 'ound Rodgers blowin' about watchin' Black Joe an' Jordan drivin' a crook-lookin' steer towards th' old run, I tumbled then that somethin' queer was afoot. But when I 'eard that your mob 'ad got th' blackleg. I knowed at onct that they'd slipped one over on Blake."

"Peppermint, did Rodgers say what sort of a steer they was drivin', or was he soaked when he saw them?"

"No, Rodgers was sober then, but he filled up when he came here jest after. When he does get his back teeth under likker, he talks like a damn fool; yap, yap, yap, all th' time. I bet he don't know now that he told me about them two drivin' that steer."

"Then he don't know what sort it was, or its color?" Blue inquired patiently, for experience had taught him that when Peppermint had news to impart, he must be allowed to tell it in his own style and time.

"Lemme think . . . Yairs, now I remember. It was th' day after th' dance. Rodgers was sittin' over at that table, an' had both his legs cocked up on it. I had t' stop him cuttin' patterns in it with them flash spurs of his. 'Peppermint' says Rodgers, 'it looks like Black Joe is goin' to start in th' cattle game!'

"'How's that,' I asks.

"'I just seen them drivin' a crossbred Jersey down towards Blake's place. They didn't see me, as it was pretty dark. But I seen enough to reckon they's poor judges of cattle.'

"'Why,' I asks 'im.

"'Because,' says Rodgers, 'th' durn thing had th' wobbles, an' I reckoned that some smart feller'd sold 'em a sick steer.'"

THE indolent Hoskins suddenly became galvanised with energy. He whirled and strode rapidly to the door.

"Thanks, Peppermint; see y' later. Can't wait no longer now," he flung over his shoulder at the amazed proprietor. A few quick steps and he was astride his horse.

Peppermint Jones shuffled to the doorway, and watched until horse and rider shot round a curve and vanished.

"Bizness is bizness," he grinned, "but I couldn't help lettin' Blake know about that blackleg. They was a good lot to work fer in th' old days, was th' Blakes. I ain't fergot how old Jim's missus nursed me fer weeks when I got th' typhoid."

A shrill, urgent feminine voice cut in on his day-dream.

"William, fetch y' stick 'ere at onct! Quick! You lazy, big useless bullock. There's another of them dratted snakes a-swallerin' th' chickens!"

At the five-mile peg, from Bloodwood, Hoskins brought his horse down to a walk; not because the splendid animal was in any way distressed, but because he sighted another horseman cantering leisurely in his direction. One glance, and Blue felt a glow of exultation stealing through his veins, for the horseman was a particular enemy of his.

Jordan nodded slyly as they came together.

"G'day, Hoskins. They tell me th' blackleg's broke out on Blake's place. Charlie Bevan's got it too."

Hoskins was dismounting as he spoke.

"Get orf that horse, y' lobster-colored

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liar. I'm goin' t' twist y' innards inter harp-strings."

Jordan's eyes narrowed as he slid from the saddle.

"Yairs, copper-top, are y'?" he drawled. "I reckon you've made a mistake. Y' ain't got no one t' 'elp y' Anyhow, what's all this about, eh?"

Both of them knew that a fight was inevitable, and each secured his horse to a handy sapling before hostilities began.

It's bad biziness t' drive a Jersey steer that's rotten with blackleg among our cattle, Jordan, an' you're goin' t' find that out right now."

"Ah!" Jordan sucked his breath in through tobacco-stained teeth, and having nothing further to say, waited.

Each of these red-headed bushmen had fought more battles than he could remember. They were fighters, bare-knuckled battlers who knew nothing about ring craft or clever footwork. Axe work, the crosscut saw, long hours in the saddle on hard-mouthed horses, had made them tough, strong, and supple. Courageous to the point of recklessness, their nerves were steady, their eyes quick, and what they lacked in science was balanced by their savage aggressiveness.

Jordan had the advantage of height and reach, but Hoskins had a peculiar catlike quality of movement backed by physical strength phenomenal in a man of his size and weight.

Without warning, and as if released from a powerful catapult, they leapt at each other, and belted each other unmercifully, their arms darting, swinging, and jabbing with all their weight behind them.

Finding matters by no means to his satisfaction, Jordan clinched and tried to grind his adversary's foot under the heel of a heavy boot. A kick on the shin sent him reeling, and Hoskins, quick to seize the advantage that presented itself, leapt in and gave him a smashing blow on the jaw. Jordan sagged at the knees but did not drop. He smothered up to avert another dose of the same medicine and staggered drunkenly until his brain began to function again. Hoskins, thinking victory within his grasp, relaxed and left himself open to the patient Jordan who, throwing fair play to the winds, delivered a vicious kick that crumpled Blue up like a pricked balloon.

If Hoskins had not been in perfect condition that kick would have ended the fight. As it was, he gasped like a landed fish, and when Jordan rushed him he flung his arms round his legs and held on for dear life. He knew that Jordan would kick his head off if he lost his hold. But Jordan's impetuosity proved his undoing, for he overbalanced and plunged down upon his tenacious enemy.

THEY writhed, heaved and twisted like serpents locked in a death grip. Blue snorted with pain as Jordan thrust a finger into his nostril. But even then he was thankful that it was not an eye that was being gouged at. He twisted away from the agonising grip, and grasping a handful of Jordan's hair, proceeded to bump the sense out of that worthy's head. What with Hoskins pulling one way and Jordan another the strain proved too much for the red crop. It tore out, and part of his scalp came with it. With a yell from Jordan they rolled apart and staggered to their feet.

Both were ghastly objects, freely splashed with his own and the other's blood. Although rocking on their legs, weakened by punishment and fierce physical strain, neither gave the slightest sign of quitting. At this stage of the battle Hoskins' catlike ability began to gain for him a growing ascendency over the other. Jordan was just as powerful as he, just as aggressive, and quite as determined, but unfortunately for him his movements began to lack speed. The Twin Hills man sent pushing drives to Jordan's heart and chin, and though the other fought back gamely, he was soon clawing the air and missing freely.

"That," gasped Blue as he threw a punch into Jordan's stomach "is for meself, an' that,"—here a terrific right connected with the other's jaw, and dropped him like a pole-axed ox—"is fer th' Blakes; an' y' can thank y' lucky stars it wasn't Jim Blake wot hit y'."

JORDAN did not hear a word that Hoskins said. He lay huddled and unconscious on the track. Hoskins looked down at the thrashed man from under swollen eyelids rapidly changing in color.

"Th' only decent thing about you Jordan," he told the senseless man, "is that y' will stand up and fight. Otherwise you're a dirty, red-headed swine that's only fit t' rake about in th' mud fer a feller like Black Joe. If ever Jim Blake gets a chance at Cummins like I got at you t'day, well, heaven 'elp that half-caste."

Hoskins waited until Jordan revived. The Deep Wells man raised himself to a sitting posture and blinked foolishly about him.

"Well, Jordan, d'ye want any more? I tell y' straight I'd just as soon knock y' down again as look at y'. You're a cowardly hound, an' ain't fit fer a decent feller to wipe his boots on—don't scowl at me like that or I'll fetch y' another clip on the jaw."

"It'll do me," growled Jordan. "What are y' goin' t' do about that blackleg?"

"We're cleanin' it up Jordan, an' we ain't losin' as many cattle as you expected we would. It's fer Blake to say what's to be done now we know who done it. If I was Joe I'd go while the goin' is good, fer if Jim gets him, he won't be fit to use after, even fer bootlaces."

"Joe's gone—cleared out. Had a try on with Ridgeway's girl and she near shot him—serve him right."

"Where's he gone?"

"Dunno, an' I don't darn well care." Jordan walked stiffly towards his horse, and without another word or look at Hoskins mounted shakily and rode away.

The Twin Hills man glared after his late adversary until Jordan had vanished. Then he made a careful and rueful examination of himself.

"Looks as if I've been courting a mangle," he muttered. "an' I ain't sure now but what some bits of me ain't scattered about th' track. Anyhow I wiped the ground with that feller Jordan an' that's what I've been wantin' to do fer a long, long time. I'll bet he'll think of me every time he sees a Jersey steer. They won't be favorites of his after t'day."

Jim Blake noticed the limp way in which Hoskins clung to his horse when he rode up to the house, and he reached the red-headed one only just in time to prevent him from falling out of the saddle. He ran a shrewd eye over the drooping figure, and promptly carried him into the house.

"It's all right, Jim. I got a kick, an' it's winded me a bit."

"Who've you been scrapping with, Blue?" asked Blake as he pulled up the other's shirt and examined an ugly swelling on the stomach.

"I dished that red-headed feller Jordan," gasped Hoskins, trying not to flinch under Blake's probing fingers. "Peppermint told me he found out that Black Joe and Jordan ran that Jersey steer among our mob, an' that it was rotten with blackleg when they did it. I met Jordan at th' Five-mile, an' knocked pickles and pick-handles outer the sweep. He didn't wake up fer about ten minutes."

"So it was Black Joe after all, eh? Our guess was right then."

"Yairs, an' what d'ye think Jordan told me. He said Joe's left Deep Wells fer good. Cleared out. Cocked his bundle."

"Yes?" That's not like Cummins. What made him do that?"

"Jordan reckons he got clever with Helen an' she pretty near shot him—Ow! Leggo me side you big alligator," yelled Hoskins.

"Sorry if I gripped hard, Blue," Blake apologised, "You startled me a bit. Is Miss Ridgeway all right, do you know?"

"How th' deuce do I know," growled the pain-racked Hoskins. "You'd better go an 'see. Cuss it, Jim, I'd sooner fight Jordan again than have you massaging me ribs."

CHAPTER 16

HIGH up on a rocky mountain ledge, sat the half-caste, Cummins. He was alone; and from his elevated position could sweep the country around and below him for miles. His keen restless eyes, followed the movements of a man and a woman as they rode leisurely along a winding bridle-track. Possessing the sight of an eagle, a gift from his aboriginal forebears, he had no difficulty in noting their every gesture as they slowly approached his point of vantage.

Apparently, the restraining influence of his white blood had vanished; for upon the thick swarthy features were stamped the expressions of the vindictive savage. Jealousy, and a seething hate for the man.

Events of the past week had goaded Black Joe almost to the point of madness. His cunning brain reeled with gusts of passion when he thought how the long years of patient plotting and scheming were rendered futile and fruitless by the advent of the man he hated.

Ridgeway's daughter, that proud and haughty beauty, had spurned and humiliated him at every opportunity. When in her presence he had been made to feel that an accident of birth had placed upon him the indelible brand of the social outcast. Had he not seen time after time in those dark eyes a carelessly veiled contempt for the half-caste employed by her father.

A half-caste; a man of no race, a pitiful plaything of fate, laughed

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at by all and even secretly despised by the white ruffians with whom he associated.

Damned while yet unborn, what chance had he to hold up his head among men who gave him the sobriquet of "Black" Joe Cummins. Was not the nickname a brand by which all could read the curse that lay upon him.

"Unclean," she had said. He would never forget that. But what of her father, old Sam? He was as big a rogue as any man; was he unclean? Oh no, he was white. No black blood darkened his skin. No, he was white, and clean.

ONCE, long ago, a wandering evangelical mission had passed by. He had attended, and something within him had responded to the Universal Message, but, and he winced whenever he thought of it, that something had quickly been crushed by the ironical laughter of his associates; laughter that seared like a white hot iron on a raw wound.

"Hey? Joe's got religious; he's thinkin' of convertin' some of them black relations of his," one man had gibed.

"You better see they ain't got no spears in their toes, Joe. They might forget you're a member of the family," grinned another.

And so it had been all down the years.

Naturally the poisonous seed sown in such bitter ground was bound to bear fruit. His hatred towards others become a mania, cleverly concealed behind a suave indifference, but real and vital nevertheless.

With nothing to start him in life but his natural cunning and great physical strength, he had early been forced to use methods that would not stand investigation. Money he was never short of, and men knew that his wages from Ridgeway were not the only source of supply. Where that source had its being was a mystery to all but Cummins himself.

Men, generally speaking, have some object before them which they are ceaselessly striving to attain. These objects are manifold, but may be classed under four main headings; health; wealth; success or power; woman. With Cummins it was the last-named—a woman, and the woman was Helen Ridgeway, and he had vowed that some day the girl should belong to and obey the half-caste she at present despised. For years the desire to possess her had gripped him, and the embers of the fire had been constantly fanned by some imperious look or gesture of the girl herself.

And now the glowing coals had burst into flame. The reports he had received concerning Helen and Blake, and the sight of them so frequently in each other's company, had lashed the half-caste into a condition of mind from which reason had fled. He viewed the matter as a personal affront; a silent challenge flung at him by the blue-eyed giant which would have to be accepted and fought out to the bitter end.

His eyes, flecked with brilliant points of light, intently watched the approaching figures on horseback. Here was his opportunity; within his grasp lay the reward of patience and iron self-control. A cruel twist of the thick lips proclaimed the fiendish satisfaction that surged within him. His enemy, and the woman he desired, were being delivered into his hands. One should die, and the other would——

Black Joe gave the man and the woman another long, searching look, then, laughing softly at the simplicity of the whole thing, backed swiftly through a screen of saplings that grew at the rear of the rocky ledge. He yet had time to reach the point from which the blow, unseen and unexpected, would be dealt.

The track, narrow and seldom used except by cattle that filed along it, curved round the base of the almost perpendicular bluff from which Cummins had crept silently away. Twisting a snake-like course, he gradually mounted higher until the track ran straight and level, under a close and almost impenetrable tangle of overhanging branches.

No doubt those same trees towards which the half-caste was swiftly making his way, would, if trees could speak, tell of many a ghastly massacre and murder done under their leafy branches in the days of the past.

Only for an instant did Cummins pause. He picked up a heavy stick of hardwood, about five feet in length, which tapered slightly thus forming a formidable club. Arriving at the tree he had determined to hide in, he leaned the long club against its trunk, then with an elastic spring, jumped for and caught a limb about nine feet from the ground. Leaning down, he drew the stick up to him. From this position he climbed up to the fork of another branch which grew on the opposite side of the trunk, and which jutted out at right angles over the track beneath.

This branch, forked and thick, bristled with young shoots that formed an almost perfect screen, and a man could rest face down upon it with a leg on each limb of the fork. Braced in this position the assassin could steady himself while he dealt the death-blow.

Cummins quickly settled down on the limb, and, after peering through the leaves to assure himself that his victims were not yet in sight, swung the heavy stick out and down with a force that made it whistle through the air. Then, satisfied that nothing could interfere with the action of the stroke, composed himself to wait.

PRESENTLY his ears detected the faint click of a horse-shoe as it struck a stone; then came the voices, soft at first, but quickly swelling in volume. He heard Jim Blake make some remark that was answered by a ringing laugh from the girl. The eyes of the concealed man glittered like those of a tree leopard when it sights its prey. An interval of seconds, and the jingle of bits and the soft creak of leather rose from beneath him. Slowly the club swung up and the half-caste measured his distance.

The blow fell so swiftly and surely, that Helen allowed her horse to walk a few paces unchecked before she became aware that her companion had become strangely silent. Cummins had made no mistake, for Jim Blake, bleeding profusely from a cut in the head, was swaying, blind and senseless, in the saddle. Then with a crash he fell, and his terrified horse bolted.

Dazed and horrified, the girl leaped from her saddle and bent over the prostrate form of the unconscious man. She had not seen the club fall and then rise again, and she looked about her in bewilderment. Again she looked at her companion and this time, with a cry of anguish, she shrank from the still figure.

"He's dead," came chokingly from her my lips. "Jim! Jim!' -speak. Oh—say something!"

But Blake lay silent in the grotesque attitude in which he had fallen. An arm and one leg lay doubled under his body, and his fair head, now stained with blood, lolled crookedly in the dusty track.

"Looks pretty—don't he?" Cummins, his face flaming triumphantly, dropped softly to the ground and stood behind the crouching girl.

AT the sound of his voice, Helen felt the blood drain from her heart and pump madly as she turned and faced him.

"You!—Merciful Heaven!" Her tongue refused to function and her voice dropped to a husky whisper. But the large dark eyes mirrored the fearful thoughts that raced through her brain.

"Yes, me! I got him, an' I've got you, too! Stand up, woman!" Cummins gripped her roughly by the arm, and almost lifted her to her feet.

"Ah, don't—" A little moan broke from Helen's lips. She felt that her self-control was leaving her, and that she would faint.

"You'll do as I say! And if you as much as open your mouth to scream—I'll deal with you as I did with him."

"You will hang for this, your murderer!" She panted, and then struggled as the man swiftly flung his arms about her and drew her to him.

"Hang? Not me!" Cummins laughed sardonically, his fierce bloodshot eyes glaring at the woman straining in his grip. "Why should I hang? This big lumbering fool met his death the same way as his father—ah! That startles you, don't it? An' it was in that very same tree that th' feller hid who laid old Jim out."

"So you killed them both, you—you fiend! You monster!"

"Monster? Girl, you said th' wrong word. You should have said 'Master,' d'ye hear me? Your master from now on. No, I didn't kill old Blake; but so's you won't be too anxious to use that tongue of yours, afterwards, I'll tell you who did kill him. It was your father—old Sam!"

"My father?—Oh—you liar, Cummins! You pitiful liar! Take your filthy hands off me—oh, don't—please let me go—" Helen's voice broke piteously, but her distress only served to amuse the inhuman half-caste.

"I'm a liar now, am I? But I thought I'd soon make you alter your tune. Let me tell you this. I killed that feller there to get you; but old Sam killed his father for revenge. I seen him do it, an' I could put a rope round his neck t'morrow. I've got you both ways, an' even if you dared to open your mouth, I'll open mine an' take your father with me. Ow! You little cat! Bite an' kick, would you? I've a good mind to thrash you, here an' now. But you'll pay me well for that, an' all th' other things I've had to put up with from you. We're goin' over to th' Devil's Drop right now, an' you'll stay there until I'm satisfied to let you go."

A wild appeal sprang to the girl's lips, but even before the words were uttered she knew that the man who held her fast would only fling them back at her, and

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perhaps taunt her with threats. Although fear-stricken, and terrified, Helen closed her teeth grimly. She was suddenly determined that Cummins would not hear her whimper. That would give him a lively satisfaction, and lead him to think her an easy captive, quickly brought to heel, broken-spirited and despairing.

Helen felt that she was the victim of a hideous nightmare. But this illusion was quickly dispelled as her gaze lingered for a moment on the limp form of Jim Blake, sprawled in the track where the half-caste's blow had dropped him. Tears, hot and stinging, welled into her eyes; tears of sorrow for the man who had been her companion and friend.

"Cryin' eh? Somethin' new for th' beautiful an' snobbish Miss Ridgeway—ain't it?" Cummins suddenly released her, and snatched at the bridle of the pony.

"Get up in th' saddle!" he growled. "I'll walk at your side an' guide th' nag. Quick—get up! You needn't look to Blake for help, he's through!"

"Cummins, God will punish you for this day's work." The harsh laughter of the man chilled her.

"Will He? Maybe, Helen, but not before I punish you, my beauty. Come here, girl!"

"Cummins—ugh! You unutterable beast!" Vainly she tried to repel the kisses that the madman pressed on lips and neck. But she was overwhelmed by the intensity of his passion, and rendered helpless and passive in his arms by the weakness that terror inspires.

Cummins lifted her to the saddle, and the journey commenced.

CHAPTER 17

AROUND the sheer chasm known as Devil's Drop many weird stories circulate; stories born of tragedy, and tinged with superstition, and there are men who to this day are ready to swear by any token that the place is haunted.

Certain it is that men and women have walked or ridden over its treacherous lip, in dense fog and pitch black night, to go crashing down the hundreds of feet to instant death. Gazing down, one can see, here and there, the little bleached sticks that are the bones of the unfortunates.

In times of storm, with the wind whistling from a certain angle, a most unearthly wailing may be heard, faintly sobbing at first then gradually rising to a ghastly shriek like a strong man's death cry. These blood-curdling sounds have caused more than one person to avoid going within ecoe of the rocky precipice and its sombre plateau. In the flare of the vivid blue lightning that plays incessantly about the boulder studded plateau during a storm, the dim shapes of dead men flit by swiftly, or deliberately and cautiously as if feeling their way.

But apart from the fear which these shadowless beings have implanted in the hearts of some, the desolate and sinister aspect of Devil's Drop was quite sufficient to check the average settler of the surrounding district from repeating the first visit, which generally was the outcome of a burning curiosity.

Stock seldom wandered near, for the rocky outcrop did not encourage grass or herbage, and was waterless except that during a storm shallow depressions were filled for a brief period. The only form of life to be observed were big brown hawks, and an occasional reptile that slid away sinuously, or lay coiled in the sparse shade of some stunted shrub.

CONSEQUENTLY, when Jim Blake, sick with pain and with head reeling, managed to struggle to his feet, he wondered vaguely and stupidly why the Devil's Drop should be his first conscious consideration. He wondered dully what was the matter with him as he peered blindly about through a curtain of red mist, and for a moment imagined that he was once again in ragged khaki, and the victim of a well aimed bomb. This thought was dispelled by the words that hammered through his pain-wracked head. Devil's Drop: Devil's Drop: Devil's Drop: The regularity of it was monotonous and maddening. What in all the world had he to do with Devil's Drop? Had he fallen over the confounded thing and managed to survive? No, that was impossible. Where the devil was he, anyhow?

A blundering step, taken at random, brought him into collision with the trunk of the tree which had nearly proved fatal to him. He fingered the bark mechanically and strove to dispel the fog that clogged both brain and eye. But the effort proved too much for him. He felt as though he was being sucked into the vortex of a monstrous whirlpool, round and round, with an ever increasing speed that made him sick and dizzy. Still those words kept repeating again and again. Devil's Drop—round and round—Devil's Drop—round and round—until he crumpled into a sitting posture and surrendered himself to the nauseous sensation caused by the suction of the whirlpool.

He had lost consciousness once more.

When he awakened, his mind and sight were clearer, although those stabbing pains in the head still tortured him cruelly. He was slowly regaining a grip on his faculties in spite of a buzzing as of countless circular saws. He looked about him and puzzled as to why he should be sitting at the foot of this particular tree. He must have come on horseback for the ground showed the imprint of hoofs, and he was wearing spurs. But how had he received such a smashing blow on the head? Surely he had not been thrown from his horse? No. He remembered that the beast he had been riding was quiet enough to be controlled by far worse riders than himself. Then he must have ridden against some low-hanging branch. He glanced up, expecting to see the offending limb, but there was none there. Strange, indeed; something or someone must have hit him; the throbbing cut in his head which had soaked hair and shirt with blood proved that.

Suddenly he scrambled to his feet. The tracks; why hadn't he thought of looking at them? Possibly they might tell him something about his accident. The rush of blood to his injured head caused him to stagger; he paused and closed his eyes, and for a moment stood swaying drunkenly. Presently the giddiness eased somewhat and he bent forward to try and read the explanation of it all from the marks in the dust; and to him, although dazed and suffering from his injuries, they spoke plainly.

"It seems that I was not alone," he muttered. "There's the marks of my horse, and there's where I fell. I must have bled a lot judging from that stain, but who is the other man, and who was riding a pony?"

Blake peered closely at the footprints of a man, and then started back, hands pressed to aching head.

"A woman—those are a woman's footmarks, who — I remember — Helen was with me." Blake stared wildly about, blank incredulity showing on his face. Wild thoughts rioted through his brain, thoughts that caused far more pain than his physical injuries.

"Good Lord! I've been knocked out and left for dead." Blake's mouth shut like a trap, and his movements, clogged by weakness though they were, became quicker as he stumbled from point to point. He cast round in a circle endeavoring to find the hoof marks of the third horse. Not finding them he concentrated on the footprints of the man—the man who, while he lay unconscious, had stood beside Helen Ridgeway.

"Knocked out and left for dead," he growled again. Then he found footmarks approaching from a different angle. He followed them eagerly and his form stiffened as he tracked them to the tree which leant across the line of approach of his horse and Helen Ridgeway's.

HE looked up long and intently at the thick forked branch with its dense screen of leaves.

"A pretty ambush for a yellow-hearted cur," Blake gritted savagely as he swung round. "Got me as I passed underneath. It's an old trick of the blacks—" he broke off abruptly, and started as if stung; then he ran weakly to where the feet of the man and the woman had churned up the soft surface of the track. His eyes blazed as they searched the ground intently, for the marks of a scuffle were plainly there. The smaller footprints backing away from the man's, then the mark of a small boot toe as if the wearer had suddenly been drawn forward; and then another picture. The man's right foot placed between the footmarks of the woman, his left boot well behind and to the side—a position only possible when two bodies are pressed together as in dancing or wrestling. From here the marks dragged across to where the pony had stood, and from this point only those of the man showed walking beside the beast. They turned away from the track and led into the timber.

"Two birds with the one stick," Blake groaned as he leaned against a tree. "How long—that poor girl—if I only knew where he has carried Helen to—that's thunder!" A faint low rumbling echoed across the hills and Blake stepped out into the open track.

"It's going to be severe," he muttered wearily. "The Ghosts of Devil's Drop—" his head snapped up instantly at the though. "Devil's Drop—who did I hear mention that place? Someone said something about Devil's Drop. When—Ah! The words must have been spoken while I was drifting back to the borderland of consciousness. That's why they are impressed on my brain. Devil's Drop, eh? He must have been satisfied that I was finished off, or he would have kept his mouth shut."

Blake thought rapidly. From his pre-

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sent position there were two approaches to the windswept plateau: a short cut that a man on foot could use and a longer route for anyone on horseback. Whoever it was that had compelled Helen to go with him would have to take the longer track because the pony would be unable to climb the mountain-side.

WITHOUT delay Jim turned from the track and went crashing through the undergrowth. He had about a mile to go and prayed fervently that Helen would not be at the mercy of her captor before he could win his way to the summit.

"Devil's Drop," he panted. "The cunning fiend—'tis a suitable place for a devilish crime. No one goes near it from one year's end to another."

A sudden lowering of temperature warned him that the storm was drawing near. Before long it would envelope him, shutting out the light and rendering his progress slow and uncertain. Blake knew that it behoved him to step out at his utmost speed if he were to reach Devil's Drop in time. Only his granite determination and will power kept him going. He would get there, and to the side of the girl if the whole countryside rocked with earthquakes.

It was growing darker when he reached the foot of the mountain-side up which the track climbed. The freshening wind was already whistling through the treetops, and loose strips of bark flapped against the trunks as if anxious to go flying wildly through the air on a voyage of discovery. The lightning was beginning to flicker, and as Blake put foot to the ascent the first large hesitating drops of rain fell.

He climbed steadily, but when he was half-way up the clouds began to empty in solid rods of water that drew a grey veil over everything. The blue flares, ghastly in their vivid frequency, lent to the pouring rain a glistening brilliancy. By gripping a sapling here and a turf of wiry grass there, he managed to mount higher and higher, literally forcing his way through the falling torrent. Only the thought of Helen Ridgeway, weak and defenceless somewhere above him, kept him from giving in. Again the words came pounding into his brain; Devil's Drop! Devil's Drop!—he must keep on. He must endure; must win through, and get his man even if he dropped dead upon his body.

HE gasped triumphantly when he gained the summit, and for several minutes lay with the rain beating on his upturned face, his pumping lungs gratefully sucking in great draughts of the cold damp air. He had gained the edge of the plateau on the side opposite the dreaded Devil's Drop.

When he staggered to his feet, the scene was illuminated by the blue glare of the lightning, and he fancied he glimpsed the pony's outline standing with back humped and head down wind. Moving cautiously forward towards it he found it trembling with fear, and manifestly glad to see even this tattered specimen of a man who had suddenly loomed out of the storm. Blake felt the saddle, and his heart leapt exultantly when he found it warm to the touch.

He left the beast and walked forward parallel to the lip of the abyss. It was then that he heard the cry. Faintly it came to him from ahead, and he stumbled eagerly in that direction. Again it came, this time accompanied by a roar of laughter that changed swiftly to a curse. Then the wind blew all sound off the plateau, and from the chasm arose the death cry of Devil's Drop. So close was it, and so pregnant with sorrow and disaster were the swelling, pulsing echoes, that even Blake paused in his stride and wondered for whom was this dreadful portent of evil. The pony, no longer able to stand its ground, gave a squeal of terror and, breaking its halter, bounded back along the way it had come.

Again the wind changed, and with it came the sound of flying footsteps; another flash that split the gloom showed Blake the figure of Helen Ridgeway, with hair flowing and face white with horror, running swiftly. With a glad cry, Blake lunged forward and in light of that revealing flash, he not only saw Helen, but also recognised her pursuer.

"Cummins, stand—you dog!" he roared. The sight of the half-caste filled him with ungovernable fury, and weakness fell from him like a mantle.

Helen heard the shout and raced towards him, her heart beating madly with joy at the advent of the unknown deliverer. She collided heavily with Blake who held her fast.

"Please—please keep him away—he's mad!" She gasped chokingly and then collapsed. Blake lowered her gently to the ground and turned to meet his enemy.

THE next flash found them face to face, but Cummins, paralysed by the bloodstained apparition standing before him tense and eager for battle, stood with sagging jaw and staring eyes until the brief flash faded. Another streak of lightning lit up the burning fury that flamed in the giant's blue eyes. Unable to account for the sudden appearance of the man he had recently killed, Cummins gave a bellow of terror and sprang back a few paces. Blake slithered after him, the gliding movement making no sound in the singing wind, and was again face to face with his would-be slayer.

A crackling flash showed Blake in full detail to the fear-stricken half-caste, and from then on the lightning played around and above so that the plateau was continuously illuminated by flickering blue flares. Gibbering insanely, Cummins retreated before the silent menace of Blake's approach.

"No, no," he howled. "You're not Blake; you're the devil—Blake's dead——" The rest was lost in the crash of the thunder.

Back, back went the half-caste, screaming curses and showering threats and abuse on the grim figure that slid after him. From curses the maniac went into peal after peal of inane laughter.

Blake's eyes suddenly widened and an expression of horror froze upon his face. Cummins was backing directly on to the lip of the chasm. The laughter of the madman rang horribly.

"I killed you, Blake—an' I know who killed your father—Ha! ha! ha! ha!—curse you, Blake, it was the same tree both times. It was—find out yourself—Ha! ha!" Another screaming fit of laughter. "When you clear out, Blake, I'll get—Ah-h-h!"

The sweat poured from Blake's face as he relaxed. That last despairing cry of Cummins had chilled his very blood. He turned and ran back towards the spot where Helen had fainted, but swift reaction gripped him and, sagging at the knees, he collapsed and lay still.

Two figures lay unconscious on the storm-swept plateau of the Devil's Drop. The hissing rain beat down upon them and washed the blood from the face of the man, and from the white face of the woman, framed in coils of dark glistening hair, the tears.

CHAPTER 18

JIM BLAKE lay propped up against the pillows, and calmly eyed the man whose swift, yet merciful fingers had performed the operation. In the weeks that had fled since that terrible adventure at the Devil's Drop, the big fellow had wasted until he was now a mere shadow of his former self. Helen Ridgeway had soon recovered from the effects of shock and exposure, and was a daily visitor at Twin Hills. Whenever she looked at the wreck of the once splendid specimen of manhood a light of ineffable tenderness glowed in her soft dark eyes. The doctor, shrewd man, said that to her wonderful nursing Blake owed his life, and had dropped more than a hint of this to his patient.

"Then I can get up and about, Doctor?"

"You may get up, Blake, but I said nothing about moving around. You may sit in the sun and see what is going on about you, but you must not read; do you get that?"

"I do, Doctor, but you are a bit hard aren't you?"

"Not nearly so hard as your skull, young man. I've had a fight to beat Friend Gabriel, and I do not want to see my work wasted. However, Miss Ridgeway will see that my instructions are obeyed. Splendid girl that, Blake. Prettiest woman I ever clapped eyes on—and, I've seen a few. You can get along without me now." The little medico shook hands with the man he had saved, and quietly left the room, which instantly, so it seemed to Blake, filled with those he loved and who loved him.

"Milt, get my clothes—you girls clear out; the doc' says I can get up." He turned to the calm serene figure of the trained nurse.

"Sister, regulate this traffic, will you? How can I get dressed with so many women about?"

"I'm afraid they are all going to kiss you, Mr. Blake. It has become a daily rite and must be conducted with due ceremony," was the reply.

Well, make it four of a kind, four queens that is, Peggy, Jean, Helen—and yourself, sister."

The usually inscrutable face of the trained nurse flushed a little and a smile of unsuspected quality lighted the grave features.

"Four of a kind it is, then," she laughed.

And four of a kind it was.

Every evening Helen arrived home in time to join her father at dinner, and to

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give the latest bulletin from Twin Hills. These days, Samuel Ridgeway was a changed man. His daughter's fearful danger, and her miraculous deliverance, had changed his heart. Instead of scheming to injure the Blakes, he was now feverishly devising and planning for their good. The old crew, satellites of Black Joe Cummins, were no longer to be seen slinking about Deep Wells. They had been dismissed to the last man, and Sam had been very careful in the choice of their successors.

ONE evening Ridgeway took Helen into his own den, and carefully shut the door. Then, seating himself at his writing-table, he opened a drawer and took out a long blue document and placed it before him. Then he leaned back in his chair and for some minutes became lost in thought. Into his eyes there crept a far-away look as though he was gazing intently down the years.

For the first time Helen realised that her father was growing old. The tough weather-beaten face had lost those lines which had endowed it with an expression of deep cunning. They had been ironed out, and, instead, a certain wistfulness, a sadness, remained to witness to the years of sorrow that had lain close guarded in his hard old heart. He picked up the blue paper.

"I reckon I've been a bad actor at times, Helen, but I never really knew how bad until they brought you home early that morning. I'm not going to make excuses now—I'm too old for that and the past is past and done. I'll make my peace in my own way. I always loved your mother in my queer way, but," Old Sam shook his head slowly, "all the time I knew I wasn't the right one, and it hurt enough to kill. It's strange how the lives of some get all tangled up just like old harness on a flash mare, and that's what happened to Jim Blake, your mother, and me. Blake and your mother's gone, and there's only me left, and I've been a devil for years, madly jealous of the dead. What that boy did for you is just what his father, old Jim, would have done; it's in the Blake breed. They never know when they're whipped, and more than that they've never been whipped. I've got no sons, Helen, but I've got you and I reckon I'm satisfied.

HE struck a match and held it steadily to the document until the flames spread and he could hold the paper no longer. "Ashes," he muttered. "Ashes of hate. Ashes of the past. That's the mortgage on Twin Hills I've just burnt."

"But, Father, the Blakes will not accept a gift such as that.

"P'raps not, Helen, but as far as I'm concerned they can handle the money I lent through my agent just as it pleases them. They can repay now, next year, or never. Money's a rotten thing, anyhow."

"Father, there—there is something I wish to tell you." Helen flushed and the words came awkwardly. Ever since the time when the half-caste had held her tightly clasped in his arms, his mocking words had rung in her brain like the tolling of a bell. They had raised an ugly barrier between her and the man she had learned to love; a barrier that only her father could break down. She hated to cause her father pain, but the thing had to be faced. It was better to have it over even if it meant an end to her heart's desire.

"Well, Helen, what is it?" Old Sam leaned back in the chair and eyed his daughter curiously. It was not often that the candid and fearless girl hesitated over a mere word or two.

"Father," Helen's downcast eyes were fixed on her tightly locked hands. "Just before Cummins died he—he accused you of the murder of Jim Blake's father."

Helen raised her eyes timidly and was shocked to see the change which had come over her parent. It seemed to her that he had wilted, and then shrivelled up, in the chair upon which he sat. His face was paper-white with emotion, and the gnarled hands trembled beyond his control. She waited for him to say something.

"Helen—did—did Joe say that?" was forced from his tight lips.

"Yes, but father do say it's a lie. It's untrue, isn't it? Oh! It must be." Helen walked unsteadily round the table and placed a nervous hand on his shoulder.

"My goodness!" he muttered weakly. "Does young Blake think I killed his Dad?"

"He was unconscious when Cummins spoke—he did not hear. Father you—"

"Hush girl, do not take on so. I did not kill Blake."

A WILD relief flashed in Helen's dark eyes, and the full bosom rose and fell at this release from a terrible strain. She sank gratefully on to a chair and looked mistily at old Sam.

"But," he continued, "I saw the blow that crushed his head in and——"

"Then you were at the tree?"

"Tree, what tree?"

"Cummins was hiding in a tree——"

"Oh yes, you told me. It might have been the same tree but I was hiding behind it, not in it. This is what really took place. 'Twas simple enough in itself, but owing to Cummins riding up just after it happened and accusing me of murdering Blake, it didn't look so simple. No jury would believe the truth even if they were bushmen. But let me tell you. Blake had warned me not to use his tracks. Well that day he all but caught me, and I don't mind admitting now that I was always afraid of Jim Blake. I was not nearly his equal physically. I was on foot, and when I saw him riding round the bluff towards me I got behind a tree to hide. It ain't a nice thing to admit, but Blake would have nearly killed me if he'd caught me on his property. I noticed his horse was limping a bit, and getting savage because of a stone he'd picked up. Ugly tempered brutes old Blake used to ride, and this one was as sour as a snake. He jumped off to remove the stone—the near hind-leg it was—and it must have been tender, for the brute winced when Jim grabbed the fetlock. I could hear Blake growl when he could not pull it out. He was angry at the delay, so he whips out his knife and drives the blade in between the shoe and the stone. But he drove too far, for it nicks the frog, and that's what done it. Before he could straighten up that devil of a horse pulls free and lashed out at his head. I can hear it now. Sounded as if you dropped an egg on the floor. Killed him clean stone dead. He never moved and I reckon he never felt what hit him. I was for clearing out, but, somehow, much as we hated each other, I couldn't leave the poor devil lying there, so I ran out, and, carrying him to the saddle, straddles him across it. I put one of his feet in the stirrup and jammed it tight to steady the body. That's when Cummins saw me, and he reckoned I'd just killed Blake. It struck me that everyone would think the same thing. Blake was dead, with his head smashed in, and I was the only one there with him, and everyone knew we hated each other like poison. I could see I wouldn't have a dog's chance, so, taking Black Joe's advice, we did a break through the scrub and vanished. Blake was killed by his own horse."

"Did Black Joe really believe that you killed Blake?"

"I reckon he must have, considering the circumstances in which he found me, and knowing what he did. I suppose it's only reasonable to assume that he thought he'd caught me red-handed."

"But why didn't you get rid of him?"

"You think for a minute, Helen. Did I dare to do so? I had him pretty well sized up, and I am as certain as I sit here that if I'd sacked Cummins there'd a' been a trooper riding this way within a few hours. He had me roped, although he never once hinted at it. The only thing I regret is that I didn't take Blake to his home. It would have been the decent thing to do, but I stampeded at the thought of a murder charge."

"It's a heavenly relief to be freed from the threat of such a man as Black Joe. His shadow has rested upon us too long, and, to be honest, I am glad he is gone. Vengeance is a terrible passion, and it certainly transformed Cummins from his usual sullen self into a murderous, lustful madman. Father, we are under a tremendous debt of gratitude to Jim Blake for what he endured for my sake. He is a man of courage, as gentle as he is lion-hearted."

RIDGEWAY gave his daughter a keen, probing glance, then reached over and took her hands in his.

"Every word you've said is the simple truth, Helen, and young Blake by his action that day showed us that he was willing to give his life for you. A weaker man would have succumbed to his injuries. That young man has given me the lesson of my life, and wiped the years of bitterness clean away. Hate, lust, vengeance, intolerance, and greed are the deadliest of boomerangs. Launch any of them, and it will circle round and destroy the thrower. I have thrown the boomerangs of hate and greed, but Blake not only preserved you from their deadly comeback, he shielded me as well. Grateful? Helen, that word don't fit, and I can't find one that does." Old Sam pressed the small hand softly, and then a quizzical gleam flickered in his eyes. "Helen, I believe you have fallen head over heels in love with young Blake."

Helen gave a little laugh of embarrassment; but she faced her father resolutely and proudly and acknowledged the truth of his words.

"I have always been in love with Jim, father, but only realised it the day I struck him with my whip. Jim is everything to me, for without him life would now be intolerable. Whenever I am not with him I feel lonely and restless. Time seems an empty thing unless we are together. Love him? I adore him."

"So it's as bad as that, eh? Well, I'll be burned! Does Blake care for you—er, like that?" Sam asked quietly.

The pretty lips drooped a little, and the dark eyes stared into nothingness.

"I—I don't know. Sometimes I think he does, but at other times I am filled with torturing doubts. I have often noticed him

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looking at me intently, but generally he is just a cheerful, happy companion and a tease."

"But look how he suffered and faced Black Joe up on that plateau for you. Don't that tell you anything?"

"Jim would have done the same thing for any woman in such an awful plight. He is built that way."

"H'm, that ain't usual in most men who have knocked about the world, I reckon. The majority of us at some time or other has sneered at the good ones and cursed the other kind. Most men deserve to be kicked; they're a poor lot where women are concerned. But I reckon you're right about Blake. He's got a clean eye whatever other faults he may have. Anyway, don't you worry your pretty head about him not caring for you. I've seen him looking at you, too, and I'll bet at the time he wasn't thinking about what he had for dinner."

CHAPTER 19

JIM BLAKE was puzzled. He sat on the top rail of the stockyard and gazed absentmindedly at Splinter Purvis, who was battling with a fractious young colt. But although the exhibition of horsemanship was well worth watching Blake stared at the plunging beast and the man who was subduing it, with unseeing eyes.

The owner of Twin Hills was rapidly regaining his former strength and condition. This being so, and knowing perfectly well that Helen Ridgeway was also aware of it, he could not understand why the girl had gradually ceased visiting Twin Hills.

He had looked forward with delight to the time each day when the cheery honking of the motor horn announced the arrival of his beautiful visitor. But since he had been getting around and growing stronger on his feet, the periods between these calls had gradually lengthened. It was now ten days since Helen had sat beside him, and he was cudgeling his brains to try and remember if he had unintentionally done or said anything that might have offended her. But no, it was not that. Perhaps Helen was tired of these courtesy calls. She had been very good to him, wonderful, in fact, and had been in a large measure responsible for his steady recovery; but naturally a time was bound to come when she would no longer be concerned about him. If he had done anything for her, well, she had done even more for him, and it was no doubt unreasonable of him to expect the girl to be fussing around a man who was no longer an invalid.

However, when a man has become accustomed to having a woman such as Helen Ridgeway for a daily companion, silently tending to his needs, or chatting and laughing and joking with him, he is bound to feel that something is lacking when he is no longer the object of her attentions.

Blake climbed down from the rail and strolled slowly towards the house. Jean Blake was on the verandah, and she smiled at the discontented look on his face as he came towards her.

"Well, big brother, why the pensive look? Are you sorry you are getting well and strong again?"

Blake stared at her; then he grinned.

"Jean, you must have the gift to read people's thoughts; or is my face no longer fit to use at a poker table?"

"I HAVE never watched your face when you were playing poker, but I have noticed it particularly on other occasions. Perhaps Helen has, too, for she seems to have suddenly stopped coming to see you."

"But, Jean," Blake protested, half in jest, half in earnest, "why should she do that? I know my face has little to recommend it, but why should it scare Helen away? It didn't at first."

"Jim, I believe that in some things you are just a big boy."

"Why, Jean? What have I done now?"

"Jim, don't be a goose. I was referring to the things you have not done. For instance—Do you imagine that Helen can keep coming to see you for ever?"

"Well?" Blake's eyes were beginning to twinkle. "Why not?"

"Why not? The conceit of the man. You're some Lochinvar, Jim Blake, I don't think!"

"Perhaps not, Jean, but then I don't think Helen wants to be carried away by me. We are good pals, but——" Blake shook his head doubtfully.

"Pals? Aren't you sure of your own feelings towards Helen? Don't you want to be more than just friendly with her?"

"Yes, but—Oh! What's the use. Helen would think I had the hide of Satan himself if I——" Blake looked foolish as his sister-in-law's laughter cut off the remainder of the sentence.

"The bigger they are the harder they fall," she teased. "Jim, you are certainly a goose. I believe Helen is going to be married shortly. Did you know?"

"Eh? Helen married——" Blake was in the act of knocking tobacco ash from his pipe. It fell from his fingers. He stooped and picked it up.

"I didn't know she was engaged," he said slowly.

"I thought perhaps you would like to ride over and wish her luck, seeing she is a pal of yours. She might think it strange if her big chum——"

"How do you know she is going to be married? Who told you?" Blake demanded.

"Jim, you must not ask me. That is a secret."

"Well, I don't see anything to giggle about in it. Hanged if I can understand women. One minute you are bursting with information, and the next you are as mysterious as an Egyptian mummy. When is she going to be married?"

"You'd better ask Helen. Perhaps she could tell you the exact date."

A THOUGHT seemed to strike Blake. His eyes widened as he turned towards Jean.

"So that's why Helen has stopped coming here. She thought perhaps that—that I might——" Blake knocked the pipe again; for some reason it would not draw satisfactorily.

"Perhaps she thought you might not," Jean retorted sharply, and then, turning swiftly, she left him.

"Now what the—I reckon that crack on the head must have addled my brain. I wonder if Milk understands that wife of his."

Inside the house Jean drew Peggy to her and whispered rapidly for a minute. Then they both peeped out and laughed silently as they watched Jim Blake sit on the step and stare in the direction of Deep Wells. Presently his deep voice boomed out:

"Splinter, saddle my horse, will you? I'll want it in about ten minutes."

HELEN RIDGEWAY had been taking daily rides in the direction of the Twin Hills boundary, but naturally Blake did not know that, so he counted himself fortunate when he sighted the pony and its trim rider ambling slowly towards him.

"Hullo, Jim! Glad to see you riding about again. Were you coming to see me?" Helen's eyes lighted with pleasure as they rested on his face.

"I was!" There was a queer note in Blake's voice. "Get down off that pony, Helen." Blake dismounted as he spoke.

Helen stared at the big man in surprise. He seemed to be under the spell of some strong emotion. She stepped easily from the saddle, and almost before the girl realised it Blake had caught her in his arms and held her tightly to him.

"Helen, I won't let you marry this other man! I want you! I love you! I've loved you ever since I was a boy. Do you love this other man?"

Helen felt his huge frame tremble as he waited for her to answer. She was bewildered. His words were so strange.

"What other man, Jim," she asked softly.

"The man you are going to marry."

"I do, Jim." Helen crept even closer to him and twined one arm up and round his neck. "I love him dearly; he is everything to me."

Blake's arms fell to his sides. He stood drooping and dejected-looking.

"I'm sorry; forgive me, Helen," he muttered. "I thought—— Anyhow, you have my sincerest wishes for your happiness. Tell me, who is this man that you love so well?"

Another soft arm encircled his neck, and Jim Blake suddenly realised that the girl's dark eyes were glowing with a tempting light. The red, curved lips like twin petals of a rose were mighty inviting.

"Jim, you are the man I love so well," she whispered. "There is no other man, and there never will be."

A GLAD cry rang from Blake's lips as he strained her to him, and there followed a long silence. When at last he released her the big fellow was grinning like a schoolboy. He held her by the shoulders and his eyes travelled slowly over her from loosened hair to small, neat feet. She colored vividly under his ardent gaze.

"Helen, you are wonderful! More beautiful woman never breathed, but you frightened me badly just now."

"How, Jim?"

"You know how, you little wretch!"

"But, tell me, Jim, who is this other man that you were raving about?" Helen laughed merrily when Blake explained how Jean had made him think he was in danger of losing her.

"And what would you have done if Jean's fairy-story had been true?"

"Done? I would have—well, I don't know,

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Done without, I suppose. But, Helen dear, I could not have stood the sight or thought of any other man loving you. I believe I'd have gone crazy. I'd have had to close the track again."

"Then history would be repeating itself, wouldn't it?" she murmured, adding, when he did not seem to understand, "family history, I mean, Jim."

"Family history will not repeat itself in our case, Helen." Blake suddenly became thoughtful. "Let us ride to Deep Wells, Helen. There is something I want to do. I want to use your telephone, for one thing."

"Do tell me, Jim. You mustn't keep a secret from me now, you know."

BLAKE took toll from the red lips as he lifted her into the saddle. "Helen, you will soon see and hear for yourself," he smiled. "I may be a slow starter, but once I get going I generally work fast."

He consulted his watch while Helen gazed at him wonderingly.

"It is now two o'clock," he paused, and then laughed gaily. "Helen, we will be married at nine o'clock."

"Oh, Jim!" she gasped. "I—I couldn't—you see I haven't prepared——"

"You will be Mrs. Jim Blake before the sun rises again. As I said before, family history will not repeat itself. It won't get a chance. There's the house, come on, I'll race you to the pickets."

Old Sam Ridgeway lowered his paper and listened.

"A couple of horses, and coming fast," he muttered. Getting to his feet, he walked out on to the verandah in time to see Blake steal another kiss as he lifted Helen to the ground.

"Well, I'll be burned! The minx seems to take it like a kid takes candy. Now, have I got to do the heavy father or haven't I?"

The man and the girl ran laughing up the wide steps, and Helen flew to her father and flung eager arms about him.

"Congratulate us, father. We are to be married. Jim has asked me to be his wife."

OLD Sam kissed his daughter awkwardly, and then without hesitation held out his hand to Blake.

"May God bless you both," he said simply, "and grant you many years of love and companionship. Why, I'll be a grandad yet. Burned if I won't"; Sam slapped his thigh and chuckled.

"Father!" gasped Helen. Then blushing furiously she fled into the house.

"May I use your telephone, Sam?"

"Of course you can, Jim. You're not ringing for a parson right away, are you?" Sam grinned at his little joke.

"You've guessed right," laughed Blake. "I am. Helen and I shall be married tonight. We have decided that there is no time like the present."

"Well! Well—I'll be—burned! Yes, I will!" Old Sam took time to recover, then, becoming very serious, sat down on the cane lounge.

"Jim, I expected this, but not quite so sudden like. I didn't think I'd be losing my girl before the night passed. But there—I'm not losing her. I'm gaining a boy as well—a son. Jim, we've had our differences, and the fault has been mine. Will you forgive an old man for what is past? I wouldn't like to think there is any hardness in your heart towards me, not now."

"Sam, the past is done with. There have been faults on both sides, but what is gone can be forgotten and forgiven. We hold no hard feelings towards you."

THE hands of the two men met in a tight grip.

Blake hurried in and presently was asking for his number. Old Sam produced a handkerchief and proceeded to blow his nose vigorously.

Helen, upstairs, was singing to herself as she flung open wardrobe and trunks. Several suitcases lay open on the floor, and into these she and Annie were swiftly packing wonderful things of silk and lace.

Peggy Blake took the note handed to her by the hot dusty rider.

"You are from Ridgeway's, are you?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am, I was told by a big feller to get that letter 'ere quickly. He didn't say if he expected an answer."

"Just wait on the verandah then, and I'll get you something cool to drink."

Peggy opened the note and read it. She read it again, and yet a third time she read it, and then with a wild shriek of delight she ran to the kitchen where Jean was. As it happened, the three men were there, too, laughing and loitering after a very late dinner.

"Oh, what do you think?" she gurgled. "You'll never guess. Never!" Peggy waved the note frantically before them.

They all stared at the excited girl.

"Jim and Helen are to be married tonight at nine o'clock—here!"

"Oh, Peggy!" from Jean.

"Good Lord!" from Milton.

"JEAN," cried the practical Peggy, "you and I will commence on the cakes and pastry. Splinter and Blue, you can kill a turkey—a fat one, and a couple of young roosters, and, seeing you will both help eat them you can pluck and clean them. Milt, ask that man who brought the message if he feels hungry as well as thirsty. Then you hitch up to the buggy and hurry to Bloodwood. Get what you think necessary from Peppermint, and don't waste time. Quick now, all of you."

"And I said he was no Lochinvar," murmured Jean. "Why he's chain lightning, that big relation of mine."

About an hour later both girls were busy with tempting delicacies which they were creating, when suddenly a deep chuckle sounded from the doorway. They whirled round and looked into the laughing eyes of Jim Blake. They both charged him, and the big fellow picked up one on each arm.

"Well?" he grinned, looking from one to the other.

"Jim, you're the limit. You didn't give that other man much of a chance."

"Jean, I could hug you! If it hadn't been for you I'd still be moping around."

"Well, hug me." Milton's gone to Bloodwood, and Peggy won't tell, will you Peggy?"

"Not if he hugs me, too. Oh! Jim, you're squeezing the life out of me!"

"Helen and her father will be here about nine, and so will the clergyman. Then, when it's all over, Helen and I will motor in and catch the early morning train for Sydney. On our return we'll stay at Deep Wells until satisfactory arrangements all round are fixed up." Blake lowered the two women gently to the floor.

"You must have given Helen an awful surprise, Jim," said Peggy.

"It took her a minute or two to get used to the idea. But then it's not hard for any woman to understand a question like that, is it? You see, I found out afterwards that we were both scared we might lose each other. So we thought we'd better get a knot tied round us and make sure."

"Well, toddle off now, Jim. We have much to do to get things ready, and you can spend your last few bachelor hours thinking about all the terrible things you have heard concerning married life."

Helen Ridgeway and Jim Blake were married in the quiet of the summer evening. Jim was very nervous, although standing among those nearest and dearest to him, but Helen smiled serenely through it all. She was very happy, and love for her great man was expressed in every look and gesture.

THE supper that followed the ceremony was proof of the skill and devotion of Peggy Blake. The little sister, between laughter and tears, fluttered here and there seeing to the material comfort of everyone present.

Old Sam Ridgeway was the life of the little gathering. His quaint anecdotes concerning people and things sometimes had them doubled up with merriment. Sam for once in his life was a contented man. He radiated goodwill and cheerfulness, and, just before the bride rose to prepare for her journey, got to his feet, and with a queer little catch in his voice, spoke.

"You will all find, even as I have that with the passing of years, life will unfold and place before you opportunities. These opportunities will not only be those which are recognised in terms of money, but in other ways opportunity will present itself for your acceptance or rejection. The doing of good and of evil. The Good Book says the things which count most are Faith, Hope, and Charity, and of these the greatest is Charity. It is! For unless man helps man, and I don't mean with money alone, life is a savage, futile, and empty thing. Be tolerant, be charitable in thought, and good will follow. Many and many a time I've looked at the Twin Hills and cursed them in the bitterness of my heart. 'Hills of Hate' I called them. Hills of Hate. But old man though I am, I have found that it is we ourselves who create the hills of hate. To me these hills are now—"Hills of Love."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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